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HOW BOOKS ARE BORN

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Some authors studiously create a plot for a book, then proceed to build much as an architect designs and follows construction plans. Others have sudden inspiration, dash off a skeleton of ideas and then "put meat on the bones." Again, an author may start out with a totally different project in mind and end up with an unexpected book on his hands.

Jim Bond tells us he had no thought of a book when he went into Yukon Territory to study big game in its primitive state. Instead, he had contacted an outdoor magazine concerning a deal to furnish a series of short stories. But when he emerged from the wild country bordering the Arctic Circle, after a trip into a section where no human being is believed to have set foot for more than 50 years, he found he had material for a book. As a result, his report on that trip, published under the title "From Out of the Yukon," is being prepared for a second edition, the first edition having been nearly exhausted.

Bond is a former resident of Roseburg. He later resided in Bend and more recently in the State of Washington. Trained from youth as a hunter and angler, he became interested in the West's rapidly disappearing wildlife and began writing on the subject of conservation. His interest grew both in writing and in his studies of wildlife management. He determined to find some of the answers to conservation problems. For instance, what happened to game animals in a strictly natural state? How does Mother Nature control predators? What is the effect of civilization's encroachment?

Seeking answers to these questions, Bond looked for a spot where he could find a completely unmolested game area. Checking reports by fliers who ferried planes over the uninhabited sections of the Yukon during the war, Bond found a spot near the Arctic Circle—a spot from which the Indians had departed years ago because they had been visited by plague, and a place into which white trappers and hunters had not yet gone. So Bond determined to visit this far northern land.

When his intent became known, he was requested by the Yukon Territory Fish and Game Commission to prepare a report for that body. Bond contacted editors of outdoor magazines intending to partly finance his trip through sale of short articles. With these purposes in mind he took off for a trip of adventure and exploration which ran into many complications. He emerged with a full grown book actually written in the field; not in diary form, but prepared as a group of short stories, which needed only slight revision to be made into his now famed book, "From Out of the Yukon."

Bond found the answers to his questions. Mother Nature maintains a balance—a balance of abundance—between predators and game as long as Man remains out of the picture. But as soon as civilization encroaches, seeking food, furs or gold, the balance is destroyed and game starts on the path to extinction.

The author shows how trappers and Indians are rapidly depleting the Yukon's game resources by wanton slaughter of big game animals to feed their dogs; how natural predators increase in numbers while game population decreases when Man's weight is thrown on the side of predation.

Bond and his party saw and classified more than 2,000 animals. They traveled 57 days in this previously unexplored region, finding as the only trace of previous human visitations the marks of stone axes. They brought back enormous trophies, including a moose head which was given the year's championship. But best of all, Bond brought back a picture, "From Out of These Mountains," which has carried the message of conservation to thousands upon thousands of people in many states, for the author has traveled extensively with his picture after the Roseburg debut last December which inspired him to deliver his message through the medium of his motion pictures as well as through his book.

Many people will remember the beautiful picture which Bond showed in Roseburg at the request of friends. He had originally planned that his book should bear the same title—"From Out of These Mountains." And thereby hangs a tale—one of the thrilling experiences related in his exciting book.

Trapped on the summit of an icy mountain, destined to freeze to death in a short time unless he could negotiate the seemingly impossible icy slopes, the words of a childhood hymn crept into his mind: "Little feet, be careful where you lead me," and with the song-prayer upon his lips he was led "From Out of These Mountains."

Readers will find a simple faith, homely philosophy, a peace and serenity which comes only from communion with Nature, all coupled with a story of high adventure in Jim Bond's book—one of the most fascinating we have ever read.

Albany Housewives Save Boy From Drowning

ALBANY, Ore., Nov. 18.—(AP)—A four-year-old boy was rescued from drowning in a flooded pit yesterday by two young housewives.

One of the women, Mrs. Shirley Hayes, tumbled into the tank hole and was helped by a sister, Mrs. Doris Twitchell, before they could drag the youngster to safety and revive him.

Saved was Tommy Hansler. His cap was noticed floating on the water by Mrs. Twitchell. She dashed from her kitchen, calling for her sister. The sister tumbled

into the water trying to reach the lad.

They finally formed a chain, Mrs. Hayes holding Mrs. Hayes' legs, to reach his arm sticking from the surface of the oil tank hole on a church construction job site.

TRAFFIC FINES PAID

The following traffic fines were assessed in Municipal Court Wednesday by Judge Ira B. Riddle: Chester Barron, defective muffler, \$2; William A. Smith, no muffler, \$5; Joseph Eugene DeMarsh, failure to stop for stop streets.

OUT OUR WAY



Scrap from the MENDING BASKET

By Viannett S. Martin

Mrs. W. L. B., a News-Review subscriber who lives in Cottage Grove, contributes to the Mending Basket a little story about a young woman who lived in the days before radio came to impart niceties of pronunciation to even remote areas. The young woman, determined to have a musical education, had taught herself. So when opportunity finally came for help from a professional, she answered questions about her knowledge with: "I've learned Batches Fudges and some of Journey's E-toosies," her way of saying Bach's Fugues and Czerny's Etudes.

Mrs. W. L. B., who is a musician, also wrote about an old German professor's puzzled questioning of a student whom he had reprimanded for chronic tardiness, and now he was not only on time but the first of the class to appear: "What makes you come so soon of late when you were behind before, and now you are first of late?" (Thanks, Mrs. B.)

I was reminded of an amusing misunderstanding. . . . A dear young neighbor, a bride who had been a school teacher in Alabama, was teaching two toddlers a game. The little fellows adored her and did promptly and enthusiastically whatever she directed until—

"Pick up the 'buckets,'" she said, and when the directive was evi-

dently not obeyed, I heard her repeat in a slightly louder tone, "Pick up the buckets!" When I heard a third and more peremptory "Pick up the buckets, boys!" I went to the window and was amazed to see two small boys gazing up at their adored friend, questioning in their eyes, while she in turn was looking at them in puzzled surprise. Impasse!

Said I to the pretty red-headed teacher, "Tell them to pick up their tails." The light dawned and she laughed. Then in her sweet, high-pitched Southern voice she said, "Pick up your PAIRS, boys!" They did, instantly. (Maybe in world affairs, sometimes misunderstandings come about through different interpretations of words, don't you think?)

Once I was stopped in the middle of a sentence by an odd look in a small boy's big blue eyes: "What's the matter, Son?"

Said he with an air of great patience: "You say so many big words, Mother. I can't catch up with them." It was a lesson. From then on I made a point of using the simplest Saxon words, realizing that a very thorough grounding in Latin had probably mixed in a good many of the "big words" my small son found puzzling. We expect so much of a small child who has had to learn his mother tongue word by word!

Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

RETENTION OF STATE FOREST LANDS

(The Oregon Statesman)

The Bend Bulletin, returning to the question of how to handle state-owned lands, asks us to elaborate on our reasons for urging the rule of the state's retention of its forest lands. We shall try to comply.

The cycle for forest crops is at least half a century in this state under present utilization practice. The length of time between cuttings of trees is too long to attract ownership by individuals. In the past most corporations have, like individuals, got rid of their timberland, once the trees were cut, either by letting them pass to counties through tax foreclosure or by sale to companies or to government agencies wanting them permanently. Only the strongly financed corporations can carry timberlands in any extent over the growing-harvesting cycle, as far as private investment is concerned.

Government bodies include the federal government which now holds large forest areas in Oregon, and the state whose own holdings either held for the state school fund or as state forests are comparatively small. Counties are too small a unit to provide economical management, so they have been turning, foreclosed lands to the state, from which they are to receive 50 per cent of the income.

Looking ahead we foresee a steady concentration of ownership between large private corporations and the state. The government is tending toward a policy of sustained yield through employment of chosen instrument corporations. The state might well provide a reservoir of timber available for open purchase, which would help to sustain the economy of many locally-owned industries and communities. The state in the course of time should block its holdings by exchange, for more economical management. Its operations would, of course be planned for continuous cropping and forest conservation.

The trouble with ownership by

large corporation interest is that the profits are apt to be drained off to other states. We are not provincial, but are satisfied that the state's prosperity would suffer if the ownership and control of its vast forest resources were to rest outside the state. We can foresee the time when state forests will be hailed by the people as an invaluable public resource and praised because they are under local control.

That is one important reason why in our judgment the state should hold the lands it has and acquire more as it has opportunity.

A second reason is that the promise of returns to the state school fund for example, or to the public treasury seems greater than revenues that would be derived from investment of proceeds of sale of lands in eligible bonds. A quarter section of cut-over timberland is worth say \$10 an acre. That would bring \$1600 which at three per cent interest would return \$48 annually. In a century it would yield \$4800. At the end of a similar period a crop of timber would yield many times that amount—the much-disputed sale near Bend brought over \$100,000 for timber and land.

Of course there are carrying expenses and risk of loss by fire and pest. But the promise is so much better than the probable return from bond investments that we strongly favor continued state ownership of the lands.

The Bulletin questions the wisdom of an inflexible rule. We do too. There may be special instances where it is better for the state to divest itself of ownership. We would not favor slavish adherence to a rule; but the evidence to justify a sale should be ample and convincing before the exception should be permitted.

ARE YOUR TAIL LIGHTS SHOWING?

(Eugene Register-Guard)

These are days and nights of maximum danger on streets and highways. Fog! It adds to all the customary hazards. So we are going to repeat a question brought to us by Leon Boyd and

Bill Krommings, truck drivers:

"Do you know if your tail lights are burning?"

There have been some very bad pileups, a number of people killed and many injured since the season of fog and frost began. One woman was killed on that long straightaway near Albany and the reports are that the rear-end collision occurred because the tail lights were out on her car.

Nobody gets a better view of the public's traffic follies than the lads who wheel the big freighters. Not all of them are perfect, but as drivers go they are far above average, and Leon and Bill say the truckers have a movement of their own to discipline and disown every trucker who takes chances. And in most cases the big trucking companies keep their equipment in top condition.

We got acquainted with Leon a few years ago when he picked a half dozen corpses out of a pileup on the road. He has been compelled to help out after many a sad wreck. And he says: "You just ought to see traffic the way we see it from a high cab, the darned crazy things people try to do. Now this matter of tail lights is a simple thing. But on these foggy nights every trucker sees dozens of cars plugging along with no tail lights. When the visibility is down to 10 feet that's suicide, or can be."

The streets will be slippery most of the time for months to come. There will be patches of frost at unsuspected places on every highway. There will be fog patches by day and by night in many places and there will be pea soup fog from time to time covering vast areas. There will always be children to think about. There will always be the other fellow, and although all accidents (to hear tell) are always "the other guy's fault," that "just ain't so." Even where the other fellow is obviously at fault, it is usually possible to miss him, if you are alert. Our old friend Mahlon Sweet used to say that there would be almost no accidents if every driver was vigilant constantly.

You can't legislate common sense and you can't teach judgment. You can only pass on reminders. Men who make their living by driving the highways could compile books about the people who seem to think highways are places to die on.

Mixed parsley improves the flavor of coleslaw; add a generous amount to the salad before folding in dressing. Thinly shredded green pepper also makes an excellent addition. Both parsley and green pepper add good amounts of vitamin A to the slaw.

SCENE ABOUT TOWN

By "Stoop"

Added incentive to gift talented wimmin turnin' out fer Elks Xmas benefit which runs off Dec. 1-23 is handsome Hollywoodite Bob Campbell. Hubbles kin cum along too to watch over the swoonin' gals.

Grayhound depot may be open 24 hrs. a day by ya' still hafta call adjoinin' eatery to git 'em on fone betwix buses.

Legal suit in session upstate over customers checkin' in bottles of beer as likker to beat 1 ayem law, reports local grrp dispenser. Not Duffy at 99 CLUB, phone 693-J-4, either.

Old gent's voice calls 802-J an' asts "just where is this R.O.Y. AL's yer all the time pluggin'?" He wuz told and his comment: "Oh, yeah, ovah there where the city street cleaner hez nevah bin."

Watch fer a raise in soda pop first o' Dec. or Jan. Fernans two bottles fer 15c, or even a dime each.

Idea fer local music union: Hire 3 or 4 quartets o' instrumentalists to snowball city with Xmas carols, similar to what a group a brass ensemble did gratis las' yr.

DUFFY'S CLUB 99 Supper Club fer unique friendly relaxation an' refreshments—ROY, AL's at end o' Oak Bridge, fer quality groceries.

(Paid Advertisement)

Rural Housing Talk Dated November 19

Room arrangement, circulation between rooms, and orientation will be some of the topics discussed by John Campbell, rural housing specialist from Oregon State College, at the Knights of Pythias hall, Friday, November 19, at 7:30 p. m.

The meeting is sponsored by the Oregon State College extension service and is open to anyone interested.

Mr. Campbell will also discuss types of insulation and economical methods of construction. Actual house plans will be used as the basis of his talk. Opportunity will be given for a group discussion and question period.

Corinne McTaggart, county extension agent in home economics, is making arrangements for this meeting. She states that the plans discussed by Mr. Campbell are many. These house plans and working drawings are available through the county extension office in Roseburg. They are especially designed for use in rural areas.

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

proposed use of them chiefly as devices to help guide production away from surpluses and shortages. It urged that crop controls be used only as a "last resort" to combat surpluses and shortages.

The report then added:

"Full output by industry will do more than anything else to maintain farm prosperity. . . . Failure of industry to keep pace with farm output is the major cause of farm depressions."

THAT is to say, if a BALANCE can be maintained between the prices of industrial products and the prices of farm products the situation will take care of itself. That goes back to the basically sound theory that if everybody can exchange his products for the other fellow's products on a fair and even basis prosperity will be self-perpetuating.

It is a sound theory, but so far we have never been able to maintain such an even exchange for

any considerable period of time. It is quite significant, however, that in the periods when supply and demand have maintained a generally even rate of exchange of goods and services we have had REAL prosperity in this country.

By "real" prosperity is meant, of course, prosperity that is self-supporting and not maintained artificially by law. Too many people obviously feel that our present "prosperity" is not of that kind. That explains the nervousness that is rather obviously prevalent.

It must be generally admitted that if an umbrella is to be put

over everybody else by law the farmer can't and won't be left out in the rain. The National Grange recognizes that fact. But in its session in Portland (Maine) it is certainly making plain its lack of confidence in our present system of controls and subsidies.

In a time when the world is drifting toward Socialism, that is at least an unusual development.

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