

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Honor Among Nations.

IT IS becoming painfully obvious
that in the field of international
relations treaties and peace have
little in common. At best, treaties
are useful in easing strained situa-
tions; at worst, they produce situa-
tions far more strained. And finally,
the chances of their being ob-
served in good faith are fast van-
ishing to the zero point.

When Japan sent its legions
swarming over Manchuria, the Kellogg-
Briand pact, and the Nine-Power
treaty went overboard. When Mus-
solini's Black Shirts invaded Ethio-
pia, without so much as a declara-
tion of war, the covenant again
took a drubbing, and with it a
whole batch of treaties and agree-
ments existing between Italy and
Ethiopia, France, England, and
other nations having interests in
the African empire. The Treaty of
Versailles was openly denounced
by Hitler a year ago, when he an-
nounced that he intended to build
the German army without regard
for the limitations imposed by that
document. Now the German troops
goosestepping into the Rhineland
deliver another body blow at the
Versailles treaty and make short
shift of the Locarno pact, which
reinforced the Rhineland stipula-
tions.

In the face of these sorry exhi-
bitions, the business of treaty-mak-
ing goes on at a merry clip. Great
Britain and Germany effect a naval
tonnage agreement. France and the
Soviet Union arrange a mutual as-
sistance treaty against Germany.
Mussolini, fresh from burying a
handful of treaties in the mud of
Ethiopia, proposes a new four-
power pact. And, to crown the
whole silly business, Adolf Hitler
proposes a 25-year non-aggression
treaty. It would have been as easy
for him to have agreed to keep the
peace for 125 years, and just about
as significant.

It is hard to see how treaties in
themselves can preserve peace
when the underlying causes of war
remain untouched, but fewer pacts
and more honesty might help a bit.

Allowing For Depreciation.

IT IS assumed that if the pres-
ident's proposal for taxing undis-
tributed corporation profits is ac-
cepted by congress, due allowance
will be made for reserves to allow
for replacements. In some quarters
objections are being raised to the
whole plan on the ground that no
uniform way of allowing for such
reserves is possible, since depre-
ciation varies so much from indus-
try to industry and even from
plant to plant.

There is no denying the truth of
the argument that wide differences
exist in replacement requirements.
Not only does each corporation or
business differ in this respect from
every other, but also different
items of property within a single
business unit require separate
treatment. The life expectancy of
one asset when new may be con-
sidered as 3 years; of another, 5
or 10 years; of another, 25 years
or more. Obviously an automobile
wears out more rapidly than a
steel bridge, an outdoor machine
more quickly than its counterpart
kept under cover, and masonry in
Maine sooner than masonry in
California.

But it does not follow that rea-
sonable allowances cannot be
made. As a matter of fact such de-
ductions are made now under the
income tax law provision which
calls for "reasonable allowance for
the exhaustion, wear and tear of
property used in the trade or busi-
ness." Such allowance is presum-
ably set aside every normal year
by corporations in order to pro-

vide a fund for future replacement
of property.

The law fixes no set amount or
percentage of investment which
may be claimed as a depreciation
deduction. In determining what is
"reasonable," the Bureau of Internal
Revenue treats each case as an
individual problem. At the incep-
tion of the income tax considerable
difficulty and litigation arose on
proper allowances for depreciation.

After more than 20 years, however,
procedure under this head has be-
come pretty well standardized. The
Internal Revenue Bureau employs
a large staff of engineers and other
scientists to advise on reasonable
depreciation of machines and other
property assets, and by decisions
of the Internal Revenue Bureau,
the Board of Tax Appeals, and the
courts, the reasonable life expect-
ancy of most kinds of property has
been fairly well determined.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW

MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

JIM FOX, living on the farm on
Hilger creek, a tributary of
North Myrtle, belonging to Mrs.
Catharine Maddux of Roseburg,
to her son, a banty hen with
eight turkey eggs, and two of
the banty's own. She hatched 'em
all a few days ago, and mother,
poult and chicks are doing as well
as could be expected, while the
very well indeed.

While driving
through John Buehner's farm
several days ago, I was attracted
by a feathered rumpus beside the
road, and there was a banty rooster
tangling with a big white leg-
horn. The leghorn rooster walked
in on that banty like he was going
to tear him to pieces, and then
bury the plover. But he got the
surprise of his life. The banty flew
right into his midriff and spurred
him in nine places in half as many
seconds. The leghorn's look of
fierce competence changed in the
wink of an eye to one of scandalized
impotence. He gave three or four
wild leaps to clear the immed-
iate hazard of that banty's fury,
and then took off in a long swift
flight which carried him to a dis-
tant barn, under which he quickly
disappeared. That banty sure was
poison.

G. V. Carlie, 82-year-old resident
of Oakland, Oregon, who looks like
he was 60, was in town yesterday
changing the address of his News-
Review. He said that he believed
he had taken it longer than any-
one else in Douglas county, hav-
ing lived here well over 70 years
and subscribed to the first paper
published in Roseburg. This—the
Star I believe it was—was short-
lived, and when it expired, Mr.
Carlie took the Plaindealer, which
was started soon after, and con-
tinued with it and its descendants
ever since. He says he wishes he
could read the News-Review for
another 60 years!

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

er than your brains. But here are
only a few thousand dollars, in
cash.

"What kind of a bunk is this?"

"Oh," Mr. Beckman is reported
to have answered mildly:
"You want to see the bank's
MONEY. Come along with me."

So he led the examiner out
through the back door to the vault,
which he opened, and they both en-
tered. Filled up there in the vault
were thousands upon thousands of
dollars (the teller of this story had
no idea how much) in gold
coin and in raw gold, quite a little
of it in the original pouches in
which it had been placed by the
miners who took it from the
gulches.

Every depositor could have been
paid in cash, all at once, and there
would have been plenty left.

MR. BECKMAN looked at the
examiner—probably with a
twinkle in his eye. Then he asked:
"Is that money enough to satisfy
you?"

The examiner, looking sheepish,
admitted that it was, and they
went out and closed the vault and
he went in and finished up his
examination and departed.

THAT is a good story, whether
or not it is literally true, and
it is probable that it isn't far
from the truth. A lot of these business
institutions of early Southern Ore-
gon were mighty sound.

WOMAN AGED 100

BURNED TO DEATH

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 25.
—(AP)—Mrs. Jessica Cruz, 100
years old, was fatally burned to-
day while her husband, Manuel,
same age, looked helplessly on,
screaming for help.

Mrs. Cruz apparently tipped over
a kerosene lamp which set her
clothing afire.

We Have Something to Fight, at Home:



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XIII

Spring was late that year, but
when it finally came it brought in
its wake sunny days whose deli-
cate and lifting breeze brought
loveliness even to mid-Manhattan
afternoons. The park, from the
first faint green, slowly, richly
budded and blossomed into fulfill-
ment; the tulips in the flower beds
in front of the Plaza were a riot
of color. The air was clear as if
magically washed of soot and
smoke by the winter's rain and
snow and the tall towers on West
Fifty-ninth street gleamed against
a cobalt-blue sky. Fifth avenue
was gay with color, the cushions
warm and bumpy and the breeze
tipped with minty freshness.

But as the days grew warmer
exhilaration turned to languor in
Helen's veins. A lassitude crept
over her that carried with it the
poison of renewed doubts and un-
certainty.

Outwardly she was calm enough
over her work, but inside her heart
was a cauldron of conflicting emo-
tions and thoughts. She was alter-
nately gay, despondent, and exhi-
larated but never hopeful, never
peaceful. Love that was reputed to
fill the heart with joy and ecstasy
had turned sour in her breast. She
couldn't stand the pain, the mis-
ery, the uncertainty any longer.
Finally she came to a decision and
with it acquired, if not peace, a
sort of calm.

She was going to have it out
with Walter that night. She want-
ed to look very beautiful. She
dressed until the others left and
then dashed into the cheerless lav-
atory. A touch of Anastasia's Au
Naturel Rouge, applied surrepti-
tiously although no one was look-
ing—and hastily removed with
Anastasia Rose Petal Cleansing
Cream.

"No," she decided. "I don't want
to look different. I'll be just as
usual."

They met at the library now
crowded with frankly meeting
lovers. The dear familiar gray
car. The relief as she sank into
her seat and the car sped away.
Walter. . . He parked on a dark
side street to kiss her long and
hungrily. He was in a joyous
mood tonight. "I know a swell lit-
tle restaurant," he announced.

The swift ride down Fifth ave-
nue now deserted. He told her bits
of gossip, that bobbed hair was in
to stay, he was certain. He was
getting three Frenchmen into the
shops to cut hair exclusively an
innovation, face lifting. . . The
possibilities of face lifting in the
salons.

They debated the advisability of
it. . . She told him about what she
had eaten at lunch and which she
loved, had made her ill.

She loved the restaurant he took
her to. It was a neat brownstone
house on a side street, and the din-
ers sat in a semi-circular garden.
Garlands of artificial flowers deck-
ed the walls and in the center a
fountain splashed over plump and
languid goldfish.

The dinner was excellent and
Walter was in high spirits. Slowly
Helen's depression melted into this
air. Her resolve to have it out with
him waned. She couldn't give him
up! She drank the sour wine that
came with the dinner and felt very
compunctious. No, she couldn't give
him up. After all, even this much
of Walter was so much better than
nothing. What if he didn't marry
her?—he loved her. She loved him.
They had so much more than most
people. Was marriage really every-
thing? The future? Why worry
about the future? "In the future,"

Helen decided cheerfully, as she
tried to imitate Walter's dexter-
ous handling of the spaghetti, "we
may all be dead!"

Walter faced the door. Suddenly
Helen saw him choke over his
wine and grow deathly pale. Helen
instinctively turned around to
see what had happened. A tall,
beautifully groomed woman came
down the steps into the garden. It
was, however, not Irene. She turned
to see Walter breathe a sigh of
relief—to see the color seep back
into his face. But Helen's mood
had instantly changed. Some-
thing clicked in her mind. Her re-
solve had come back.

"Walter," she said suddenly,
"I've got to talk to you."

"Well, I wonder what you call
what you've been doing all even-
ing!"

"This is different Walter, we've
got to stop."

"Stop!"

"We've got to stop seeing each
other. It's no use. I've never had
such happy times. It's true. But
I'm not happy. Not any more.
Neither are you. We're getting in
deeper and deeper and we're going
round and round in circles."

"I could marry you," Walter sug-
gested hollowly.

"No, you won't, Walter. It's no
use kidding ourselves any longer.
You'll make the gesture but you
can't go through with it. Some-
body's holding you back. Oh, I
don't know. I'm so miserable. I
don't want you to do something
that will make you miserable. List-
en," she raced on swiftly, as he
was about to interrupt her. "I've
been thinking it all over. You'll
say you'll marry me tomorrow and
tomorrow you'll tell me to wait.
Oh, Walter, I'm not blaming you.
But I can't stand it any longer."

Her voice dropped to a whisper.
"Friday I start my vacation. I'm
going away with one of my
friends. I'm not even going to tell
you where. I'm going away for
two weeks and try to forget you.
You try to forget me. Let's see
if we really are in love. See if
you can get over me. I'll try my
very best to get over you. Then,
if we can, I'll see your face
twice. That suits me. And if not . . .
"I'll marry you, damn it," he
said between set teeth.

She laughed mirthlessly. "We'll
wait . . ."

She put her hand over his
mouth. She did her best to keep
the tears from rising to her eyes.
"No, I'm going away. I'll be
back. It's the only thing we can do."

Sunday morning Helen and Mary
Krebs, whom Helen knew from
high school days, took the Hudson
river dayboat to Kingston Point.
She hadn't said good-bye to Wal-
ter. The boat was packed with a
tough crowd of picknickers. Helen
tried to be gay, tried to fall into
Mary's holiday mood, but the sight
of the promiscuous jostling
about her—some of the couples
barely waited for the boat to start
before they began; the smell of
untidy lunches turned her stom-
ach.

Helen conscientiously set about
to enjoy the wooded hills, the wide
stony brook with its natural swim-
ming hole. But she kept seeing
Walter, and in comparison
with her—some of the couples
whose summer school was near-
by, seemed a callow, unsalted lot.
She could barely wait for the
two weeks to pass.

She got back to New York on a
Saturday and on Sunday evening
Walter met her at the entrance to
Prospect park in his car.

"It's no use, Walter," she melt-

ed into his arms. "I'm yours. We'll
have to wait, Walter."

"No, damn it, we won't wait. I
love you and want you for my
wife! By the way, did I ever ask
you to marry me?"

"As a matter of fact, you didn't."

She laughed ruefully.

"All right. I'm asking you now.
Will you marry me?" he demanded
sternly.

"I should be delighted," she mur-
mured.

But there was no fun in his
voice now. "We'll be married to-
morrow and I mean it. I missed
you like the very devil. We'll go
to city hall tomorrow and get it
over with."

"Oh, no, Walter. I'm afraid. Oh,
I know I'm a fool, but when I think
of Stella and Irene—I just get icy
cold, I'm afraid. Let's wait till
Irene is married a little longer.
Maybe she'll be . . . kinder after
she's married a while. I'm here,
darling. I'll never be far from
you. I'll never go away from you
again. But I'm panicky. I want
to be your wife more than any-
thing in the world but I'm too
nervous yet. I must get used to the
idea now. I must have time to
think definitely about it. You
understand, don't you, Walter?"

"All right. Let's set a date. How
about July fourth?"

"Swell. We'll be married on In-
dependence day."

"I wonder if there's any special
significance in that."

"Oh, Walter, what an unpoetical
thought. Just for that we'll make
it July fifth."

"No, it's had luck to postpone a
wedding date. Make it sooner, but
never postpone it. We'll keep it
the fourth."

"All right. July fourth and then
I shall be Mrs. Walter Rubley. Oh,
Walter, I can't believe it. Hold me,
love me . . . I'm afraid . . ."

The park was heavy with fog—
no foggy that Walter had to peer
out of the side to find their little
road where they could park with-
out danger of intrusion. It was hot
and damp. The round park lights
were ghoully. In the deep recesses
of the coupe, it was warm and air-
less like the inside of a box.

She was like wax in his hands
as they gave themselves up to
renewed lovemaking that was both
a delight and a torture.

(To be continued.)

SHIRT TAIL PRIZE

IN LEGION CONTEST

LA GRANDE, Ore., March 26.—
(AP)—Legion Commander Fred
Lund said today he would distrib-
ute to all district six commanders
portions of the shirt tail of James
T. Ford, district seven commander at
Pendleton.

The "distribution" was sched-
uled for April 30, at an inter-district
Legion conference here. Lund
said district seven, of which he is
commander, beat Ford's district in a
membership contest, with the shirt
tail as the "stake."

Read also said district seven,
when reported its roster increas-
ed from 322 to 369, was the first
area in Oregon to record a gain
over 1935.

EX-DOUGLAS MAN

WINS CUE HONORS

PORTLAND, Ore., March 26.—
(AP)—Police Sergeant Frederick
Custer Short, former Douglas coun-
ty turkey raiser, is a dead-eye with
the billiard cue as well as with
firearms.

He defeated Patrolman M. Rek-
dahl, 39 to 18, to win the Portland
police bureau's three-cushion bil-
liard championship. Fourteen en-
tered the triple elimination Land-

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features
Syndicate, Inc.)

The Girls Don't Like the Idea

Just finished a plebeesque of the
beautiful inhabitants of girls' col-
leges. The argument was Dutch
treats.

A Dutch treat means that
everybody pays for himself
ten dollars or ten days. It is a
peculiar institution started by
the girls themselves. Now, the
college boys have got the
habit. When they take a
Campus Carrie out they expect
her to pay half the freight.

Naturally, the exploited Dianas
are squawking like shanghaied
sailors. The voting by districts:

Wellesley—We will go on no
blind dates with cock-eyed
misers.

Vassar—From now on we will
do our necking with giraffes.

Ladycliff—No Scotch picnics
with Dutch picknickers. If
we've got to bring our own
lunch we will go on a diet.

Dartmouth—Nobody is going to
hold us for ransom at five cents a
dance.

Bryn Mawr—Those big-
hearted boys have reduced
small talk to fractions. When
we go out with a halfwit we
ain't going to be the other half.

Smith—It's the old story of a
chocolate soda with two straws.
One of those straws is from a
whisk broom. That's the one the
girl gets.

Simmons—They tell us
Woolworth has put in a gigolo
department. When we go five-
and-tenning it will not be at a
dance.

Sweet Briar—Air pockets are all
right when you are flying.

Hunter—You can't vote and
travel on half fare at the same
time. Our motto is study, con-
centrate, keep out of
rummy seats.

Goucher—A raccoon makes a
nice pet no matter who's wearing
his coat. My boy friend got a
Rhodes scholarship because he
loves detours.

State Normal—Those boys
want to start a forest fire with
a handful of used toothpicks.
Anytime I need a military es-
cort I'll climb up on General
Washington's statue and sit in
his lap.

LETTERS

from the

People

Communications to the News-
Review for publication in this de-
partment should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 300 words, and should be
signed by the writer, whose name
address must accompany the con-
tribution.

IMPORTANCE OF DOUGLAS

COUNTY'S INVENTORY OF

PIONEER FACTS STRESSED

In commencing an inventory of
sources of historical information
to be included in the survey it is
decried that all citizens of the
county assist in this undertaking.

Very few people have taken the
time to realize that in only a few
decades more, the early settlers
will live only in history. A few
more centuries and the history of
the white settlers of Oregon will
be colored with the mellow, roman-
tic light with which time robes the
past, and contrasted with the present
wealth and splendor of Oregon,
may seem so impossible as to
elicit from the future historian a
philosophic doubt of its authenti-
city.

It is with this fact in view that
a historical records survey was
made a project of the Works Pro-
gress Administration.

Old pioneers, and the children
and other relatives of those who
have passed on, and all others pos-
sessing old letters, pictures, docu-
ments, newspapers, diaries, etc., of
pioneer days, should bring them to
my attention so that they may be
on record. Many things of histori-
cal value could no doubt be un-
earthed from attics, old trunks and
other hiding places.

The period may arrive when the
same uncertainty which hangs
over the heroic days of every peo-
ple may attend the records of Ore-
gon, and the stirring deeds of the
early pioneers of Douglas county
may be regarded as attractive fic-
tion, or at the best as beautiful ex-
aggeration.

This is but in the nature of
things. Actions always cease their
reality and distinctness in the per-
spective of ages. Time is their
chance house, and no memorials
are sooner lost or forgotten than
those records, the whereabouts of
which are known only to those
pioneers who still live but are fast
following the setting sun to a
home beyond the horizon.

There are only a few old timers
remaining and when they too have
gone to join their comrades on the

smooth trails of heaven, our last
link with the past will be gone.

The future is continually press-
ing down upon us and cannot be
evaded, but the past is slipping
away and will be forever lost when
the last thread has snapped.

Before that fatal moment ar-
rives the people of Douglas county
should take this opportunity to as-
semble and bring in for recording,
every bit of information they pos-
sess about the early days.

If but one bit of record could be
resurrected to weld stronger the
web of Oregon history, the value
in dollars and cents will be as
nothing compared to its priceless
worth as history.

There is no commercial profit to
be derived in recording early his-
tory, and the intrinsic value can-
not be entirely computed until the
information has found its proper
niche in Oregon's Hall of Fame.

We must realize that our fast
departing pioneers present a part
of the panorama of humanity, and
his passing is an embodiment of a
great principle—man's years on
earth are numbered; hence arrives
a deep interest in our pioneers,
because in looking at their course
of life, we but see a future of our
own ebbing sands.

When we realize that in regards
to some incidents in our early life
there is an apparent scarcity of
much authentic information, it
should induce the people of this
county to cooperate in searching
out carefully and faithfully, the
most trifling historical record of
Oregon's early history.

Those desiring to report such
records write or call on L. M. Low-
ell, Grand Hotel, Roseburg, Ore-
gon, or notify the Historical Re-
cords Survey, WPA, Bedell Bldg.,
Portland.

L. M. LOWELL

HUGE AMOUNT IN

TAXES PAID BY S. P.

Southern Pacific enriched the
coffers of state, county, school and
city, March 15, by payment of
\$1,179,946.37 in taxes, representing
the total 1935 tax payment on the
company's properties in Oregon,
according to information received
here today by J. E. Clark, local
agent. These payments carry a tax
valuation of \$31,737,717.