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DOUGLAS NO WESTERNER

President Roosevelt has made another appointment to the supreme court. It is not so good as the last one (Frankfurter) nor bad at all as was the first one (Black) but more on a par with the one between (Reed). William O. Douglas is an able man, he has shown strength and ability in the chairmanship of the Securities exchange commission but his qualifications as an interpreter of the law have not been demonstrated. That fact does not stand against him. It means, however, that as a judge and a molder of those constitutional changes necessitated by a changing society he is yet to be tested. There is general belief, however, that he will emerge from the test in good fashion.

Some commentators are speaking of the appointment of Mr. Douglas as meeting the hope that a western man would this time be named to the court. That stretches the imagination. The appointee lived for some years in his youth in the west, he attended a western college and married a western girl (an Oregonian, by the way), but his legal experience has been entirely in the east (in New York) and his teaching has all been in eastern law schools (Yale and Columbia).

What the west wants is a member of the supreme court who has practiced in the west, who knows western water law and western land law and western mining law, who is familiar with the forestry and the reclamation and the grazing problems of the western country, who knows the west. If he has had a good record in a judiciary position in the west so much the better.

It is entirely probable that in the nearly two years remaining of his present term President Roosevelt will have another appointment to the court to make. Next time let's have a westerner, taken, not from the senate nor from long service on a federal commission with residence in Washington, but from the bench or the bar of the west.

CONGRATULATING CHIEF RAMBO

Probably it was an officer's intuition that resulted in the arrest of the young prowler who for more than a week terrorized Bend with his daring entries of occupied homes, but certainly the evidence that resulted in a full confession was not the result of luck. When Chief Everett Rambo and his patrolmen started work on the case, their clues consisted of only half a fingerprint and three rather poor shoe prints. Yet these were sufficient for the Bend officers to make an arrest, secure a confession and entirely clear the mystery of the "bedroom burglar."

The arrest of the young prowler should serve notice on other hoodlums of the Pacific northwest that Bend can no longer be considered a "hick" town, so far as law enforcement and detective work are concerned. And probably the case should serve to remind Bend people that their police department has expanded into a well equipped organization, manned by a group of young men who are devoting considerable of their time to a study of criminology and methods of crime detection. The Bend police department, it may interest Bend people to learn, has even a photography department, where all suspects are photographed. Copies of the photographs go to the state police and the federal bureau of investigation. Bend's fingerprinting department is second to few in the northwest.

Soon the Bend officers will be in their new quarters, but, other than providing more space for records, a better photography room, more facilities for finger printing, it is doubtful if the new home will increase the efficiency of the department to any great degree.

Bend has had no unsolved crimes in the past few years. How can this record be improved?

For a good many years Mrs. Eugene Ackley has served as correspondent of the Bulletin from her home just east of town in the Butler market road section while her husband has shown what an able farmer could do on the irrigated land of that vicinity and what good work he could do as an official of the C. O. I. district. Now they have traded their farm and are moving to town. This is to express a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Ackley from the city folks, gratitude to Mrs. Ackley for her years of service to the Bulletin and its readers and best wishes for the future in Bend.

Prineville

Prineville, March 21 (Special) — Bert Applegate from Heppner is employed at Hagedon's drug store.

Lake M. Bechtel, W. B. Horse, Paul Huston, J. B. McClain, Dr. Rosenburg, and "Doc" Amundsen attended the basketball tournament between Oregon and California.

Ben Knight made a business trip to Portland last week.

June and Sara Lee Morse went to Portland Thursday to attend the Pi Beta Phi convention over the week-end.

Mrs. W. B. Morse is going to Portland this week-end to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Willaf Morse, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Gray came from Portland Wednesday to spend a week visiting friends and relatives.

A one-act play festival, with Culver, Madras, Sisters, Bend, Redmond and Prineville schools participating, will be held in Prineville April 14. The Central Oregon School Masters' club is sponsoring the festival.

Mrs. Norma Storaasli returned Saturday from a two weeks' vacation in Portland and Silverton.

Sylvan Mitchell and Ted Adamson spent a few days last week in Portland.

Norman Pennick, employed at the forest service office, underwent an operation for appendicitis. Latest reports say he is recovering satisfactorily.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Kindret of Portland spent part of the week in Prineville. Mrs. Kindret is a sister of Mrs. Reppa Hamilton.

Mrs. Jennie Arnold of Klamath Falls spent last week in Prineville visiting friends and relatives.

William Ferguson, who has been in the Veteran's hospital in Portland, returned to Prineville Wednesday.

Howard Holmes left Friday for his home in Washington. He has been employed at the Pine theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Mapes of Salem spent last week-end at the home of Mrs. Mapes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zeverly.

Students of Crook county high school entering the Quill and Scroll scholastic contest for high school journalism are Charles Williams, George McKinnon, Donald Ross, Alvin Overoeler, Ted Goodwin and Jack Burnett. Last year Nisma Banta entered an editorial in the contest and won honorable mention in the United States.

In one Assyrian palace excavated by archaeologists even the harem was found decorated with masculine art, showing the king hunting, fighting, and taking tribute.

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Sacrificial Offering?

● SERIAL STORY

'MRS. DOC'

BY TOM HORNER

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The characters and situations in this story are wholly fictional.

* * *

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALAN WARREN — Ambitious young country doctor.

EMILY WARREN—Alan's wife.

ERIC KANE — Construction engineer.

DR. FARRELL—Alan's elderly associate.

* * *

Yesterday: Alan decides to go to St. Louis, much against his real feelings. Emily is delighted over the decision. Returning home that night, Alan receives a telegram.

CHAPTER XII

Alan ripped the envelope open, read the message quickly. He frowned.

Bad news?" Emily asked solicitously. Alan handed her the telegram.

"LETTER RECEIVED," she read. "IMPORTANT THAT YOU COME AT ONCE TO SIGN CONTRACT. LEAVING FOR EUROPE AT NOON TOMORROW TO SERVE ON INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION ASSIGNING JEWISH PHYSICIANS OF VIENNA AND BERLIN HOSPITALS TO STAFFS OF AMERICAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS. EXPECT YOU BY NINE A. M.

"WILLIAM PETERSON."

"What's so bad about that?" Emily queried. "You can catch the midnight train and be there in plenty of time. Sign the contract and we'll be ready to move any time Dr. Peterson says. . . . Why, Alan, what's the matter?"

"I can't go tonight!" he answered.

"You can't go tonight!" Emily echoed. "Why?" She almost screamed the question.

"I can't leave, Mrs. Howland is in the hospital. Grandma Frank may not live through the night. . . I'll wire Dr. Peterson—"

"You will not," Emily ordered. "You'll call Dr. Farrell and tell him to look out for Grandma Frank and to take charge of Mrs. Howland. Then you'll catch that midnight train."

"No, Emily, I couldn't do that. These people are depending on me. I'm not kidding myself that Farrell couldn't take care of them as well as I, but I owe it to them to stay here. Mrs. Howland engaged me because she had confidence in me, even after she had lost her first baby. She might have gone to a specialist in the city, but she didn't. And when I took the case, I gave my word that I'd be here when she needed me. She neds me tonight. I can't break my promise. And Grandma Frank—"

"Grandma Frank is going to die in spite of anything you can do."

"That's true . . . but please try to understand, Emily. I know Grandma Frank won't get well. She knows it too. When she dies I must be there, beside her. I can't do much, I know. Make it a little easier, perhaps. Comfort the family.

"Maybe this sounds silly, but I know this is my duty. I've known Grandma Frank ever since I can remember. She used to give me cookies on my way to school. I've taken care of her and the whole Frank family ever since I came back to Sumner. Dad brought all her children. A Warren has stood beside the Franks in every crisis in their lives. I can't let them down now."

"This is no time for your 'knight in shining armor' philosophy," Emily broke in angrily. "You're too idealistic, Alan, too ethical. And what doe it get you? Nothing! No one appreciates what you do, the sacrifices you make. . . . Come down to earth. This is a matter of dollars and cents. . . . After all, you have your own life to live, Alan."

"A doctor can never call his life his own—"

"And if you don't go to St. Louis, what will Dr. Peterson think? You've already written that you'd accept his offer. I've hoped, I've planned—" Emily saw her dream castles tumbling.

"Peterson may understand. I'll try to explain. And if he doesn't—"

"If he doesn't—then your chance to be a professor—to amount to something—is gone . . . forever."

* * *

It would always be like this, Emily knew. Even if Dr. Peterson did accept Alan's explanation, even if Alan went on with his plans up to the last minute, even if they were ready to step on to the train to leave Sumner forever, there would always be something like this to hold Alan here. He could not break away. He would not. He never would. The ties were too strong.

And Emily? What did it mean for her? She pondered the question. Endless years, just as this last one had been?

Although she wanted to scream out her hate for Sumner, for its people, even for Alan, she strove for self-control, for she knew that this moment must be the turning point in her life.

A thought of Eric flashed through her mind. Eric offered opportunity to escape all this. But as quickly she put him from her thoughts. This was her problem—and Alan's. They must settle it alone, without interference of a third party.

Could she let her dreams of returning to St. Louis go? Could she resign herself to days and night of loneliness? Could she ever be content as a country doctor's wife?

She wanted to cry. Tears might break Alan's resolve to stay here tonight. But would that settle the problem, once and for all? Her happiness was at stake. This was the showdown and there was no use in postponing it. She had to know what Alan wanted now, tonight.

That she loved Alan, she knew. But whether she loved him enough to remain here, buried in Sumner, she was not certain. Alan loved her—as much as he could ever love anyone. No doubt of that. But his profession came first. She was outside, alone. An ever-widening gulf of misunderstanding was separating them. They were growing farther and farther apart. Where would it end? She buried her face in her hands, tried to think clearly.

* * *

Alan realized, too, that a final decision must be made tonight. If he failed to comply with Peterson's virtual order to appear tomorrow, there likely would never be another chance. A hundred men, older, just as skillful as he—all experienced teachers—were available in Europe. They would gladly jump at the opportunity and Peterson would be practically forced to accept them.

Peterson was placed in an awkward position. With a vacancy on his own staff, a refusal to accept one or more of the refugee physicians might be construed by the international commission as antagonistic, and any excuse he might offer would seem ridiculous.

And what of Mrs. Howland? and Grandma Frank? They had a voice in this, too—a pleading, persistent voice that would not be still.

If Emily would only understand. If only something could change her so that she could see his work as he saw it. If she could even become a part of it, helping rather than hindering him.

Suddenly Alan knew what he would do. He squared his shoulders, faced his wife.

* * *

"What are you going to do?" Emily asked him calmly, evenly. Alan had known she would be like this in a crisis. No tears, no hysterical pleading.

"I'm staying here, Emily. I'm wiring Peterson that the whole thing is off. I don't want to be a professor. I want to be a doctor and that's what I'm going to be."

He went to the telephone. Emily winced as he dictated the message. This was the end. Fighting to keep back her tears, she waited until he had replaced the receiver.

"That is your decision, Alan," she said. "Now listen to mine. I'm going to St. Louis. If you won't come, I'll go alone."

"Emily!" His face was white.

"This can't go on," Emily went on swiftly. "You can have Sumner—but you can have it without me!"

"What do you mean?" Alan's lips tried to set in a thin, hard line, but they quivered, involuntarily.

"I mean that we're through, Alan. I'v leaving. I'll arrange for the divorce—"

"Emily, what are you saying?" he shouted.

"You can have your patients—they mean more to you than I do."

"But they don't. You can't do this. Think what it means." Alan was finding control again. "Our life—our marriage. Think—think what you're doing."

"I have thought—I've done nothing but think—for months. I know what I'm doing. I don't belong here. I—"

The jingle of the telephone interrupted her. She paused as Alan answered.

"It's Mrs. Howland," he said as he turned to her again. "I'll be at the hospital."

Even now—Emily thought after he had gone—when his own marriage hangs in the balance, they call and he goes!

The telephone was still warm from his hand when Emily lifted it, called a number. After a long wait a man's voice answered.

"I want to speak to Eric Kane," Emily said.

"He's out on the farm. Can I have him call you?" the man shouted at her.

"It's important that I speak to him immediately. Please call him," Emily replied. There was another prolonged wait. At last Eric answered.

"Oh, it's you, Emily. Sorry to keep you waiting. Having a little trouble this rain—"

"Eric, I'm leaving Alan." She spoke evenly. "I'm going home. I need you here, now. Will you come down tonight?"

(To Be Continued)

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