

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH Editor

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FOR some years California has been taking the best of the milk cows from Oregon and Washington—shipping them out of these states by the hundreds. California needs milk producing machines and that is the way these animals are evidently regarded.

This situation can be considered from two points of view. The first glance is that the northern states are being depopulated of good producing milk cows—that a resource is being taken from us. On that basis the sale of milk cows to other states is sinister and something to be frowned upon.

But on the other hand it seems evident that we can and do produce good milk cows. It is also a fact that the California buyers pay pretty good prices for good stock. Our best bet is to go more extensively into the business of breeding good dairy stock.

Actual construction of the new cheese factory here in Roseburg was started today. When that plant is in operation there will be a new angle to this subject of milk cows. A cheese maker uses a large quantity of milk and from all accounts he does not object to paying a reasonable price. Farmers who own good milk cows may discover that it will pay them better to keep and milk their cows than to sell them to California milkers.

This county has ample cow producing capacity. It does not seem to us that there is any real menace to the other dairy interests here as the result of the coming of a cheese factory. Possibly for a short time there may be a scramble for the output of the dairy farms—but not for so very long. The capacity of our fertile land is ample to provide plenty of milk for every use—and to produce cows for sale to others besides. This is a great county.

This writer is definitely enthusiastic about the coming of this new cheese plant. Those people have a fine record in Grants Pass where they have operated a plant for several years. They seem to know their business thoroughly and are well spoken of by people with whom they are doing business elsewhere. This is no stock promotion deal, but promises to be a sound and substantial industry that will be of benefit to the city and the county.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

border's largest Mexican town. On the way, if you shine up to him, the conductor will tell you just what to do and what to see.

The bellhop gets a cut out of the taxi fare, and you can't blame the poor kid much if he tries to earn a few honest dimes on the side. The good Lord knows the salary he gets from the hotel is small enough, and a lot of the tourists are pretty tight when it comes to tips.

ON THE Juarez side, you are spotted a mile off as a tourist, and from the moment you set foot on Mexican soil you haven't a dull moment. If you aren't being urged to buy Mexican cigarettes at 5 cents a pack, you are importuned by very small and very dirty and unbelievably persistent boys to have your shoes shined at 5 cents per shine. In between, souvenir merchants are browbeating you to take a chance on their wares.

Strolling through the city market, which is made up of a vast number of stalls containing an amazing variety of Mexican pro-

ducts (all genuine, incidentally) you are literally swarmed upon by the stall-keepers.

The point is you are anybody's meat from the moment you cross the river.

BUT, as stated before, don't get these border Mexicans wrong. You're there to buy. They're there to sell. You want local color and foreign flavor.

They're there to supply both or bow a tendon trying. If their sales methods are a trifle more persistent than on the other side of the river and their prices considerably more flexible, that's part of the foreign flavor you're seeking. You'd be disappointed if you didn't get it.

THIS writer, standing on a corner and getting an awful, was accosted by a pleasant-faced (even if slightly peckmarked) Mexican who was selling birds hand-made from cow's horn.

The birds slightly resemble the herons so common in the Sacramento valley, and are of graceful shape and not hard to look at. If art is the ability to imagine something beautiful coupled with the skill of hand to reproduce what the mind has imagined (which is the only worthwhile definition of it), they are artistic.

Having little use for horn birds, this writer engaged the artist in conversation. "Where do you get 'em?" I make them myself, out of cow's horns I pick up. "How long does it take to make one?" About four hours. "How much do you get for them?" Thirty-five cents.

PAUSE here and do a little counting on your fingers. Four hours' labor for 35 cents—a shade better than 8 cents an hour and board and lodge yourself.

In the market stalls, they'll sell you a silver filigree ornament for \$1.50 to \$2.00. It is beautiful; the handwork unbelievably delicate and accurate. It must take hours and hours to make, plus the silver. The market stalls are literally cluttered with aprons gorgeously handworked; price 35 cents.

And so on.

CARDENAS, Mexico's president, is down on capitalism and all for the underdog. His idea is to take it from them as has and give it to them as hasn't but wants. He thumbs his nose contemptuously at capitalistic America and the American way of living.

Before throwing in with him and his ideas, you'd better come down here on the border and take a look at these Mexican underdogs. After all, the proof of any pudding is the eating thereof.

If you're willing to swap your American way of living for what you will see here, there's a lot of room below the Rio Grande and you can probably be accommodated.

Rock Creek Section of N. Umpqua Road Viewed

The Douglas county court, accompanied by V. V. Harpham, supervisor of the Umpqua National forest, made a tour of inspection today over the Rock creek section of the North Umpqua road. The county and forest service have been cooperating in improvement work between Rock creek and the forest boundary during the winter months and this new work was inspected today and additional improvements outlined.

Mr. Harpham last night returned from a four-day trip during which he visited South Umpqua CCC camp, attended a stock meeting at Eugene and transacted official business at Medford.

MONITOR'S BURIAL GROUND

Diamond Shoals, N. C., contains the wreck of the Union iron-clad Monitor. It encountered a sale off Cape Hatteras on its way to Charleston in 1862 and foundered in the heavy sea.

PANORAMIC RAILWAY

The French-owned Halphong-Yunnan railway of China passes over and through iron bridges and tunnels in its length of 600 miles. It extends in the heart of south-eastern China, through tropical jungles, scales mountains, and dips into rugged, barren gorges.

KRRR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.
4:45—American Family Robinson.
5:00—Tea Time Dance.
5:15—Unsung Americans, MBS.
5:30—Console Sketches.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Paging the Past, MBS.
7:00—Mendelssohn Choir Concert of Toronto, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Don't You Believe It, Old Gold Cigarettes, MBS.
7:45—Time For Romance, MBS.
8:00—Betty Jane Rhoads, MBS.
8:15—Laugh N' Swing Club, MBS.
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Ci-

OUT OUR WAY



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

By Williams

garettes, MBS.
9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Ned Jordan, Secret Agent, MBS.
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.

7:30—News-Review of the Air.

7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."

7:50—Rhapsody in Wax.

8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.

8:30—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.

8:45—Suns Salute, MBS.

9:00—Dorothy Stephens, Humphreys, Sopranos, MBS.

9:15—Gene Autry.

9:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor & Gamble, MBS.

9:45—Carter of Elm Street, Ovaltine, MBS.

10:00—Home Service, Coppo.

10:15—Streamline Swing, MBS.

10:30—Ohio School of the Air, MBS.

10:45—Bachelor's Children, MBS.

11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Aika Seltzer, MBS.

11:15—Scrapbook Stories, MBS.

11:30—Chas. O'Connell's Hawaiians, MBS.

11:45—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.

12:00—Luncheon Dance.

12:15—Rhythm at Random.

12:30—Parkinson's Information Exchange.

12:45—News, Safeway Stores.

12:50—News-Review of the Air.

1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.

1:15—Story of Freedom, MBS.

1:30—The Quiet Hour.

2:00—At Your Command.

2:30—Johnson Family, MBS.

2:45—Music to Music, MBS.

3:00—Harold Turner, Pianist, MBS.

3:15—Weber's Concert Orch., MBS.

3:45—Marriage License Romances, MBS.

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.

4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.

4:45—Tea Time Dance.

5:00—Lazy Rhapsody, MBS.

5:30—Uncle Sam Calling.

5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltine, MBS.

6:00—Tonight's Tune.

6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.

6:10—News-Review News Flashes.

6:15—Dinner Dance.

6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.

6:45—Paging the Past, MBS.

7:00—Raymond Grant Swing, MBS.

7:15—Mutual Maestros.

7:30—Love Ranger, MBS.

8:00—Dance Orch.

8:15—Howard McCreary's Orch., MBS.

8:30—Celebration of Henrik Ibsen's Birthday, MBS.

9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS.

9:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.

9:45—Sign Off.

10:00—Sign Off.

10:15—Sign Off.

10:30—Sign Off.

10:45—Sign Off.

11:00—Sign Off.

11:15—Sign Off.

11:30—Sign Off.

11:45—Sign Off.

12:00—Sign Off.

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

"D'YE know," said Wally Robertson to me as I stopped my car where he stood (a trifle militantly, I thought), before the car in a r m o f y.

"Word came to me that an outfit was building the building for the afternoon and evening had lowered the flag. I came over here on double-quick to find out about it. I want that flag flying."

Well, the flag was flying, and presumably all was well with the world. But unless this country was one of vigilant patriots, it wouldn't be, for long.

Believe it, or don't believe it, but there are patriots in this country who would gladly trample it underfoot.

There are patriots who would spit upon it, defiling it.

There are others who refuse to salute its benign sovereignty, through some diseased conception of thought.

This flag of ours, these stars and stripes, may not be sacred. Not being a theologian, I couldn't say as to that. But I do know that our flag represents the most absolute freedom of thought and action that the mind of man has known, and that as a nation we have shed our blood to preserve the ideals of public and private conduct which it represents.

As a people, we are more free, in every meaning of the word, than any others of whom I know or have heard. Our sense of citizenry recognizes this, and is profoundly thankful for it.

But there are elements in our ranks who are not. It is true they represent minorities of thought; but they are present—those people whose line of reasoning I am unable to comprehend. Living in a land which accords them the right of independent thought and utterance, they refuse allegiance to its flag, its expressed concepts of liberty, its insurance of security. In modern slang, they refuse to kiss the hand which feeds them, clothes them and makes them safe.

For such people I have only the most supreme contempt. I only wish that they could be released, as painlessly as may be, from the burden of life as they so foolishly find it here, and sent (again as painlessly as is at all expedient) to another country, any other country, where they might find conditions more to their liking.

When they arrived at this wonderful country, if they discovered their foolishness to be as foul as I deem it now, I might feel sorry for them. I might; but I am sure it would take an effort.

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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.

LYNDIA MARTIN—society debutante, wants to marry Dan.

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

YESTERDAY: Bargetown is all agog with talk of Marie's coming out party. But Marie can't stand it. As she leaves the barge, to walk in the storm, she tells Bat that she won't come to his party.

CHAPTER XXII

Dan Donovan's decision not to see Marie La Porte again came after he talked with his mother Saturday morning. Although he laughed at her and teased her, and saw through all her silly ways, he adored her. If he had been asked, he might have said he cared for her even more than he did for his father, perhaps because she was such a transparent, lovable fraud. She needed protection. If she were to marry, she had never caused her any unhappiness.

He formulated his plans for the day as he shaved. He would breakfast with his mother; his father had probably gone to the office. He would go to the florist and order the best corsage money could buy for Lyndia, but first he must find out what she was going to wear. Hang it all, he knew what she was wearing, hadn't he seen the very dress on Marie.

At thought of Marie, the old ache came back. What had the girl done to him? He couldn't get her out of his mind night or day. He was glad for the interruption of a knock.

"Madame Donovan would be happy if you came to her sitting room for breakfast," it was Susette, speaking in precise English.

"O. K., be right down," sang out Dan.

Thinking of Marie, even for a few moments, as he first saw her, made him feel lighter.

On the way to his mother's apartment he wondered how she was. She probably had a hangover and a good one, to put it in plain English, after that swig of straight whisky she took last night. Well, you had to hand it to the old girl, at least she swallowed it.

He would take his cue from her. If she spoke about it, he would ask her how she felt, otherwise not a word. Even he and his father had avoided mentioning it last evening.

"How is it, good to have you back, Katie," Dan breezed in and kissed his mother.

She was sitting up on a blue satin chaise longue, set in the bay window of her sitting room. The pink latticed window curtains were half drawn to shut out the gray, stormy day. A fire burned cheerfully in the little gift grate.

Mrs. Donovan drew her soft pink wool bed-jacket more closely about her shoulders. "Tell me frankly, Dan," she asked, "was I drunk last night?"

"Why, do you feel as if you had been?"

She put her hand to her head. "Yes, I've got the worst hangover in the world."

She reached out for his hand. "You know I would never admit this to your father for anything, but you understand."

He squeezed her hand. "I'll mix something to chase that morning after-awake away," he said.

"No, don't go." Her voice grew even more affectionate. "Daddy, dear, did I dream it, or did I really see that awful picture of you in the paper with that wretched story about your love?" she stumbled over the word—"for some model?"

"It was true, Mother," Dan answered quietly.

Mrs. Donovan looked at him. "Now, I know what made me drink that glass of whisky. I didn't know what I was doing. The whole thing was such a shock."

"Oh, Mother, please don't. You knelt beside her. 'You break my heart when you talk like that.'"

She held up her hand. "There, we won't say anything more about it. I won't ask you any questions. We'll put