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THE territory of Oregon came into being 81 years ago this month, under the governorship of Gen. Joseph Lane, an Oregon writer reminds us. Lane served only a year before he resigned, but in 1853 was reappointed by President Pierce and served an additional term of three days before he quit again.

The territory at the time included the present states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Wyoming and Montana, but its population didn't amount to many thousands and that number was being reduced by the exodus of Oregonians to the gold fields of California. There they were soon to be known for their love of rich food and drink and their ability to hang on to their findings in spite of their fastidious desires in a world where gold was scattered like chaff to the four winds.

The California gold rush proved a blessing in disguise for it showed the people of the northwest that there were other industries than the fur business which had occupied the center of the stage up until that time. California, by providing ready markets, started the two leading industries of the present time, lumbering and agriculture.

Before the ten-year span of the territorial government had elapsed immigration to Oregon was to resume at a much greater rate than ever before, the gold seeking Oregonians were to come back from the gold country with money in their jeans and Oregon was to stage a few gold rushes of its own.

The period of the Oregon territory was a time of tremendous expansion. The pioneers, most of them refugees from economic "dust bowls," got back on their feet, the well organized government troops had taken most of the fight out of the Indians and the population had increased several times by the time Oregon became a state.

ACCIDENTS are just accidents, if you hear those involved tell about them—but not if you take a look at automobile safety records.

The one thing that is glaringly apparent in the figures, as released by an insurance company, is that virtually all accidents are beyond doubt due to negligence of those involved. There were 32,199 persons slaughtered on American highways last year. Most of them needn't have been.

In the vast majority of fatal accidents, the usual ability of drivers had no basis. The weather was clear in 86.7 per cent of the cases and the pavement dry in 79.6 per cent. Of the drivers involved, 93.7 per cent had more than a year's experience; 93.4 per cent were men. Ninety-three per cent of the cars involved were in good condition, and 84.5 per cent were driving on straight open stretches when tragedy struck.

Drivers can't blame accidents on nature or on the service station man who forgot to fix the brakes. They've got to face the responsibilities that fall upon them when they take the wheels of high-powered machines.

IN a sincere and nonpartisan effort to get at the root of unemployment in the United States, 59 congressmen from both parties are getting together in Washington, meeting periodically, appointing committees to do research. The committee, formed by Democrat Jerry Voorhis of California, does not function as an adjunct of congress, and the members, including 18 republicans, are meeting

independently of their normal duties. It is a noble undertaking, one that is going to cause lots of headaches before the members have concluded their studies. But the group ought not consist merely of 50 congressmen, working in their spare time. There should be 535 legislators—every member of congress—seriously concerned with the one problem that today threatens American security. Unemployment affects every person in the country. It is only logical that all the senators and representatives should concentrate on doing something about it.

ASIDE from the relief they furnish to able-bodied young men, the CCC camps are providing another little known service by helping to reduce illiteracy. The boys don't need to learn to read and write if they don't want to, but since the CCC was started, more than 80,000 of them have. The percentage of illiteracy in the camps is approximately consistent with that of the nation in general. Last year, out of 200,000 lads, 8509 could neither read nor write—about 2.6 per cent.

The CCC camps may provide the last opportunity an educational agency has of getting at these boys. If they haven't learned by the time they're discharged, they probably never will. The schooling is a worthwhile adjunct of a program that has kept millions of restless ambitious young fellows away from the temptations of crime.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

remember, was a little Paris. The upper crust of its life was cultured and aristocratic, patterning its existence after Versailles. Manners, dress, social usage generally were refined to a degree of artificiality never exceeded in America. Jackson's backwoodsmen were sterling characters, but a bit lacking in the social graces. They were regrettably apt to appear at social functions in coonskin caps and buckskin shirts that hadn't been washed since before the Declaration of Independence. If your imagination is even reasonably good, you can picture to yourself what happened when these opposite social poles met.

THE French were settled already in which is now the French quarter of the city. The Americans settled across what is now Canal street, but was then a great canal, carrying sewage along with drainage generally. So sharp was the social cleavage that even street names of the already old French city were not carried into the new American quarter, changing when they crossed Canal.

The old French city has unbelievably narrow streets, not much more than alleys. The streets on the American side are narrow enough, but wide by comparison. The canal was later covered to form Canal street, the widest in America and one of the widest in the world. It is brilliantly lighted, and is the center of the city's street life, as Market street is in San Francisco. In width, however, Canal makes Market look like a cowpath.

NEW ORLEANS is protected from the Mississippi by a system of levees and spillways too elaborate to be described in less than a book. It is sufficient here to say that the city is from two to 27 feet below the river. All its sewage and all its drainage have to be pumped UP INTO THE RIVER.

Everywhere in the old city were drainage canals. Most of these canals have now been covered over and form magnificently wide boulevards, giving to New Orleans the finest boulevard system in America. These boulevards are park-like in the center, with wide streets on each side. The parkings are planted to grass and flowers.

BUT, as remarked once before in these chronicles, who could hope to describe New Orleans—at least in less space than a series of columns?

It can't be done. Nor can its peculiar charm, compounded out of a romantic history, a mixture of races and cultures and a warm, humid, subtropical climate, be caught and fixed in words. Many able word artists have tried, but none has ever been satisfied with his handiwork.

One simply has to see it.

KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles REMAINING HOURS TODAY 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS. 4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS. 4:30—Tea Time Dance. 5:00—Sim Palletta, MBS. 5:20—Salon Melodias. 5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Oval-tine, MBS. 6:00—Tonight's Tune. 6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilites Co.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

6:10—News-Review News Flashes. 6:15—Dinner Dance. 6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS. 6:45—Paging the Post, MBS. 7:00—Raymond Gram, Swing, MBS. 7:15—Mutual Maestro. 7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS. 8:00—Dance Orchestra. 8:45—Howard McCree's Orchestra, MBS. 8:30—Serenade for Stripes, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS. 9:15—Everett Hoagland's Orchestra, MBS. 9:30—Phil Harris' Orchestra, MBS. 9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS. 10:00—Sign Off.

RAMBLINGS By PAUL JENKINS

THE Business and Professional Women of Roseburg are to be congratulated upon their enterprise in presenting a Spring Style show in Roseburg. They deserve praise also for their other activities. The show was a honey. I didn't see many young men attending it last night, however, the mistake, slow motion. If they ever find out what they missed, I'd like to know about it. For one thing, they missed seeing how really beautiful Roseburg girls can be when they're all togged out in their best bib and tucker, and believe me, Roseburg girls are prettier than those from anywhere else. My wife and I (I'm very careful to include her in this statement) both agreed upon this. It's true that most of the costumes shown last night cost more than would a sarong. That may be a deterring factor in a young man's enthusiasm for the style show; but I doubt it. My observation has been that if the y. m. likes a girl, he never gives a thought to the problem of fittingly clothing her. Lots of styles were shown last night and, incidentally, I found out what a "ponson" is. It was a peasant really over succeeded in paying for that costume as shown, he was no peasant—he was either a plutocrat, or a magnate. The thing which struck me most forcibly in this show, was the selfishness of the many and various numbers. They not only looked pretty, but they appeared to be serviceable and comfortable. The women, after all, God bless 'em, in spite of all we may say, have a million times more savvy

PIONEER MARINER

HORIZONTAL 13 Man who discovered Newfoundland. 9 He was a Venetian whose was in England. 12 Bakes. 14 Public official. 16 Kind of law. 17 Seaman's cry for help. 21 Silly. 22 Disclosed. 24 Pleased. 25 To subvert. 26 Hidden. 28 Want of appetite. 29 Godling. 30 Boggy land. 31 Measure. 32 He and his son were famous — as seamen. 33 Transposed. 33 In the middle of. 36 New England. Answer to Previous Puzzle 10 Verbal. 11 Bird. 12 South Carolina. 15 Palm lily. 16 His son, accompanied him in 1493. 18 Asylum for orphans. 20 Verbal ending. 22 Device for sewing braid. 23 Musical terms. 27 He is. 29 Into. 30 Beret. 34 Kneecap. 38 Examined. 38 Name. 40 Barbed spear. 41 To serve. 2 Pope's scarfs. 43 Boundary. 3 Low flat river land. 46 Formerly. 4 River nymph. 47 To value. 5 Court. 6 Chemical analysis. 7 To attack. 8 Toward. 9 To dangle. the east coast of — in 1497. 19. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60.

Joe Brumbach, Jr., R.H.S. Graduate, Joins U.S. Navy. Joe Brumbach, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brumbach of Dixonville, left Monday for Marshfield, where he has enlisted in the U. S. Navy. He will be sent by way of Portland to San Diego where he will enter the U. S. naval training school.

He was graduated from Roseburg high school with the class of 1937 and has been employed for the past year by the Douglas County Farm Bureau Exchange. He was a member of the Roseburg company of the national guard, holding the rank of corporal.

NOTICE To veterans of the Civil War, Mexican War and Indian Wars, and widows remaining unmarried thereof; veterans of the Spanish American War and World War who are disabled to the extent of 40 per cent or more, and widows remaining unmarried thereof; notice is hereby given that all claims for tax exemption should be filed in this office by April 1, 1940. BARTON HELLWELL, Assessor.

SERIAL STORY THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER BY HELEN WORDEN

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 truckers fighting Marie's father. LYNDIA MARTIN—society debutante, wants to marry Dan. BAPTISTE LA PORTE—Marie's father, owner of a fleet of barges.

YESTERDAY: Unable to find Marie, Dan agrees to his father's idea of a party with the Martins. Dan gets tight, but avoids mention of his engagement to Lyndia. Later he goes to the dock, finds the Molly gone. He drives toward Albany.

CHAPTER XVII Within an hour, Dan's log-roader was putting along the highway to Albany. The cold night air cleared his befuddled brain as he drove through the darkness. He had but one idea—to get to Marie as soon as possible. Dan Donovan and Tommy Ryan turned obviously unfriendly backs on each other at the Albany docks. They had been waiting since early Friday morning for the La Porte barge, Molly. It didn't show up to clock and the New York tug, with its brood of canal boats was still jockeying about in an effort to nose its brood through the opening of the locks.

Tommy reached for the megaphone the dockmaster held. "Hi-yu, Molly," he belted. No answer. Without saying a word, Dan took the megaphone from Tommy's hands. "Hi-yu, Molly," he yelled. Still no answer. "Them barge captains must be deaf and dumb," volunteered the dockmaster. He stared at Dan's tuxedo. "Keep yer shirt on and the boat yer lookin' fer will come in."

The two boys, ignoring his philosophical advice, paced nervously back and forth on the pier. Dan's right eye still showed the effects of Tommy's laces. His white dinner shirt was soiled and his hair straggling. Once or twice he glared at Tommy, but beyond that there was no sign of further hostilities. Tommy, sure of his superior strength, remained magnificently indifferent. In spite of lack of sleep he felt cocky. But thought he could carry Marie off. Well, he'd show him. Still in the glow of the day he had spent with Marie, he forgot the unpleasantness of the later evening. Marie didn't know what she was doing. His assurance changed to disappointment when he saw that the Molly was not among the barges being shoved in by the little tug. "Where's the Molly?" Dan asked first.

"You mean Bat La Porte's barge?" roared the tugboat captain from his berth in the pilot house. "She developed a leak!" Dan's face paled. "Where is she now?" "Back in New York for all I know. Least she started in that direction."

Tommy wasted no further words on the dockmaster or tugboat captain. Jumping into his truck, he headed for the Albany post road. Dan waited for the tug to come abreast of the docks. "Where do you think the Molly is now?" he asked. "Bout Spuxten Duvell if she made time," was the laconic reply. Dan was in his rooster and shifting the gears before the man had all the words out of his mouth.

"There's a road that follows the Hudson all the way down, isn't there?" he cried to the dockmaster. "Yes, sir. You can't miss it if you keep the water in sight."

Luckily for Dan's life, the highway was practically clear of traffic when he nosed the car into the river road, settled down in his seat and stepped on the gas. It was a foggy morning, but that didn't bother him. In fact, he felt exhilarated. As long as he was in action he could deaden the hurt in his heart.

Humming a tune, he whizzed through villages shaving squawking chickens' tails with the rim of his wheels, spinning precariously past farmers' drays and driving startled pedestrians off the road. It was his fish luck, he told him self, that saved him from the evil eye of a motor cop. Occasionally, he glanced at the river, ribboning its leaden gray course between the rolling banks of the Hudson Valley. Save for an occasional small train steamer or flock of barges nosing northward behind their tug, the river was clear. The traffic would come further down. But it was past noon and he'd reached the Hendrick Hudson highway before he saw tiny faces headed south and then a motor tug, a barge. Had the Molly sunk, was it forced

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his side, was waiting eagerly. He started forward. "Well, well, where is she?" demanded Varnet. "She says she can't see him," the floor-walker began. Varnet restrained his face and turned to Dan. "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Donovan." In the models' dressing room he eye, Marie, his face white with anger. "You'll see Mr. Donovan or—"

Military Aviation Talk Given to Kiwanis Club

Contending that the general public overestimates the value of military aircraft as a major weapon in warfare, Colonel H. C. Dempewolf, officers corps instructor, of Eugene, gave an interesting talk on Tuesday luncheon program of the Roseburg Kiwanis club. Colonel Dempewolf declared that mass bombings in European wars have failed to accomplish the destruction generally accredited to them by the public mind. He explained the various types of planes, and their respective uses, and also outlined the plan of defense. He stressed the need for additional anti-aircraft defense equipment for the United States army. An oration by Cecil Pierce, winner of the local Future Farmers of America oration contest, was greatly enjoyed. Pierce will compete in the near future against other southern Oregon winners at a contest to be held in Grants Pass. The Kiwanis club has assisted in the activity by a donation of prize money.

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