

## AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

(Published every evening and Sunday)  
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The Register-Guard's policy is to be complete and impartial in its news pages of all news and statements on news. On this page, the editors of The Register-Guard offer their opinions on events of the day and matters of importance to the community, endeavoring to be candid but fair and helpful in the development of constructive community policy.

## RUSSIA TRIES ANOTHER PURGE

BECAUSE, the production program under the latest five-year plan is bogging down, and because factories for heavy goods and light goods and transport and state farms are not delivering the materials which may be needed for a war crisis, Comrade Stalin is having a good many hundreds of Russians shot or sent to Siberia. The delinquents are accused of "Trotskyism" or "Germanism" or "Japanism" or whatever is necessary to get them out of the way. Inkles of what is going on filter through the censorship in the complaints of the official Russian press against these "enemies of the people."

The Russian newspaper for heavy industry, however, contains a significant admission, if the Russian bosses were smart enough to recognize it. This paper complains of the "independent attitude of the workers." It bemoans the fact that in spite of technical training it still takes three Russians to produce as much as one American. This is a serious situation because while you can shoot or exile a few hundred executives you can't start in to shoot a whole population.

The Russian may learn painfully some of the lessons which are being learned by over-ambitious American industries. Weird as it may seem, some of our nation-wide industrial chains are organized on something very like the Russian system. Each plant and each branch is expected to produce "a quota." It is just too bad for the sub-chief whose plant fails to make the quota. Nevertheless several of the nation's largest enterprises have been moved in the last year to abandon this system because it simply doesn't function. People resent it. People are usually willing to do their best but they will not be driven. Incentive, recognition, decent treatment are vital to any industrial system.

Nor, apparently, can business get along without the much maligned middleman. It required depression to demonstrate that great concerns cannot get along without the wholesaler and the jobber and the agent making direct contact and rendering personal service to the customers. There is much that is admirable in Russian theory but it overlooks important facts of human nature.

## WHERE SPEED TAKES TOLL

NOT long ago an old fashioned gentleman declined to take an airplane junket across Eastern Oregon, not because he had not faith in airplanes but because when airplane accidents do occur "they are usually so conclusive." He would not fear to fly any time on regular air transport lines on necessary business, but he balked at unnecessary chances.

It would be a good thing if some such idea could govern the use of automobiles. Speed is built into automobiles for a legitimate purpose. In the proper time and place, and if there is urgency, speed is entirely desirable. But the 36,000 Americans who die annually in automobile accidents die mainly because somebody is "junketing" with an automobile.

There will always be accidents, but at 20 miles an hour, only one accident out of every 61 is fatal. Between 20 and 30, the death rate is one in 42. Between 30 and 40 the death rate is one in 35. Between 40 and 50, the death rate is one in 11. At any speed over 50 miles an hour, the odds are all against the accident "victim."

Secretary of State Earl Snell recently put a governor on his car limiting speed to 50 and found that his running time from Salem to Portland was only 7 minutes greater than with the car wide open. What's your hurry? When the speedometer has passed 60, you are doing a Casey Jones, and we sing sad and ribald ballads over Casey.

## WHAT OTHER EDITORS THINK

## THE FAILURE OF THE WAGNER ACT

(Astorian-Budget)  
 THE Wagner labor relations act, hailed as the magna charta of the working man when it passed a few months ago, has been anything but that. Instead of insuring peace, harmony and tranquility in industry, it has been an instrument that has bred turmoil, bitter controversy, violence and damage to industry and labor alike.

The act guarantees to employees the right to organize for collective bargaining purposes and insures them against interference from employers in this right, restraining the latter from the use of coercion, intimidation or other weapons to prevent any employee from exercising this right. There is general agreement that employees should have this right and protection and it would be wrong to assume that the failure of the law to operate successfully is chargeable to such a provision.

This failure rests entirely upon provisions which are lacking in the act as passed, provisions which would have given the law a balance instead of leaving it so one-sided that the scales were bound to tip so far that abuses would outweigh benefits.

The law, while giving employees a right that belongs to them, prescribed no responsibility for

them. It enables them to make a contract enforceable upon the employer but does not make it binding upon them. It protects the employee from being coerced by his employer but it does not protect him from coercion employed by labor leaders or rival labor groups. It guarantees and guards the right of an employee to join a collective bargaining group of his own choosing but it offers no protection to the laborer who does not elect to join a particular group or any group at all.

Thus we now see the fruits of this inequitable law. We see sit-down strikes to coerce employers into signing contracts with a group not selected by a majority vote of the employees. We see industries shut down by jurisdictional disputes between unions. We see two major labor groups, the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., warring against each other savagely with utter disregard for the rights of employees and employers alike and the welfare of the general public. We see employers, who have no dispute with their employees, caught in between groups seeking to dominate certain crafts and trades. We see them abiding by the provisions of the labor relations act, which compel them to deal with the group selected by their own employees, and yet damaged by boycotts placed upon their products by other groups and impotent to do anything but protest the unfairness of it. These groups, which ruthlessly inflict the damage, have no legal responsibility under the law and so escape being held to the same accountability to which offending employers would be held.

No fair-minded person would contend that such a law is fair or that such a situation is defensible under the American form of government. In an effort to give employees an even break with employers in their negotiations, the law has swung to the other extreme and placed industry and the public at the mercy, not of the rank and file of working people, but of racketeers and leaders who are averse with the lust for power and the greed for gold.

Obviously this law must be corrected if it is to serve its just purposes and become a factor for preserving peace in the industrial world. Its operations as they are made manifest to the suffering public will create the demand for remedial amendment.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER  
 Register-Guard Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Members of Congress will have to be taken quietly aside and have everything explained to them before they approve the State department's proposal to lease six U. S. naval destroyers to Brazil.

A British armament firm has been building six destroyers for the Argentine. Brazil, which traditionally has had much more friendly relations with this country than Argentina, asked this government how about renting her half a dozen destroyers until she could get some of her own built.

The question was put up to Roosevelt. The idea of naval cooperation with Latin American nations carried a strong appeal to the President as a great pro-unity man, and he acquiesced at once. Argentina complained bitterly. But now this government and Brazil have joined in a statement that they will stand pat on the leasing agreement.

Behind the whole business is the fact that Germany and Italy have been increasing their propaganda penetration of Brazil at a rapid rate. Fascism has been preached through subsidized or actually purchased newspapers, short wave radio, exports of Nazi professors and other means. German broadcasts in Portuguese (language of Brazil) are sent to Brazil by directional radio beam, and elsewhere in Spanish.

There's concern here over spread of Fascism in Latin America and also over the objective which our diplomats believe Germany and Italy have in mind.

Those two nations, it is believed, are trying to solidify such a favorable attitude toward themselves in South American countries that England would be obstructed in any future war from obtaining raw materials and foodstuffs on which she depends. Secret American foreign policy calls for friendship toward England and other democratic nations in future wars. That's secondary to a policy of keeping out of war, but the intention of maintaining friendship with Latin America is one of the most important policy items—and figures most in the incident of the destroyers.

This may come a bit late, but it is new here where the guessing still continues.

A prominent British, who knows a great deal, whispered to friends here recently that the deciding factor in the abdication of King Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor, was his discovery that the British Army had turned against him.

The officers, at least, soured on Edward in accordance with the tradition that a British officer just doesn't take another British officer's wife. And Edward then gave up his last thought of retaining the throne.

## AN EDITORIAL ON HEALTH

By DR. MORRIS FISHER  
 Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine

WHEN the anterior portion of the pituitary gland becomes excessive in its action, there is enlargement of the hands, feet, jaws, lips, nose and tongue to which the general name "acromegaly" is given. Closely related to this condition is "gigantism" in which all of the body is affected uniformly with overgrowth.

The person who develops acromegaly first notices thickening of the soft tissues, accompanied particularly by changes in the bones. The jaw bones are enlarged and the lower jaw sticks out. The nose is thickened, the lips become coarse and protruding, and the ears become large.

The hands and feet look like paws. The voice becomes deepened due to thickening of the vocal cords. The hair grows thicker and it appears most profusely over the whole body, both in women and in men affected. Soon the sex glands are found to be disturbed and these glands fail to have the sexual power that is often associated with them. Hardly any cases are known in which women with acromegaly have had children.

Usually the great size of the person is associated with an inordinate appetite and these people eat vast amounts of food. Sometimes the disease reaches a point at which its advance ceases so that the person will be without further changes and be enabled to live almost a normal existence. In other cases one portion of the body may suddenly develop a giant character such as the great toe, or the thumb, or one or two of the fingers. In most cases, however, the condition proceeds gradually to the point of great weakness and eventual death.

No method is known by which the growth of the gland or its excessive secretion can be stopped by remedies given internally. Sometimes it is controlled by the use of the X-ray or by surgical operation.

Giants are more frequent among men than among women. In these cases also it is the pituitary gland that is primarily responsible. Seldom do giants reach a height greater than seven feet with a varying number of inches, although instances are recorded of men who reached eight feet in height. There are certain cases in which large size may be reached without any determinable evidence that there is anything wrong in the glandular system. It is conceivable that certain portions of the nervous system may be associated with the processes of growth and the changes in the nervous system may be primarily responsible.

The one hope in a severe case of this type seems to lie in removal of the excess portions of the gland or in some effort to control the condition by attacks on other glands which may be related to the pituitary.

## MADMAN'S ISLAND

By NARD JONES  
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## CHAPTER I

Smart attractiveness is no longer uncommon in the great uncharted, unpredictable world of young women. Nevertheless, it is a bit unusual when three very good-looking young women, unlike in temperament, choose to share the same apartment. On the card over the small box in the lobby downstairs was printed neatly, "Dearborn, Howard, and Dunn"—quite as if the combination were a law firm. And that card was really significant, for the three girls were certainly in the nature of a corporation.

Perhaps it worked because Kay was a striking brunette, Melita a dashing redhead, and Priscilla a fast-talking blond. Whatever the reason, the trio had roomed together for the past four years. In that time their arguments had been mild and infrequent, their good times many, and their boredom practically nil. Nothing was more natural than that the apartment occupied by "Dearborn, Howard, and Dunn" be the goal of a great number of young men. "We get," Priscilla put it one day, "proposals in about equal proportions."

Thus far, none of the three had been interested. Jokesmiths, fictioneers, and movie directors to the contrary, the modern young business woman devotes comparatively little of her serious thinking to men. Kay, Melita, and Priscilla were not different from the rest. They had found the jobs they wanted. They were interested in them, and in the whole exciting, intricate business of living. Each supposed that some time they would fall in love, and that then nothing much else might matter. But they weren't forcing Fate to make the play. Nowadays life was too much fun, too breathlessly changing, to make clever plans for escaping into a quiet corner. That they felt, would come in good time. "Today a woman can keep time," Kay said, "in an emergency, anywhere this side of 50—so what's the rush?" That was Melita talking, one lazy Sunday morning when the subject of marriage had popped up over toast and coffee.

Their chief concern at the moment was a seasonal problem—where and how to spend their two weeks' vacations which they had arranged to coincide. The question of "where" was not as immediate pressing as the question "how." For one thing, their rent had been raised by an unfeeling landlord. For another, food prices were making a bigger dent in their household budget. Even then, they had to admit ruefully, they might have arranged it if the new summer clothes hadn't been so tempting.

"My mother used to have a joke about being dressed up with nowhere to go," Kay Dearborn said. "That's us."

"Anyhow," mused Priscilla, "we'll be spared the annual argument as to whether it'll be the seashore, a lake, or the mountains. It's just my luck. Last year you two promised me I could do the deciding this year. And I had a sweet idea."

"What was it?" asked Melita, wearily wadding up a sheet of budget figures and tossing it into the wastebasket.

"A boat trip," said the blond Priscilla blissfully.

"Of course! On the Queen Mary."

"No, I was really serious about it. Kay. There are some excursion trips that would be a lot of fun for a change. I had it all figured out."

"Except for the matter of money," mentioned Melita.

Priscilla laughed good-naturedly.

"My budget's no further off than yours and Kay's. And a boat is supposed to be dizzier than redheads and brunets."

In the end they had decided to take their medicine as cheerfully as possible, and spend their vacation period "resting" in town. They even had managed to convince themselves that it might be amusing.

Today as Kay Dearborn hurried home from the office, she couldn't get herself a feeling of disappointment. The lush tone of summer was in the air. It was the season of change, and Kay wanted change, too. She wanted to see new faces and new things. Only her brisk, youthful energy was setting her pace as she strode along this evening. The fact was that she detested the idea of returning to the apartment. No casual passerby could have known this. In her cool, smart summer outfit Kay Dearborn appeared alert and estal. Tall and slender, she held her firm young chin high as she walked.

When she reached the apartment she found Melita and Priscilla already there. "We've been waiting for you," Melita said. "There's a meeting. We're going to have dinner downtown."

"Why didn't you tell me? I didn't need the walk."

"Priscilla tried to telephone you, but you'd left the office. The management decided to defrost the electric refrigerator today, and Priscilla's lovely dessert is ruined."

Kay made a helpless gesture. "How do you always manage to make it on the day they defrost the box?"

"It's a gift," Priscilla said, getting up. "Come on, let's go." She stopped suddenly, went back to the table. "Oh, Kay here's a legal-looking letter for you. Melita and I have been expiring with curiosity."

Kay took the long envelope, looked at the unfamiliar name in the upper left-hand corner. "It's from Aurora," she said. "I've an uncle there I've never seen." She unfolded the letter and read hurriedly.

"What is it?" asked Priscilla impatiently, dropping down beside Kay.

Kay didn't answer at once. She was rereading the letter. Finally she looked at Melita and Priscilla with a comically perplexed expression. "This—this says that Uncle Ben died a month ago. He—he left me a yacht."

"A yacht?" exploded Melita and Priscilla together.

"That's what this says. And it's here. I remember that several years ago Uncle Ben made a cruise from here, but I didn't know that."

"Well," Priscilla cut in cheerfully, "I guess I'm psychic. Didn't I say it would be a boat trip?"

Kay shot her a scornful look. "With what would we run a yacht?"

Priscilla looked puzzled. "I'm not sure. I think they run with gasoline, like an automobile, don't they?"

"What," Melita wanted to know, "do you suppose it would cost us to use the boat?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But I remember reading that Mr. Morgan said anybody who had to ask that question shouldn't own one." Ruefully Kay looked at the letter again. "Dear old Uncle Ben! It was nice of him to think of me—but what I really needed was two yachts."

"Anyhow," cried Priscilla, jumping up, "let's have a look at the thing. Maybe we could find a nice sailor who'd run it for us—just for the trip!"

## CHAPTER II

Dinner was forgotten in their excitement. The letter from Uncle Ben's attorney gave the address of the marina where the boat was in storage, and Priscilla was all for having a look at Kay's new possession immediately. Kay and Melita were not far behind in enthusiasm, and it was agreed they should visit the boat moorage before dining out. The three slipped into beach clothes first.

A 20-minute ride in Kay's car brought them to within a block of that section of the bay shore where Uncle Ben's boat had long been idle. "There's the place!" Kay said. "West Shore Boat Moorage." Eagerly the three started toward the huge black and white sign which marked the place. Soon they got a glimpse of the boats moored there, some still canvas covered and a few uncovered and outfitted for the new season. There were small outboard powered runabouts and two or three good-sized yachts—and every type and size of pleasure craft in between. The girls found "heavy types" mooring which was Kay Dearborn's.

The moorage seemed deserted at that hour, but Melita saw a small houseboat whose front bore the succinct advice, "Ring the bell." Tentatively Kay obeyed, was startled at the sound which rang out all over the place. Almost immediately a small, merry-faced man appeared, wiping his lips with a napkin.

"What can I do for you, ladies?" "I'm sorry to disturb you," Kay said. "I'm Kay Dearborn, and I'm looking for a boat called the 'Chinook' owned by Benjamin Crandall."

The little man grinned. "Owned by you now, isn't she? I'm Jim Pike and I'm mighty glad to know you. Mr. Crandall's attorney sent me all the papers and I've got them ready for you. Of course you'll have to re-register her under your own name down at the Federal Building. She's a staunch little ship, but she ain't been used for a long time, and I—"

"But I wasn't planning on taking the boat out now," Kay rushed in. "I just wanted to look at her."

"I reckon you wasn't planning on taking her out," Pike smiled. "She's been neglected for quite some time. A boat's a good deal like a woman, you know. You can't neglect them and then expect them to be ready and waiting when you're in the mood. But I've kept the 'Chinook' in fair shape, and with a little fixin' she'll be all right." He looked at Kay and her two friends appreciatively. "Y'know, when I got the letter from Mr. Crandall's attorney I figured that this Miss Dearborn was probably a fussy old school teacher who wouldn't have no use for the boat and would want to sell her right off."

"M-maybe I will want to sell her. You see, Mr. Pike, we don't know anything about boats."

"There again," said the loquacious Jim Pike, "a boat's like a woman. Nobody exceptin' maybe the oldest master mariners really knows much about them. Just when you think you got them figured, they fool you a little, one way or another. But you three ain't too old to learn." He tossed the napkin somewhere inside the door, and grabbed up a weather-beaten blue yachting cap. "I'll show her to you."

Obediently Kay, Melita and Priscilla followed down the boardwalk toward the water. Pike led them to a vast outdoor moorage, walked halfway along one of the runways, and pointed. "There she is, ladies."

The trio stared. They hadn't known what to expect, but the

## SIDE GLANCES



"I think he has the idea by now, John. Why don't you let slide down once by himself?"

very word "yacht" in the attorney's letter had connoted something a bit grander than the "Chinook." She wasn't large, and she wasn't particularly natty. Unschooled in pleasure craft, the girls were seeing all her bad points and none of her good ones.

"Needs a plant or two, some paint and polish, and a bilge cleaning," Jim Pike explained. "Did Uncle Ben really cruise in that boat?" Kay inquired.

"He certainly did," averred Jim Pike. "And I and two others were with him. She'll sleep four easy. Those settees to port and starboard in the cabin fold into a rusher and lower berth. She's husky—and a 40-footer is ideal for you girls. Plenty of cruising on inside waters around here."

"We—we'd thought some of taking our vacation with the boat," Priscilla blurted.

Jim Pike nodded. "You ain't really ever had a vacation until you've taken one in your own little boat—sail or power—with no schedules to make except may be the tide. Wear what you want. Eat when you want. Just let the world go hang."

"It sounds nice," Kay said, after she had climbed up to the bridge and ogled the wheel. She tossed her back in a riotous smile. "But we don't know anything about navigation."

"Shucks, you don't need navigation in inland waters like these around here. I can teach you some piloting—how to read a chart and lay out a course, and use the compass, and know what the buoys mean. You got common sense, I can tell that. I'll teach you what you ought to know while you're getting the boat ready."

"B-but, you see, Mr. Pike, I'm not sure we can afford to trouble you—"

"No trouble at all. I'm happy when I can get somebody introduced to the greatest sport in the world. I got a hunch you girls will take to water like the well-known duck. As for getting the boat fixed up, . . . let's see . . . A hundred dollars ought to do some of the painting and polishing yourselves."

"Easier than drivin' a car," claimed Jim Pike loftily. "You got a forward and a reverse and a speed lever. Of course," he added, "there ain't no brakes."

"We'd have to have some put in them," Priscilla insisted.

"Pike roared. "Not while you got the reverse. That's the brake on a seagoing automobile, lady." Priscilla was not abashed.

"Let's use her for our vacation," she cried, and Melita agreed.

"Well," said Kay, "let's get some food first and talk it over. We'll let you know tomorrow, Mr. Pike."

"That's okay. You'll do it." (To Be Continued)

## Evangelist Plans Meetings At Drain

DRAIN, Aug. 30.—(Special)—Evangelist Teddy Levitt began special services Sunday at the Christian church. Miss Rena Goff is directing the music.

Mrs. O. A. Snook accompanied her sister, Mrs. Alice Haddad, and niece, Mildred Maxwell, of Portland on a two weeks vacation trip. They will visit their mother, Mrs. Maxwell in Washington.

Mrs. Lou Watson and daughter of Hollywood visited Mrs. Arch Alford recently.

Joe Dunne of Portland was a guest of the H. J. Laswell family over the week-end.

Mrs. Maude Deever and son

Recent guests in the home of Mrs. Coe's were Mrs. Gilbert Olson of Glad and sister, Mrs. Wampole, son, Roy, of Roseburg.

Mrs. Mary McFarland has recently, Mr. and Mrs. E. Elliott and son, of Indiani. Mr. Elliott is a police in Butler university.

The trees are tall and spreading. Under them many and shadow chase each other endlessly in a soft little breeze.

Here is a group of young people who are having a picnic. They are all dressed in their best. They are all smiling and laughing. They are all enjoying themselves.

Next Monday Mr. and Mrs. Brewster-Snow will come to "The Kitchen" for a picnic.

Next Monday Mr. and Mrs. Brewster-Snow will come to "The Kitchen" for a picnic.



This—this says, Kay explained breathlessly to the girls, "that he—Uncle Ben—has left me a yacht." "A yacht," they exploded together.

ANNUAL August Furniture SALE APPLIGATE'S