

Roseburg News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press.
The Associated Press is exclusively
entitled to the use for publication
of all news dispatches credited
to it or not otherwise credited in
this paper and to all local news
dispatches credited to it or not
otherwise credited in this paper.
All rights of reproduction in
this paper are reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1926, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by

WEST-HOLLIDAY

New York—271 Madison Ave., Chi-
cago—360 N. Michigan Ave., San
Francisco—220 Bush Street, De-
troit—2051 W. Grand Ave., Wash-
ington—130 S. Spring Street, Seat-
tle—603 Stewart Street, Port-
land—525 W. Sixth Street, St.
Louis—11 N. Tenth Street.

OREGON NEWS PAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail.....\$5.00
Daily, 6 months by mail.....2.50
Daily, 3 months by mail.....1.25
Daily, by carrier per month......65
Daily, by carrier per year.....7.50

EVER since the first colonists
had a chance to get their bear-
ings, there has been migration
over the American continent. The
United States was built and weld-
ed together by restless pioneers
who hated to see grass growing
under their feet. They kept mov-
ing until they reached the Pacific
ocean and couldn't go west any
farther; so they settled around a
white and finally settled down.

Even after the general tide of
westward migration subsided, there
were always substantial numbers
of people who pulled up
roots because opportunities at the
old places had run out, and they
set off to find greener pastures.
There were jobs to go around all
over the country, and there was
plenty of arable land, no one
cared when migrants came into a
section to settle. For a teeming
nation like the United States, a
certain amount of population shift-
ing was even desirable to balance
normal industrial fluctuations and
declines in certain areas.

Before the depression and the
drouth, there were no loads of the
"Gripes of Wrath" variety. No
one thought about migration. It
wasn't a problem then.

When depression hit, it spread
all over the country. Drouth in
the west and middle west further
jeopardized the livelihoods of peo-
ple in those sections. Americans
had always been used to moving
away when there was nothing left
to do in the old place, and so they
moved—millions of them.

What they didn't count on was
that everyone else was moving,
too, and that conditions in other
parts of the land weren't any bet-
ter than they were at home. Peo-
ple were no longer hospitable to
migrants. Every newcomer was
another competitor for the few
jobs available. Certain states,
more heavily invaded by the de-
pression pioneers than others,
found it necessary to pass laws
restricting the privileges of the
newcomers.

Soon, the nomads found them-
selves worse off than they had
been in their own homes. Not
only had they lost their rights in
the states they left, but they were
unable to acquire new rights until
they had lived in new states for
long periods of time—in some
cases, for five years. There was no
work for them, and they were un-
able to get relief. Forced to keep
moving, they became social out-
casts—citizens without citizenship.
Their children were deprived of
educations, brought up with an
unwholesome outlook on life in gen-
eral.

According to Philip E. Ryan,
who has just completed a study for
the Russell Sage Foundation of
New York, settling population
movements are likely to continue
long after employment conditions
improve. Natural conditions in sev-
eral sections of the country make
it impossible for all the people
there to make a living. It has been
estimated that between 1,500,000
and 4,000,000 persons will be forced
to move from the old cotton belt
if the rest are to earn their liveli-
hoods.

Better welfare conditions for mi-
grants, removal of some state bar-
riers may eventually become
necessary. Under any circum-
stances, some attention will have
to be given this problem soon. It
will not take care of itself. The
matter requires some thoughtful
planning.

YOUNG men between the ages
of 17 and 29 commit a large por-
tion of serious crimes in the United
States, but are arrested for mis-
deeds less often than older

men, according to a report by Dr.
Thorsten Sellin, criminologist at
the University of Pennsylvania.

About a fourth of the persons
arrested for robbery during the
years 1935 to 1937 were in this
age group, while the proportion of
those arrested or committed for
auto thefts was even larger. The
carrying of dangerous weapons is
another crime which was prevalent
among young men.

In the 17 to 20-year group, 2,432
arrests for serious crimes were
made per 100,000 population during
the period studied. The 21 to 24-
year group rate was 2,351, and the
arrest rate for serious crimes con-
tinued to decrease in the higher-
age groups.

The older-age group ran to small-
er cases of assault, embezzlement
fraud, violations of narcotic drug
laws, liquor law violations, organ-
ized vice, nonsupport, drunken
driving, disorderly conduct and
drunkenness.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

run out and you'll be left high and
dry.

THIS far western Nebraska is
a natural grazing country. It
was grazing country for more
centuries than any human being
knows. Even yet, from the ear
window at times, one can see the
deep trails worn by the buffalo.

Here and there, if one can call
them such, are farms, or what
once were farms; deserted evi-
dences of man's ages-old yearn-
ing to own FOR HIMSELF a
little bit of the earth's surface.

But occasionally, in the midst
of all this frustration, this litter
of broken hopes, is an INHABIT-
ED farm, where some citizen,
tougher and shrewder than the
most, has outwitted the elements
and made for himself a home.

Something he can look upon
with swelling chest and say:
THIS IS MINE.

THE experts, the smart guys
with the long-pull vision who
can see the whole picture but miss
the warm flesh-and-blood human
details, say this marginal agricul-
ture is a MISTAKE, and shouldn't
be permitted because the chances
against its success are too great.

Wait a minute. Don't go too
fast and stub your toe.
The statisticians, those boys
with the sharp pencils, tell us
that eight out of ten starting
grocery stores go broke. That's
quite some percentage of failure
AGAINST SUCCESS.

But who are we to say to
hopeful men and the hopeful
women who stand beside them:
"You can't do that. The risks are
TOO GREAT. You might go broke."

THIS writer, with the blood of
nearly two centuries of sug-
gested American individualism in
his veins, believes that if the
time ever comes when we
(meaning government) say to
hopeful and daring men who
want to take a chance: "You
can't do that, because the
chances against your succeeding
are too great" the greatness of
America will begin to atrophy.

BESIDES, if you'll travel from
Bismarck to Central Nebraska,
you'll agree that while a broad na-
tional mistake may have been
made by the breaking of virgin
land in the Great Plains in an
effort to make marginal farms
there's still a lot of grass country
left.

At least, there's no shortage of
cattle.

Steel Baron Will Direct G.O.P. Finance Committee

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—(AP)—
Chairman John H. Hamilton of the
Republican national committee an-
nounced today the appointment of
Clarett T. Weir, the Pittsburgh
steel man, as chairman of the
party's finance committee.

Weir is the chairman of the
board of the National Steel cor-
poration and is president of the
Iron and Steel Institute. The an-
nouncement of his appointment
party fundraiser noted his com-
pany "is famous for having made a
profit every year during the de-
pression."

Flue Fire Creates Stir But Causes No Damage

A flue fire at a residence at
Burke and Mill streets resulted in
a great deal of excitement early
last night when a general alarm
was sounded. The call to fire
department it was reported, was
to the effect that a house was
burning. As a result the area was
turned out to numerous volunteers
and streets were filled with ve-
hicles driven by excitement seek-
ers. Fortunately the fire caused
no damage.

This Was Three Alarms

ROSEBURG, Feb. 23.—Harold J.
Rosen, 49, built a fire with news-
papers under the chair in which
his wife, Ruth, 28, was sitting.
They took her to the hospital
with second degree burns. Harold
went to the police station charged
with drunkenness and mayhem.

OUT OUR WAY



BUSINESS LESSON NO. 2

J. R. WILLIAMS

By Williams

LETTERS to the Editor

COMMENTS ON PENSION SITUATION IN COLORADO

OAKLAND, Ore., Feb. 20.—Editor
News-Review: My attention
was recently directed to an edi-
torial appearing in your widely
read paper, issue of Friday, Febru-
ary 6, in which you state, among
other things: "The state of Colo-
rado has a 'dam and egg' pension
plan of sorts."

A little further along, "The state
of Colorado is frankly in a mess."
And a little later, "It provides
\$45 a month, minus income, for all
persons over 70, which is a far cry
from \$30 every Thursday or \$200
a month. But the pension amend-
ment has tamed Colorado's finances
into such a morass that the more
deeply concerned citizens have
either the jitters or insomnia from
worrying about it."

Somewhat later, "After four
years of the pension program, there
are few official hairs in Colorado
that haven't turned gray."

I realize, Mr. Editor, that an at-
tempt to repeat what was said in
that editorial and also to answer
each statement that you or some-
one else made, would be prohibi-
tively costly. I will be as
brief as possible in this forum let-
ter, and trust to your generosity
to allow me to go into greater de-
tail at some time in the near fu-
ture.

In one long paragraph you com-
mented at length on a recent de-
cision of Judge Johnson of Denver,
to the effect that 55 per cent of
money received over a period of a
few years from the receipt of tax
money and bonuses for the distri-
bution of liquor and earmarked by
law to the pension and relief fund,
had been diverted to other uses
and that the state would, in effect,
have to make this good. You placed
this deficit at \$10,000,000, to quote
you, "which Colorado hasn't got."

It seems to me that the reason for
my hairs in those state officials
who use money earmarked for pen-
sions and relief, for something
else, is quite apparent.

But getting back to the begin-
ning, if Colorado has a "dam and
egg" plan of sorts, how can it be a
"far cry from \$30 every Thurs-
day"? Somehow, that doesn't seem
to make sense.

Still a little later you say: "As
a result of the pension plan, relief
efforts have been clipped down to
allowances ranging between \$5 and
\$7 a week," which in plain English
means from \$20 to \$25 to \$28 and
\$25 a month. I judge you feel that
the relief efforts are being robbed
to pay the pensioners.

Comparisons are declared to be
odious, but you are no doubt
aware of the fact that many relief
efforts in Oregon are getting much
less than that, some of them aver-
aging for a month approximately
what you say those on relief in
Colorado are getting in a week, so
I have been informed, and many
deserving ones, taken from a li-
beral humanitarian standpoint, nothing at
all.

Speaking of giving away vast
amounts: It seems to me that the
city of Roseburg did something
like that a few years ago and not
trouble itself in better financial
condition than for years, according
to the papers.

I have figures before me which
I consider authentic, which indi-
cate that for the past two years 50
per cent of Colorado's citizens over
the age of 65 years and 2100 be-
tween the ages of 50 and 65, re-
ceived an average of \$25.50 a
month. At \$10.12, which is the
average nationwide, I understand,
there is left a deficit for each pen-
sioner of \$15.38 per month and
\$183.36 over the two-year period.
Of course, as you say, "it might
happen anywhere," but it does
seem to make much of a dent in
the \$10,000,000 you mentioned.

Another thing, Mr. Editor, would
I take it from the opinion expres-
sed in the editorial that a pension
law based on receipts from the sale
of liquor would not be founded on
a solid financial system? Would
you say that the pensioners or the
rapidly graying-hair officials were
hoping new mistakes on old by
placing the liquor license and
liquor tax receipts in the fund

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

We hear much of the "why"
of religion, but not enough of
the "how." The impulse to a
surrendered life fades where
there is no rule. No program of
prayer and study and worship.
Christian truth must be woven
into the fabric of our daily lives.
Life's richest blessings cast of-
fort but what begins as labor ends
in joy. Religion is an art.
It demands constant practice.
Daily acts of self-denial, daily
struggles to be pure and brave,
daily moments with the Heaven-
ly Father, these build the high-
way to the Heavenly City. Enter
then to this task with courage
and determination. Make a
schedule for yourself and keep at
it faithfully. You will get out of
it just what you put into it.
The motive of your vigil must
be a growing love of God and an
earnest desire to serve Him.
The world is full of people
carrying heavy hearts under a
bold front. Ask the Lord to send
you on a mission to such as are
brokenhearted. Be on the alert
to give a helping hand for Jesus'
sake. Amen.

which the citizens of Colorado
have twice voted to place it; the
old age pension and the relief
fund. It appears to me they have
tripped a new source for revenue.
Would you consider such a law in
Oregon sound? or do you?

One thing more: If the \$10,000,000
you mention and the rest paid
out to pensioners and old age as-
sistance, represented only a small
per cent of the money spent in
Colorado during those few years
for liquor can you visualize the
vast sum of money the citizens of
Colorado paid each year for their
liquor? Can you imagine what that
liquor would have done to flower
land, had it been dumped into the
headwaters of the Colorado river
instead of down the throats of
these thirsty Coloradans? And
could you imagine how that tur-
bulent stream would have "wended
its way."

Speaking of government em-
ployees and their retirement, I re-
member with them every time one
of them brings to a close a long, use-
ful career in service to the pub-
lic and who is able to realize that
his faithful devotion to duty, over
a long period of years, is to be re-
warded by the assurance that
"Uncle Sam" will see him safely and
comfortably the rest of the way.
But would you like to see Uncle Sam
take another forward step and in-
clude the employee's wife or hus-
band, as the case may be. I would
like to see the faithful taxpayer re-
warded also. He has made it pos-
sible at regular periods, without
fail. It seems to me that his mo-
tives and actions have spoken just
as eloquently; he has made as
many sacrifices, possibly more, I
would like to see the federal gov-
ernment start at that point, and
until there is a federal law, I
would like to see the states assume
the responsibility.

If earmarking funds for highway
construction and upkeep does not
bankrupt a state, I fail to see why
such a law, applied to the relief
and comfort for those who made it
possible and helped morally and
financially to build those high-
ways, would do so. I would like to
see more funds spent for the well-
fare of our pioneer citizens and less
on taking the kinks out of our high
ways, if we cannot do both.

(Signed) CLYDE SHAW.

Highway Builder Opposes Factory Sites in Gorge

PORTLAND, Feb. 23.—(AP)—
Samuel Landwehr, builder of the
Columbia river gorge, expressed
opposition yesterday to use of the
Columbia river gorge for factory
sites because its scenic value is
worth "between \$10,000,000 and
\$100,000,000 to Oregon annually."
"We need factories, but the Co-
lumbia river gorge is no place for
factories," Landwehr told a civic
club. He urged public ownership of
timber on adjacent mountains to
prevent cutting that might destroy
waterfalls along the highway.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Trojan Horses, MBS.
4:15—Cats and Jammers, MBS.
4:30—Dramas of Youth, MBS.
5:00—Hawaii Calls, MBS.
5:30—Special Boy Scout Broad-
cast, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties Co.
6:10—News Review News
Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John R. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Betty Jane Rhoads, MBS.
7:00—To Be Announced, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Imperial Intrigue, MBS.
8:00—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
8:15—Leonard Keller's Orch.,
MBS.
8:30—Vincent Lopez's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Tommy Tucker's Orch.,
MBS.
9:30—Ozzie Nelson's Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25

8:00—School Administrators' Con-
vention, MBS.
8:15—Glad Tidings of the Air,
Rev. Ira F. Rankin.
8:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir,
MBS.
8:45—Canary Chorus, MBS.
9:00—Perole String Quartet,
MBS.
9:15—The Chaplain Speaks, Rev.
Perry Smith.
9:30—American Wildlife, MBS.
9:45—March of Health, MBS.
10:00—Summer Prindle, Pianist,
MBS.
10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways,
Greyhound Lines, MBS.
10:30—Mozart Concert, MBS.
11:00—Baptist Church Services.
12:00—Meditation and Melody,
MBS.
12:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
1:00—Nobody's Children, MBS.
1:30—Lutheran Hour, MBS.
2:00—Sunday Varieties.
2:30—Melody Matinee.
3:00—Pitt Row Center, MBS.
3:30—Show of the Week, MBS.
4:00—Lenten Music, MBS.
4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C.
A. Edwards.
5:00—American Forum of the Air,
MBS.
6:00—Old Fashioned Revival.
7:00—Good Will Hour, Ironized
Yeast, MBS.
8:00—Griff Williams' Orch., MBS.
8:15—Rabbi Edgar Magnin, MBS.
8:30—Lacy Rhoads, MBS.
8:45—John Kent's Orch., MBS.
9:00—News, Serutan, MBS.
9:15—The Quiet Hour.
9:30—Sign Off.

Social Work Positions Open to Federal Exams

Civil service examinations are
announced, according to word re-
ceived here, to fill positions as
specialists in social groups work,
specialists in exhibits and techni-
cal experts in design and distribu-
tion of educational publications.
Any persons interested in such ex-
aminations may obtain full infor-
mation from C. R. Calkins, secre-
tary of the local board of civil
service examiners, at the Roseburg
post office.

Driver Examinations Are Dated in Roseburg

The regular weekly examinations
of applicants for drivers' licenses
will be held at the courthouse in
Roseburg Tuesday from 9 a. m. to
5 p. m. The state motor vehicle
department has arranged for ex-
aminations at Roseburg each Tues-
day instead of twice monthly. This
was done prior to this year. Ward
Melleyholds, examiner, will be in
charge of the tests.

GIVES TO FINN AID FUND

The Finnish relief fund was fur-
ther increased today by a cash do-
nation received at the News-Review
office from Mrs. P. S. Caw-
field of Roseburg. All donations
received by the News-Review are
forwarded to national headquarters.

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

COPYRIGHT, 1940,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARIE LA PORTE—Model in
exclusive dress shoppe, lives on a
barge.
Dan Donovan—playboy son of
a rich Irishman, in love with
Marie.
Tommy Ryan—leader of the
trucks fighting Marie's father.
LYNDA MARTIN—society debau-
tante, wants to marry Dan.
BAPTISTE LA PORTE—Marie's
father, owner of a fleet of barges.

YESTERDAY: Marie models a
beautiful evening gown for Lynda
Martin, is astonished at the so-
ciety girl's careless spending.
Marie hates living on a barge,
wishes her father would move
into the city, but old Baptiste La
Porte won't hear of leaving his
barges. En route home, Marie
meets Tommy Ryan running away
from a fight between trucks and
burglars.

CHAPTER II
Tommy Ryan insisted on walk-
ing back to the barge with Marie,
though she begged him not to.
Mingled with his protective feel-
ing toward her was a growing
resentment against her father, Bap-
tiste La Porte.

"Your dad wouldn't think he has
a corner on all the freight in New
York," he told Marie, as she wiped
the blood from his nose, "just be-
cause he owns a couple of barges."

"Six barges to be exact, Tom-
my," she corrected. "And whether
they carry freight or not means
his living. He'd die if the trucks
got all his business. He's at the
end of his road, you're at the be-
ginning of yours. You can't blame
him for objecting. But it's not
personal."

"I call this sock in the jaw
damned personal!"
"He was hitting the entire
trucking industry, not just you.
It's only because you drive a truck
that he resents you."

Tommy dug his hands in his
pockets, refusing to answer. Not
more than 25, he already had a
massive look and one day would
be beefy. His broad, youthful face,
even by the pier archlight, was red
and weather-beaten. The sullen
drop to his mouth increased with
returning anger.

"What's he going to do when we
get married? I'm certainly not
sipping up my truck." He kicked
a protruding slab of pavement.
"Nobody asked you to marry me,"
Marie sighed. "We don't have to cross
bridges before we come to them,
do we?"

Impulsively she caught his hand.
"We are at the Molly. Come
aboard. Pop's probably forgotten
all about the fight."

"He drew back. 'Not tonight,
I'm still sore,' he said. 'I just
wanted to make sure you were
safe.'"

Marie laughed. "As if I were
ever afraid here. Remember when
we were kids together and used
to race each other up and down
this pier on skates spring nights
like this?"

She glanced at the sky. The fog
had lifted and clouds, wind-driven,
were scudding across the full
moon. To the east stretched the
Brooklyn bridge, strung with its
glow of twinkling yellow lights.
The jagged skyline of New York
pierced the heavens to the west
and north, breaking into a rosy
glare where Broadway interrupted.
The dock itself was deserted.
The barge boats, roped together
like so many logs, bobbed cork
fashion with the rising tide, some-
times scraping the pier with their
undersides as a loud moaned. La-
mbs glimmered from their cabins. Smoke
drifted lazily up on the evening
air, occasionally the smell of
coffee and frying bacon floated
toward Marie and Tommy.

"Some difference between this
and your life up there," said Tom-
my, jerking his head in the direc-
tion of midtown New York. "Espe-
cially you've gotta leave off being
a model in that ritzy store and
come back here?" He drew her to
him.

"Don't be silly." She side-
stepped his arms. "What happened
to the fight?" I heard shouting.
"I saw you running and now
everybody's gone."

"The other guys hopped their
trucks. Mine's parked down at the
battery." He panted nervously
back and forth. "The barge-men,
led by your old man, had under-
bid us on a big phosphate job. We
didn't like it."

He had edged up until he was
abreast of the Molly. Marie had
followed, still pleading with him
to come aboard. Their arguments
were interrupted by the scraping
of the hatch.

Baptiste La Porte stuck an
angry head out. "Mar, don't
sides at this time, come aboard!"
Marie, set in not you! With that
Tommy Ryan? Tell him to leave
at once!"

La Porte banged the hatch shut
and scrambled over the barge
toward the pier, cursing Tommy
freely in French as he went.
Whenever he was deeply moved
he lapsed into "Cadien" patois. On
the lean side with the rummy body
of a north woodsman, his face was
long and lean. Neither his mis-
match nor black hair had a streak
of gray in it. Though grotesque,
he was not without dignity.

But made a scornful gesture.
"Come, Marie, I'm not listening
to that fellow any more."

Marie didn't answer. The cabin
into which the two stepped down
was small but clean. An old lamp
cast a friendly light over the sup-
per table. The floor was covered
with black and white linoleum.
The wood walls were painted yel-
low and white Swiss curtains draped
the three windows.

At the opposite end of the room
was an alcove with a blue-denim
covered studio couch in it which
Marie used. A rocking chair stood
beneath a corner lamp and three
straight chairs were drawn up to
the table. To the right was the
bedroom where Baptiste and his
wife slept. This side was the
kitchen. Mrs. La Porte bent over
the coal stove. A little tremor
passed through her substantial
frame, but she didn't look around.

"I wish you'd keep that
hatch closed. Where you fighting
with Tommy Ryan again?" She
babbled the bacon. "Marie has
little enough in her life as it is,
living on this old barge, without
keeping Tommy from seeing her.
She's young and growing and she's
never known anything else in life
but canal boats."

But said nothing. Marie walked
across to the alcove and hung her
hat and coat up in the closet.

"Don't worry, Mom." Her lip
trembled. "Let's talk about some-
thing else, I'm dog tired."

But settled down in the rocker
and reached for his pipe. "Fats
not the barge, but those young
men like Tommy Ryan, which
make you weary? What you need
is a nice, long sail to Canada. The
ice is breaking and we'll be pull-
ing out soon."

Mrs. La Porte banged the oven
door. "I've lived on a barge
twenty years," she said with in-
creased exasperation. "And I've
learned that the men are the only
ones who get any fun out of this
life. It's scrub, wash, and cook for
the women. I want Marie to have
something more than that."