

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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BIGGEST difficulty in the current squabble over the forthcoming diennial census is that there ARE two sides to the question.

Critics of the setup as established by the census bureau point out that the canvassers are straying a long way from the simple constitutional provision which provides for nothing more complicated than counting heads. They wouldn't mind a few of the questions that census takers intend to ask citizens, but they think Uncle Sam is going a little too far when he asks about discover intimate details about family life.

Even then, they might not howl quite so loudly if there were any assurance that the information gathered would be kept strictly confidential. But they fail to see how anyone can reasonably expect some tens of thousands of census takers to keep juicy tidbits of neighborhood interest under their hats.

But look at the census bureau's viewpoint: Theoretically, every scrap of information gathered will be as confidential and as sacred as the secret ballot. Questions are not designed to embarrass housewives, nor to snoop purposefully into private matters. All that's wanted is more data on American life than has ever been collected before with the view toward establishing a rich fund of statistics on resources.

How can social and economic advances be brought about, they ask, unless the people interested know to what extent change is needed? How can America know what America needs unless exhaustive and authoritative figures are on file?

Whatever questions are finally approved for submission to the populace, chances are there won't be much trouble so long as the canvassers remain courteous. Residents have a right to expect Uncle Sam's representative to be at least as considerate as a shoeing peddler. The reason James Roselle, the Kenosha, Wis., shoe repairman, refused to answer questions in a preliminary survey, he told authorities, after his arrest, was that the census man wasn't polite.

The great majority of citizens will want to cooperate. They will expect the census takers to do the same.

STRESSED at the recent north-west meeting of the International Relations club conference at the University of Oregon, was the necessity for complete and unequivocal cooperation of all nations in reaching an accord of peace.

It is evident that war remains a potentiality as long as even one country on the earth retains visions of imperialism. The network of commerce makes it impossible for anyone to conceive of permanent peace except on an international basis.

The important thing about any peace agreement is that the signers must believe in it unconditionally. The history of mankind has never known an inevitable war. Wars start only when men start them.

FOR some unaccountable reason, scientists have concluded that sojourners on the planet 6000 years hence will be as captivated by the glamor and romance of the East Indian island ball as are the folks of today. Accordingly, motion pictures of the island and its natives have been carefully laid away in a crypt at Oglethorpe university,

Atlanta, Ga., to be opened in 7940. Assuming that Ball will not have been swallowed by some unpredictable gravitation of a vacillating earth, it is difficult to understand why the inhabitants of 7940 should be more interested in a native Ballinese dance of the thirties than they would be in the rumba, the Lambeth walk, the shag, the flea hop or the Susie-Q.

Aside from that, it is debatable whether the world of 7940 will be interested in anything we did in 1940. It is only a fervor of unprecedented egotism that leads us to bury things in crypts and shafts. If grandma had known how we were to laugh over her wedding pictures, she would never have bothered starting the family album in the first place.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

Right—from the tourist stand point.

As to Juarez, it makes its living selling zarapes, huaraches, blankets, hand-made silver articles, Mexican costumes, glmeracks—altogether an amazing list of Mexican hand-made articles, varying from the cheap and gaudy to the really artistic and beautiful—to tourists from the American side, few of whom know beauty and handicrafting skill when they see it, but all of them want something to show the folks back home to prove they've been on a trip.

The Mexican residents of Juarez, who make their living selling this stuff to the tourists, supply their own needs in the American stores in El Paso, six cents distant by street car.

YOU step off the street car in Juarez—or out of a taxi if you're that way. Immediately you are assailed by a motley crew of cigarette and souvenir vendors, each of whom conveys the impression of yelling to all his fellows: "Hey, lay off that boob; I saw him first."

This writer's border Spanish being limited, that's what they may be saying to each other. It's certainly what they're thinking. You don't have to be a linguist to know that.

EAGERLY directed by 55,000 of the city's 56,000 inhabitants, you find your way to the city market, where the real dirty work is done. Here every variety of Mexican merchandise imaginable is for sale by students of human nature who size you up like a shot.

If you look askew, the price goes up about six notches. If you give the impression of a sour old hard-shell crab, the quotations are lower. If you're such an utter star-strangled sap as to admire the wares displayed, you touch off a bull market right now.

If you're really determined to buy something, put on a poker face and when a price is quoted assume the expression of one who has just bitten into a green persimmon.

That's the way it's done by the smart ones.

DON'T get these border Mexicans wrong. It's this writer's considered opinion that they're a pretty decent, hard-working lot, honest as the average and earning what according to American standards is an exceedingly scanty living.

They're merely employing the sales methods that are hereditarily familiar to them, and besides they're selling to people who don't know beans about the value of what they're buying.

Turn a bunch of Americans loose on a crowd of buyers like that and see what happens.

CALL it a hell-hole. Call it a honky-tonk. Call it what you will, this town of Juarez, the largest of the Mexican border towns, is interesting to this writer—interesting and full of human nature. It's so interesting that another column will be devoted to it tomorrow.

Good Friday Services Set at Episcopal Church

Good Friday services are announced for Friday, Mar. 22, at St. George's Episcopal church in Roseburg with the various members of the city's principal churches participating. The program will start at 12 noon and continue until 3 p. m. The public is invited to attend and it is stated that those desiring to participate in the worship service should feel free to come and go at any time during the three-hour service.

Roseburg Trap Gunners Turn in Perfect Score

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OUT OUR WAY



Roseburg Enters Baseball League

Promising Team, Sponsored by
Beth's Grill, Will be Under
Bill Scherner's Leadership.

A Roseburg baseball team, to be sponsored by Beth's Grill, was entered yesterday in the Southern Oregon Baseball league, which, according to agreements reached at a meeting in Grants Pass Sunday, will include teams from Crescent City, Ashland, Medford, Gold Hill, Grants Pass and Roseburg. The teams will play an 18-game schedule, with the Roseburg team playing seven home games. The season is scheduled to start May 3.

Bill Scherner, acting manager of the Roseburg team, has called for a practice Wednesday at 4 p. m. at Flinley field, and is inviting any players in Roseburg and vicinity, desiring to try out for the squad, to be present at that time. The squad, he reports has not been completely organized and there are openings for all who can qualify.

The league teams will be permitted squads of 20 players each, and Scherner states he hopes to be able to maintain a squad of the maximum number.

Fast Team Envisaged
Among players already signed for the local team, he reports, are Bert Avery, Loyell Baker, Phil Lawrence, Ken Laurence, Gus Sporer, Merle Johnson, Loyal Goff, Jay Shinn, Fred Scherner, George Sanders, Virgil Sanders and Bill Scherner.

Scherner states that the prospects, with the above named players in the lineup, will give Roseburg a very fast team, both in the infield and outfield, together with excellent hitting power. Johnson and Sporer, who pitched last year for the Glendale Loggers, are expected to be among the best in the league this year. The present need, Scherner states, is at least one more pitcher, and a catcher to work with Goff behind the plate.

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Nationals Defeat Americans, 2 to 1

TAMPA, Fla., March 18.—(AP)—The long-abused National League today strutted the streets in broad daylight, and if pressed, very lightly, would say casually: "Oh yes, the American league. We had their stars over for a practice game yesterday. Beat them, 2 to 1, with our reserves."

Which, in essence, is true. The National league all-stars did win an exhibition game, which more than 13,000 spectators contributed approximately \$20,000 to the financial relief fund to see.

But in reality, the game proved nothing, except that the pitchers are far ahead of the batters in spring training.

For a spring exhibition it was a cracking ball game, with the big surprise the inability of the row of sledge guns in the American lineup to get much more than a loud fuff. They were held to five hits, Bill Dickey and Frank Crosetti getting two each and Jimmy Fox one, and none was better than a single.

The National leaguers collected six blows, all singles, putting two of them together in the ninth for the ball game.

The Americans took the lead in the second inning when DiMaggio walked, went to second on Dickey's single and went home on Crosetti's first hit.

The Nationals tied it up in the fourth when Ott walked, advanced Harry Danning was hit by Buck Newsum, and scored on DeMare's single to right, beating a line throw by Williams by inches.

Bob Feller started the eighth inning for the Americans. He was wild. A double play pulled him out of a hole in that inning, but in the ninth Al Lopez, Boston Bee catcher, sent a slashing single to center, went to second when Hal Trosky, Cleveland first baseman, dropped Teddie Henley's throw on Terry Moore's sacrifice, and invited the winning run on Pete Coscarart's single through short.

Bill McKechnie, Red manager in charge of the National team, started Paul Derringer, and followed with Kirby Higbe, Luke Hamlin, Bucky Walters and Harry Gumbert, with Gumbert the winning pitcher. Joe McCarthy, American pilot who started seven of his Yankees, sent Red Ruffing to the mound, and followed him with Newsum, Dutch Leonard, and Feller.

Program on Engineering to Be Given in Roseburg

A public program, will outline educational opportunities offered by the National Schools, Los Angeles, in fields of diesel and internal combustion engines, radio, television, air conditioning, refrigeration, electricity, etc., will be held Thursday, March 21, at 8 p. m. at the Knights of Pythias hall in Roseburg. The speaker will be W. W. Dean, coast representative of the schools, who also is arranging personal interviews with interested persons.

The program is to be opened, without admission charge, to all interested persons, and in addition to the lecture by Mr. Dean on the opportunities in the technical fields mentioned, there will be other entertainment in the form of motion pictures and music. Pictures will deal with various scientific and technical subjects, pertaining primarily to the diesel industry, radio and television, transportation, etc.

Approval Voted for Yoncalla School Budget

YONCALLA, March 18.—The annual grade school and high school elections were held recently and both elections were very quiet, with very little interest being shown. Data budgets varied, which includes money for manual training in the grade school.

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COMING TOMORROW — Hunt's Indian Theatre — "Grapes of Wrath."—(Adv.)

By Williams

SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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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.

LYNDA MARTIN—society debutante, wants to marry Dan.

BAPTISTE LA PORTE—Marie's father, owner of a fleet of barges.

YESTERDAY: Mrs. Donovan returns, reads of Dan's waterfront vigil. She gulps a glass of whiskey, gets tight. Dan and his father put her to bed. Their conversation is interrupted by a phone call from Mrs. Martin. She insists that Dan bring Lynda to the Plaza for dinner. Dan agrees, promising not to disgrace his parents again.

CHAPTER XXI
A late winter blizzard swept New York Saturday morning. Buses were stalled, traffic hopelessly tangled and the subways overcrowded. Complaining, New Yorkers went to work, fretting, cursing and interrupting themselves for living in such a snarl.

That is, all New Yorkers, save those who made up the small community of Pier Six, known as Harlestown. These people sat snugly in their cabins, enjoying the whistling of the wind, the spray of snow against window panes, and the singing of a kettle on the stove. For them the storm meant a holiday. No barge could start out to Canada on a morning like this, even though the river might be broken. Warm and protected, the canal boat people gathered round their cabin stoves and argued the news of the day.

This particular morning, the topic of their conversation was Bat La Porte's hat that night. Everyone was invited.

"They say he's taken over all of Kelly's dance hall," proffered Tim Flanagan. "And the place is to be hung with French, Irish and American flags."

"What's that for?" demanded George Fontaine. "It's no particular holiday."

George came from Bat's neighborhood in Canada. He disapproved of this useless expenditure of money.

"Now don't be a numbskull, George," Mrs. Atwood put in. "Half of us are French, and half Irish."

"Yes, but where do the Americans come in?"

"Tush your nonsense, ain't you all Americans?" demanded Matt Flanagan. "Besides, Bat may be a bit of a snob, but he's got a heart. He's got to lay in plenty of beer and whiskey."

He leaned over the stove, picked up a little coal with a pair of fire tongs and lit his pipe. "I hear the Sailors' band is to play."

Everybody was silent for a few minutes, staring into the glowing fire in Matt Flanagan's stove. His barge was the unofficial club for the crowd. A widower 20 years, he kept the boat neat as an old maid's sewing box. He had a place for everything and he showed his disapproval when callers disregarded the pattern of his home.

In spite of this he was hospitable and never happier than when he had a crowd of friends on board. An excellent cook, as well as good housekeeper, he had sent word round early this morning that he intended to have baked beans for dinner and anyone who came was welcome.

In return for his hospitality, they brought him news. Ever since yesterday afternoon when Bat had rapped at each barge and invited the occupant of every barge to his party for Marie, Saturday night, Harlestown had been in a state of wild excitement.

This morning each one who came to Matt's brought a fresh tid-bit.

Word of the Sailors' band was entirely new.

"How much will that cost Bat?" inquired George Fontaine.

"Oh, for goodness sake, shut up, you skink!" objected Mrs. Atwood. "You're tighter than a Scotchman's fist."

George ignored her. "Do you figure on that young fellow coming who had his picture in the papers, the one in the hired dress suit?"

"How do you know it was hired?" nagged Mrs. Atwood.

"Ain't all dress suits hired?" "Aw, zen ore," she waved him back with her hand. "There's plenty that own theirs, but you've never been among them."

faces to Pat. "An' how'll that be done?" asked Matt.

"Oh, he stands at the head of the stairs an' as we come up he hollers our names to Bat an' the Missus."

George snorted. "As if Bat didn't know our names backwards. He must read that one in a Sunday supplement."

A gust of wind whined through the cabin as the barge was shoved back. Mrs. La Porte poked a worried face in.

"Bat says we've all got to dress," she announced.

George Fontaine's mouth quirked down. "Tails or tux? Where does he suppose we'll get our evening clothes, if we don't happen to have 'em?"

The others stared at her with bewildered eyes.

"That's just it," Mrs. La Porte drew her shawl more closely about her head as the snow filtered through the spaces. "He's goin' to hire his suit and he thought you might like to get yours at the same place."

It was Mrs. Atwood's friendly, good-natured jibbing that stung the men into going.

"Now this is a good party," she said, "and you might as well enter into the spirit of it. A woman can drape a window curtain around her an' call it an evening gown, but with a man it's different."

Across on the La Porte canal boat Marie was putting on her hat and coat. She would rather be out than in. Although Bat had not said anything to her about the leak in the barge up at Poughkeepsie, there was a constraint in her manner toward him because of it. But it was only one of the many things which continued to trouble her mind.

Time had not made any difference in her feelings toward Dan. She knew, no matter what happened, that she would always love him. She had never felt toward any other man in her life the way she felt toward him. In the short space she had known him he had become part of her very being. Again the tears came at thought of him.

Disconsolately she put on her hat and buttoned her red coat close about her throat. Perhaps she could walk this mood off. She felt the walls of the barge closing in on her after the space at Van Ness.

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crazy party her father was planning. She had yawned and gone to bed while he was talking about it last night.

As she started toward the little steps leading to the hatchway she heard the tramping of feet on the deck. Her father was coming. Quietly, she waited for him.

"I might as well tell you, Papa," she said. "I'm not going to that party tonight."

She pressed her lips to keep her self-control.

"What?" he shouted.

"I said I wasn't going."

She was up the steps and had banged the hatchway shut before he could say another word.

(To be continued)

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