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 MARIUS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Depression Slackers.

A CERTAIN opprobrium ordi-
 narily surrounds the word
 "slacker."

During the late World war a
 slacker was considered about the
 most despicable character known.
 Today, however, we have a "de-
 pression slacker," no less a shirker
 in the affairs of society and gov-
 ernment than the person who
 avoided his military service in the
 country.

During the past few years in
 times of financial distress the
 municipalities, counties, state and
 federal governments have been
 faced with the problem of relief.
 Through NRA, SERA, WPA and
 numerous other agencies a pro-
 gram has been carried on to pro-
 vide emergency employment.

Public sentiment toward these
 agencies is rapidly changing. Tax-
 payers are beginning at last to
 realize that they must pay the bill.
 For a time the public's idea was
 different. Politicians built their
 fences around the thought that
 the government was giving away
 money and that it was the duty
 of the community to get all it
 could and that individuals should
 bring all possible relief funds into
 the communities. Merchants en-
 couraged their delinquent custom-
 ers to go on relief to get money
 to pay their bills. The whole idea
 seemed to be to get as many peo-
 ple on relief rolls as possible.

The relief organization constantly
 fought against this overbearing
 tide of opinion, trying to in-
 still into the public mind the pri-
 mary principle of the movement
 that relief was designed to care for
 emergency needs only, but public
 opinion, looking upon the federal
 government as a Santa Claus,
 would not consider such a thought.

Today the trend is noticeably
 away from the idea of huge fed-
 eral grants for relief—away from
 the waste, extravagance and huge
 appropriations greater even than
 in the war period.

In Douglas county in normal
 years there is ample surplus labor
 to conduct the prune harvest. In
 days before PWA, WPA, county re-
 lief and other such agencies, grow-
 ers had little difficulty in secur-
 ing orchard labor.

But this year, despite the fact
 that practically all relief work has
 ceased, orchardists are fac-
 ing losses because of a lack of labor-
 ers.

All this points to one very evi-
 dent fact. There are some people
 who, having lived off relief in
 past months, intend to continue as
 public charges. They are plainly
 not attempting to help themselves.
 They are the "depression slack-
 ers."

Apparently, in view of the ef-
 forts of the relief agencies to cur-
 tail expenses during the present
 period of seasonal employment, it
 is not feasible to employ a crew of
 cane workers to check on relief
 families and determine those who
 are "slackers" in this period when
 they could not only be providing
 for themselves for future months
 but could be helping in an essen-
 tial industry in Douglas county.

However, such a plan would be
 well worthwhile and little sym-
 pathy would need be wasted on the
 plight of such slackers during the
 coming seasons.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

what he called "Times and Con-
 ditions," abroad, Secretary Mc-
 Gowan said today the treasury
 would retain its present high
 working balance at the billion
 dollar level as "insurance
 against emergencies."

The dispatch also "Morgan"
 said that the policy could be
 changed about two billion dol-
 lars a year, but providing "the
 sufficient insurance we can carry

for the American people should
 anything unforeseen occur."

THAT is to say, the government
 itself isn't too certain of what
 the future holds and so is carrying
 a heavy cash reserve to provide
 for emergencies. But the govern-
 ment's new tax bill is designed to
 prevent PRIVATE BUSINESS from
 doing just that.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
 4:00—The Editor Views the News.
 4:15—Saw Turna.
 4:30—Roseburg Chamber of Com-
 merce Program.
 4:45—Sol Bright and His Holly
 Wailers.
 5:00—Grab Bag Program.
 5:00—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
 ments.
 6:15—Nelson Eddy.
 6:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9
 Morning Hours
 6:45—Early Birds.
 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
 7:30—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.
 8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
 8:09—Johnny Johnson and His
 Orchestra.
 8:30—Devotional Services.
 8:45—Sacred Selections.
 9:00—Concert Arrangements.
 9:30—Waltz Time.
 9:45—Violin Selections.
 10:15—John McCormack.
 10:30—Belle and Martha.
 10:35—Women's Exchange.
 11:00—Studio Music in Rhythm.
 11:30—Rhythm Revue.

Afternoon Hours
 12:30—Denn-Gerretsen Presents
 The Station Master.
 12:45—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.
 1:00—Myrtle Creek Community
 Program.
 1:30—Popular Band Selections.
 2:00—Vocal Ensemble.
 2:15—Castilians.
 2:30—Songs of the Water.
 2:45—Ruth Royale.
 3:00—The World Book Map.
 3:15—Salon Time.
 3:30—Storyland.
 4:00—The Editor Views the News.
 4:15—Oakland Community Pro-
 gram.

Evening Hours
 4:45—Radio Caruso.
 5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
 6:15—The Ford V-S Revue.
 6:30—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 10
 Morning Hours
 6:45—Early Birds.
 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
 7:30—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
 8:00—Devotional Services.
 8:45—Salon Selections.
 9:00—Spanish Mantilla.
 9:15—Richard Crooks.
 9:30—The Singing Troubadour.
 9:45—Saw Turna.
 10:00—Municipal Dance Band.
 10:15—Viking American Band.
 10:30—Belle and Martha.
 10:45—Women's Exchange.
 11:00—Southern Oregon Gas Co.
 presents The Mystery Chef.
 11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours
 12:00—Hooster Hot Shots.
 12:15—Bill Billies.
 12:30—Radio Music Store After-
 noon Concert.
 12:45—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.

1:00—Sol Bright and His Holly
 Wailers.
 1:30—Concert Selections.
 2:00—Jack Demarech.
 2:15—Louis Kitzman and His
 Orchestra.
 2:30—Dixie Memories.
 2:45—Italian Memorial Band.
 3:00—The World Book Map.
 3:15—Mills Bros.
 3:30—Storyland.
 4:00—The Editor Views the News.
 4:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
 4:30—Ted Weems and His Or-
 chestra.
 4:45—Famous Music.
 5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
 6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
 ments.
 6:15—Umpqua Park Program.
 6:30—Sign Off.

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CRUELTY CHARGED IN DIVORCE SUIT

Suit for divorce was filed in the
 circuit court today by Adeline M.
 Powe against Reginald A. Powe.
 The plaintiff charges cruelty. The
 couple was married at Unionville,
 Mo., May 28, 1921. Rice and Os-
 born are attorneys for the plain-
 tiff.

ROSEBURG GOLFERS LOSE TO BANDON

Bandon defeated the Roseburg
 golfers 13 to 9 in the annual la-
 bor day tournament held at Bandon
 Sunday. Eight local golfers
 and their ladies made up the de-
 legation going to Bandon for the
 double holiday.

TWO ARE FINED IN CITY COURT

Stanley Mueller and Ted
 Drosser, who were arrested by city
 police Saturday on drunk disorderly
 conduct charges, pleaded guilty
 before Recorder A. J. Giddens to-
 day and paid fines of \$10 each.

EVANGELISTS TO HOLD SERVICES

Elder and Mrs. Paul Jones, col-
 ored evangelists from Portland, have
 announced they will hold a meet-
 ing in the west side park, in west
 Roseburg, Sunday, Sept. 13. The
 meeting will start at 3 p. m., and
 the public has been invited.

Return to Colorado—Mr. and
 Mrs. Arthur Baird, of Greeley,
 Colo., have returned to their
 home after spending a week here
 as guests at the R. G. Baker home.

Where Last Ferry Vanished



Although finishing details are still to be applied, the new bridge
 over Yaquina bay at Newport on the Oregon Coast highway was
 opened to traffic Sunday, September 6, in time to accommodate Labor
 day week-end travel. The completion of the structure marks the pass-
 ing of the last ferry on the majestic coast route (U. S. No. 101) and
 the saving of much time to one journeying over this highway. In that
 September and October bring some of the finest days to the coast
 country, the travel department of the Oregon State Highway commis-
 sion expects the completion of the last bridge to increase to a con-
 siderable degree 1936 fall travel to the beaches. This photograph was
 taken last week by Ralph Gifford of the State Highway department.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

The pioneer families of the Calapa-
 mia and Cole's valleys were hosts
 Sunday to their friends and neigh-
 bors of Douglas county—and far
 away points—at the annual picnic
 of the association, held at the old
 school grounds on Calapamia creek
 a few miles above Umpqua. Many
 of them, as children, had attended
 school there and four, who had
 done so over sixty years ago were
 present—Hugh Cole, Mr. and Mrs.
 H. J. Cole (Mrs. Cole is a sister of
 the late Benton Miles of Drain) and
 Mrs. Catherine Clarke.

The day, an extremely pleasant
 one, was spent in visiting and re-
 newing old friendships; in eating
 a tremendous picnic dinner, con-
 sisting of all the good things un-
 der the western sun; and in listen-
 ing to a program of good music ar-
 ranged for by Bob Lehman, chair-
 man of the association's entertain-
 ment committee. Among the enter-
 tainers were Frank Grubbs, who
 sang a number of old, favorite
 songs, accompanied by Lee Wind-
 ford on the violin, and his daugh-
 ter, Joan, on the accordion; and
 R. L. Cannon and Billy Vincent,
 accompanied by Bob Matthews, on
 their violins. If there were others
 and I had been there—they ap-
 peared after, unfortunately for my-
 self, I had to leave.

Among the pioneers present
 were several who really are getting
 along in years; men who have
 witnessed in their lifetime the
 growth of Douglas county from the
 days of its earliest settlement by
 white people. Some of these were
 Hugh Cole, of Umpqua, 92 years
 old; Lucius Hall of Sutherlin, a
 few months younger; Bob Emmitt
 of Klamath Falls, 86, and R. L.
 (Dick) Cannon of Glide, 88. Billy
 Cannon, 77, Hal Cole, C. J. Emmett,
 Mrs. Clarke, and others are just
 kids yet, not eligible to be named
 alongside those others in a matter
 of comparative ages.

W. H. (Hugh) Cole, pictured
 above with his wife, is dean of the
 Calapamia and Cole's Valley pio-
 neers, when it comes to age and
 length of residence. Born Novem-
 ber 25, 1844, he accompanied his
 father, Dr. James Cole, across the
 plains in 1851, and settled in the
 valley which now bears his name.

On March 22, 1865, Hugh en-
 listed in Company K, 1st regiment,
 Oregon Volunteer Infantry, and
 went to the Indian wars in eastern
 Oregon, where old Chief Paulina
 was raising quite a ruckus among
 the settlers there. He was mustered
 out at Fort Vancouver just a
 year to the day after his induction.

"I don't know if I killed any in-
 dians or not," Hugh told me; "but
 I sure shot at a lot of 'em, and if
 I didn't kill any it wasn't altogether
 my fault. I tried hard enough."
 On October 13, 1867, he married

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

Chapter 17
 Milly poked her head in the door.
 "Go to bed, you owls. You've got
 two weeks to talk in."

Milly gave a buffet supper the
 next night "to start the ball roll-
 ing," as she put it, although the
 ball usually rolled in their direc-
 tion without assistance. She and
 Carol spent the morning cutting
 up hens for creamed chicken while
 Annie, the negro cook, "did the
 house."

"They talked steadily and hap-
 pily, about small, unimportant
 things, Annie peeped in and out,
 beaming, inventing opportunities
 for conversation with Carol, whom
 she adored."

"Loved, Miss Carol," she had
 said in greeting, "you looks young-
 er an' prettier than ever!"
 Carol grinned skeptically and af-
 fectionately. "You darned liar,
 how's that no-count husband of
 yours?"

Annie shrugged helplessly. "I ain
 even speakin' to 'im rat now, ex-
 cept when I tells 'im to bring in

met him exactly as she had met
 the others, and then resumed an
 interrupted conversation.

His eyes found Jill and greeted
 her above half a dozen heads, then
 swung back to Carol. Over the
 shaker Pat watched him unobtru-
 sively; saw him weighing and com-
 paring; saw uncertainty mirrored
 for a moment in his candid face.

Carol chatted gaily on, ignoring
 him, and the uncertainty began to
 fade. He greeted Milly warmly,
 squeezing both her hands; and
 then began inexorably to forge his
 way towards Jill.

Across the room Carol and Pat
 exchanged a single expressionless
 look, so brief that it scarcely liv-
 ed. Pat bent over to fill a glass,
 but in his heart the gesture was
 an obeisance to his older sister.

They played bridge for a while
 after supper, and then deserted the
 tables for the hilarious unity
 of guessing games.

The party reluctantly broke up
 at midnight. With his overcoat on
 Jim Stumper grumbled: "We
 haven't played no Thumbs Up all
 night."

Pat leaped into the breach with
 both thumbs upright, and Jim in
 turn elevated his.

"Simon says 'thumbs up,' Simon
 says 'wigwag,' Stop!"
 Jim obediently stopped, and
 looked at Simon. "You're not so
 sure, are you? You've got to drive
 the sister home, and tomorrow's
 your week to take Muff to Sunday
 school. It's been perfectly elegant,
 folks."

They all drifted out, and the
 house was suddenly very still.
 Carol smiled at Milly.

"It was a swell party, darling."
 And very different, she thought,
 from Alice and Tom Harrison's af-
 fair that had been her introduction
 to Ashboro's social whirl. "Leave
 the house as it is," Milly had be-
 gun straightening things. "Annie
 can do it all before we're even
 awake."

The days before Christmas were
 crowded and swift, dropping away
 like beads from a broken string.
 There were hurried trips to town.
 Milly ran short of tissue and rib-
 bon, everybody ran short of Christ-
 mas cards.

Carol groaned as the cards poured
 in. "This business is ruining
 Christmas for me. Instead of be-
 ing pleased and touched at all the
 people who remember me, my first
 reaction is: 'Oh, Lord, I didn't
 send them any!'"

Pat sighed. "Do you get all
 wrought up when you send a card
 and don't get one back?"
 "Of course not."

"Well, then, give 'em credit for
 the same amount of sense. Quit
 stewing."

Christmas day was crisp and
 clear. Milly had hoped to the last
 that there would be a flurry of
 snow, but Pat discouraged her.
 "Sugar, there never is. Don't
 get your hopes up."

When the packages had been
 opened and admired the inevitable
 sense of flatness and reaction set-
 tled over them. Pat jumped up.
 "Let's go play nine holes of golf
 before the callers begin to de-
 scend."

They went gladly, to escape the
 realization that something had
 gone out of the day and the season.
 That was the worst of Christmas,
 Carol thought: you counted so
 heavily on it, and then after all it
 was just another day.

And she was crowding back in-
 to her heart the thought that so far
 there had been no word from
 Carol. Not even a Christmas card.
 Well, Pat discouraged her. "Don't
 flowers to her and Jill and candy
 to Milly, but Denis was silent.
 Silly of her to mind, because he'd
 said he hated it, and yet..."

The course was rough and heavy,
 but the golf was only a pretext so
 they waded gaily through nine
 holes, and came home wet and
 cold and pleasantly tired, to a huge
 Christmas dinner. At halfpast two
 the callers began to arrive, and
 the last round departed at mid-
 night. When they had gone the
 Torrances went gladly to bed. One
 more head, Carol thought sleepily,
 had slipped off the string.

Two days later a package ar-
 rived from Dennis, accompanied by
 a scrawled note. Carol read the
 note first.

"Sweet, I'm groveling. I
 went out with a couple of fol-
 lows two nights before Christ-
 mas and got gutter drunk, main-
 ly to drown the realization
 that you were in Georgia and
 I was in Washington. It
 took me two days to sober up
 enough to remember where I'd
 put this..."

"This" was a beautiful copy of
 "South Wind," signed and num-
 bered, with a card: "For Carol who
 deserves the world with a fence."
 But I don't want the world with
 a fence, she thought wearily; I
 want a very small corner, with
 Denis in it, and I'll never have it.
 Even if Denis were there he
 wouldn't stay put.

She tore up the card and the
 note, and tossed the book on the
 table, where Pat found it in the
 evening.

He picked it up carefully, his
 eyes shining. "Say, this is beauti-
 ful." He glanced inquiringly at
 her and she nodded.

"It was late because he got gut-
 ter drunk."

The light in Pat's eyes faded.
 "Well, Christmas usually calls for
 celebration, doesn't it?" he asked
 carelessly.

Something, Carol realized in
 the remaining days of her vaca-
 tion, had also gone out of Mer-
 cedith—or of her relation to Mer-
 cedith. There hadn't been time in
 the rush of Christmas prepara-
 tion to think of it, but now the
 knowledge followed her doggedly.

I don't actually belong here any
 longer, she realized, and was fac-
 ed with another more terrifying
 fact: and God knows I don't be-
 long in Ashboro! By her own act
 she was without a country.

She dared, before she left, to
 break through Jill's reserve and
 discuss it with her. Jill was
 flushed and uncomfortable at first,
 but her sister's casual air dis-
 armed her.

Don came a little late, and Carol
 guessed that he wanted the imper-
 sonality of a crowd to help him
 over the first few minutes. She

Daily Devotions DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Spiritual attitude is something
 of importance to Christian liv-
 ing. No one is quite the same
 who lives down on the low-
 lands, as the one who gets up
 where he can get a vision and
 feel the exhilarating breeze.
 What are the things that lift
 us up? First of all, the right
 choice. Next, the proper resolu-
 tions. There never was any-
 one who walked the path to
 heaven who did not make and
 keep some of them. Education
 is also a good thing to lift us
 up into high altitudes. But the
 one thing, and the greatest lift
 I know of, is regeneration
 through the Lord Jesus Christ,
 and that miracle of transforma-
 tion when it is wrought in our
 hearts will lift us up to sit in
 heavenly places with Him.
 There are many cures present-
 ed to lift the world, but "the
 Calvary cure" is the best of
 all. Dear Father may we look
 unto Jesus the author and fin-
 isher of our faith. Amen.

longs to me, even though he ob-
 viously doesn't want to. That's
 foolish: if I'd wanted Don I
 wouldn't be teaching in Ashboro.
 He's your type and not mine, any-
 how—and that's a compliment to
 both of you. You'll make a swell
 pair, and raise a lot of healthy,
 intelligent children, and justify your
 existence. I wish I could say as
 much for myself."

Jill's voice was shaken. "That's
 rot. You've got a divine discontent:
 it's your sort that blazes trails for
 my sort to follow."

She laughed harshly. "Not I. I'll
 zigzag all my life."

For the rest she spent her time
 with Milly; driving her on errands,
 playing bridge and golf with her,
 talking endlessly of pleasant, un-
 important things.

She took a train on Sunday af-
 ternoon, and the scene of four
 months ago was re-enacted, except
 that, for herself, it was no longer
 a voyage of discovery. When the
 train had pulled out she turned her
 face to the quickening landscape
 and closed her eyes against scor-
 ching tears.

(To be continued)

AIR LINE PLACES RECORD FUEL ORDER

United Air Lines has ordered
 three years' supply of gasoline, in-
 volving the delivery of a minimum
 of 27,000,000 gallons, from the
 Standard Oil Company of Califor-
 nia, and the Standard Oil Com-
 panies of Indiana, New Jersey and
 Ohio, it was announced by W. A.
 Patterson, president of United.

This order, equivalent to 4,275 tank
 cars of gasoline, is the largest fuel
 contract placed in the history of
 aviation, it was said.

The fuel will be delivered at air-
 ports in 37 cities in 15 states be-
 tween the Atlantic and Pacific sea-
 boards and at Pacific coast air
 terminals, for use on United's New
 York-San Diego-California and Se-
 ATTLE-SAN DIEGO planes.

The order is for special 87 oc-
 tane gasoline, especially manufac-
 tured for use in the supercharged
 engines of the three-mile-a-minute
 twin-engined transports, which to-
 gether burn 63 gallons an hour. On