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IMPERATIVE PROGRAM

By CHARLES V. STANTON

We have received from our good friend John B. Ebinger of Klamath Falls a document which should be compulsory reading for every Oregonian. Ebinger is a member of the Legislative Interim Committee appointed to study the state's game management activities and policies. He represented the Oregon Division of the Izank Walton League on the Committee. He has prepared and filed a "separate" report because he believes the Committee's recommendations are not sufficient.

Ebinger's report doubtless will be described by the state's press as a "minority" report. It does not fall in that classification. It is, rather, a "supplemental" report, dealing with the whole subject of natural resources management rather than the one particular phase of fish and game.

Ebinger holds to the theory that management of fish and game cannot be separated from good forestry practice, conservation farming, watershed protection and restoration, and habitat development. Fish and game management, he believes, must have a "healthy relationship with its total environment."

If every young person and adult would read conscientiously the preamble to Ebinger's recommendations for creation of a State Department of Natural Resources, the conservation cause would be assured of many thousands of earnest advocates. He points out the serious depletion of our resources and shows the interdependency between these resources; how we continue to waste our heritage from Nature with prodigal hands in disregard of the fact that one civilization after another has been destroyed because its natural resources became exhausted. He points out the need for coordinated, long-range management of all resources, and proposes a plan for achieving that purpose.

He suggests creation of a State Department of Natural Resources under eight divisions—forestry, soil conservation, water conservation, sanitary authority, state lands, wildlife resources, minerals and geology, research and natural history. The department would function under a coordinator, with advisory boards and field research organizations in each department.

He urges the appointment of an interim committee by the next legislature to study procedure connected with the establishment of the proposed Natural Resources Department.

Ebinger's recommendation, as we view it, does not conflict with the report filed by the interim committee on game affairs. No true conservationist, we are sure, can quarrel with the plan for an over-all Department of Natural Resources. We will never do an effective job of conservation until we have such a department. Ebinger's chief objection to the committee report is that it is "inadequate" and only an "improvement of an outmoded form of wildlife administration."

It certainly is true that Oregon's natural resources structure—if by any stretch of the imagination we could say that we have a structure—is in need of rebuilding from top to bottom. This, however, does not preclude the fact that we need one room in which to live while reconstruction is in progress. Therefore we disagree with John that we should postpone overhauling our Game Department until the utopian Natural Resources Department is created. We would not discount any word in Ebinger's recommendations concerning the need for coordinated resources control, but we feel that reorganization of our Game Department along the lines proposed in the majority report is immediately imperative. Nothing in the reorganization would conflict with the over-all program. The Game Department, as revamped in accordance with the Committee's proposal, could be lifted in its entirety into the larger Department of Natural Resources by simply adding such authority as might be conferred through resources legislation.

Admittedly considerable time will be required to plan a Natural Resources Department and to frame suitable legislation. While this work is being done—a job that should be started without delay—we could have the advantage of an expanded Game Department program patterned on the Gabrielson report. Ebinger contends that the Game Commission as now constituted could do virtually everything proposed in the committee report, but we believe there should be legislative action on matters of reorganization and game code revision in conformity with the committee report while, at the same time, a start is made to develop the much larger and more comprehensive Natural Resources State Department.

Mystery Man of Japan's Political Trickery Dies

TOKYO, Dec. 21.—(AP)—Japan's modern mystery man of political intrigue died today.

He was 72-year-old Kōroku Tsuji. He had been accused of being involved in virtually every case of bribery uncovered since the occupation. He was said to have distributed millions of yen to politicians since the surrender.

U. S. occupation authorities had him under observation in several scandals concerning disposal of billions of yen worth of former military supplies which disappeared in black markets under government and occupation.

In one case Tsuji was alleged to have made a fortune by promising to deliver army uniforms to black marketeers. Nobody ever found the uniforms.

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

I was pursuing knowledge. It was HIS laundry. He was inordinately proud of it.

It wasn't much of a laundry, according to modern standards. His capital equipment consisted of a tub, a washboard, a stove and a couple of old "sad irons." Moy was never sad as he toiled over his irons. He was happy and contented. He was a business man in his own right.

Moy dampened his shirts for ironing by spraying them with water from his mouth. Germs were then things we'd heard of, but didn't have much faith in.

Be Sure to Keep Your Chimney Open



Scrap from the MENDING BASKET

By Viahnett S. Martin

"It's better than Christmas," one patron wrote, "to be able to send a list of books..."

Are you interested in ceramics, weaving, politics, puppets, art, poetry, music, singing, nature study, photography, anything at all in the way of a new or old interest, and wish you knew more about it, or could find the answer to a question perplexing you? Write the State Librarian, Salem, Ore. She will do the rest, routing your query to the proper desk, lending an interested ear, too.

One woman wrote: "I am in need of a book on adolescent psychology. Something to justify a 13-year-old boy for not wiping the mud off his shoes. Perhaps if I had such a book to read I could understand him better."

The State Library service is so friendly; no wonder the letters are as chatty as a back-fence interchange when the writer lives perhaps "50 miles from a P. O. and can't always get books back in at the proper time," she was apologizing for keeping a book overtime and sending the usual fine. Another wrote: "We are so far out in a rural place, usually a week transpires before our books arrive, and then it takes a week to return." The State Library service is as close to use as our mailbox! My books come so quickly it seems I just let go of the request and here's the book!

This 'Scrap' is in answer to a request from a reader, Mrs. O. G.

We had no inhibitions against wearing shirts that had been sprayed from Moy Sing Bo's mouth. What we didn't know didn't scare us.

MOY was more than laundry-man to us. He was friend and counselor as well. He advised us on clothes problems, girl problems, money troubles, grade troubles. His advice was distilled out of countless centuries of realistic Chinese experience. It stayed close to the grass roots, and was sound as a nut.

When we followed it, we were well off. When we disregarded it, grief was apt to arrive at a gallop.

Good old Moy! If we had him in the State Department these days, and if our striped-pants boys followed him as closely as we college boys used to, our China policy would be working out better.

THE trouble with reminiscence is that it flows on and on and on—like Old Man River. There is Lem Swartzlander. Lem ran the eating place where we college kids hung out. Even in these days, there had to be such a place in every college town. It provides a common meeting ground. There Sigma Nus can mingle with Beta Theta Pis. There "barb" and Greek are just American youngsters. Such a place is a universal club, with no lines drawn.

In those days, chili con carne was just entering the American

who writes: "When you first started your column in the News-Review you mentioned a traveling library in Oregon which sends out books... I would appreciate mention of it again in the column..." Thanks, Mrs. G.—there's nothing that pleases me more than to share with one more person who is unaware of the joy of knowing such a service is there for the asking. I so well remember the day Mrs. Flora Holt told me about it, during some days when I had need of books and couldn't get to town conveniently. It opened a wonderful world to me, missing the city libraries (as you also miss them, you say, Mrs. G.) had become really a drawback to country living!

The best way is to find out for yourself ALL the many ways the State Library in Salem can serve you; just write a letter or a post-al; they do the rest.

I might repeat they pay postage to you, but you are expected to keep track and send in the added-up postage in cash about once a month. There is a special book-rate of 4 cents for the first and 1 cent for each additional pound, so it is little. To return a book just put it in same envelope, paste on new label furnished with book (affix the same amount of postage, and that's it. Convenient—and oh such a blessing to country-dwellers. (Town-dwellers: just ask your town librarian about it.)

picture. The hamburger was still a thing of the future. Coke hadn't been invented. There was local prohibition, so no beer. Being caught drinking beer would have brought the bounce in exactly the time it took the story to reach the ears of the dean of men.

A lot of heavy sessions were held at Lem's counter over bowls of chili.

WE were always in debt to Lem. When we'd get him paid up, our spirits would soar and for a little while we'd be as free as a bird.

OUT OF DEBT! What a glorious feeling! Sometimes we'd luxuriate in our financial freedom for as much as a couple of hours.

Then we'd dash down and start getting into debt to Lem again. Such is life.

In those golden days, Hallowe'en was Hallowe'en. The least you thought of was taking some old sourpuss' buggy apart and re-

assembling it on top of his barn. (Cars were just beginning to come in, but they were too complex to be tinkered with. Besides, they were PROPERTY, and American youth has always had a certain inborn respect for PROPERTY.)

A crew of us was out one Hallowe'en night doing things we shouldn'ta. Along about midnight, we rendezvoused at Lem's. Lem tipped us off that the cops were on the prowl, but were using BLANKS in their guns.

We thanked him and went our reprehensible way, and about a half hour later, in an alley, the cops suddenly materialized and began to shoot. We ran—and we put our hearts into our running. At every shot, a bullet zipped right past my ear, whining like a banshee, and consultation later with my fellow fugitives disclosed the odd fact that each had had the same experience.

We were a mile from the spot, hid in the shrubbery and panting violently before we remembered Lem's tip-off about the blanks. Strangely enough, we felt LET DOWN when we did recall it. It would have been so much more exciting if there had been bullets in the cartridges.

Ah me! Those were the Golden Days.

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Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

NO BOTTOMLESS RESERVOIR

(Salem Statesman)

California voted itself a pension headache without the escape hatch of a bill clearly unworkable and unconstitutional. It moved pensions and blind aid up \$10 a month and lowered the minimum age to 63, freed relatives of duty to support their kin, and allowed beneficiaries to hold up to \$1500 in property. Also the bill named a woman to a \$12,000 job as pension administrator.

The budgeteers have been estimating the cost of the measure and find that the number of pensioners will be increased by about 95,000, and the costs will increase by \$86 million in the next fiscal year and nearly \$111 million in the year following. The bill, like Oregon's, put a lien on all moneys in the state treasury, so reserves that had been held for other state purposes may be raided as long as they hold out.

The San Francisco Chronicle, noting that the voters have put their state government "into a situation bordering on financial depression," says it will take increased taxes to feed the maw of the pension promoters "unless the state agencies are to be plundered or the state government as a whole sent spinning into a financial deficit."

What should give the public concern is not just the immediate problem of trying to finance ill-advised pension schemes but how to save democracy from itself. Many people think the public treasury is a bottomless reservoir and proceed by ballot to open wider the pipes draining it. There is grave danger they will exhaust public funds or pile up taxes so burdensome business and economic activity will suffocate.

Somebody is going to have to do some work around here if people are to eat and have houses and clothes. A majority vote doesn't raise a pound of potatoes or cut a stick of lumber or weave a yard of cloth. A political system that encourages sloth and discourages effort sows the seeds of its own decay. This is unpalatable gospel in these times, but it is grim truth.

The ibis, sacred bird of ancient Egypt, is related to the stork.

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Councilman Requests Prayers From Public

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Dec. 22.—(AP)—Councilman Edgar T. Morley yesterday added something new to the customary Yuletide greetings from city officials. Morley asked the public to pray for council.

"We are doing our best," he ob-

served, "but a few prayers won't hurt us a bit."

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