

The News-Review

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POLITICAL CONTROLS

By CHARLES V. STANTON

We wonder how many people who support a Columbia Valley authority project would accept the same type of management for their own businesses.

Would Joe Doakes, as the owner of the Doakes Hardware company, permit the mayor of the town to appoint three political henchmen to run his store, knowing full well that the three men would be selected for their political value to the mayor rather than their ability to run a hardware store?

Sounds silly, doesn't it? Yet, isn't that exactly what we propose to do under CVA?

Several Oregon cities have changed from council to manager form of government in recent years. Each city, before making the change, was extremely careful to safeguard representative government. Ordinances delegating authority to city managers preserve policy making in the hands of councils or commissions and contain provisions whereby managers may be removed from their positions with the least possible fuss whenever such action is justified.

How many cities would have a manager if the law provided that the manager was to be appointed by the governor of the state, who also would appoint the council or commissioners? The governor, we could be sure, would pay off political debts by such appointments. His appointees would be named because of their service to the governor or the political party rather than for their ability in city administration.

Who Would Manage CVA?

No individual would permit his business to be managed by political appointees, nor would a municipality voluntarily surrender the right of self-government. School consolidations are difficult to obtain because even in school districts the people want control in their own hands.

Yet we find many people beating the drums today in favor of a river valley administration, dictatorially controlled by a three-man board to be appointed by the President.

Who would the President appoint? We may be sure that appointments would reward party henchmen for their good and faithful service. The list of eligibles doubtless would include, among others, Mon Wallgren, Morton Tompkins, visionary "Jebbie" Davidson, Dick Neuberger, the sparkplug quarterback of Oregon's Socialist-Democrat party, etc.

Qualifications for members of the board of directors are that two shall be residents of the region, that each shall be a citizen of the United States, that no director shall be engaged in any other business or have a financial interest in a private power company and that "all members of the board shall be persons who profess a belief in the feasibility and wisdom of this Act." (The italics are ours.)

Nowhere does the act require that a director shall have any knowledge of business, conservation, engineering, economics, political science, or any other subject. The principal qualification is that he subscribe to the socialistic, or communistic, purpose of the CVA act.

Good Business Judgment Required

The Pacific Northwest is an empire within itself. Its natural resources contain potential wealth virtually unequalled in the world. Development of these resources demands the utmost business acumen and judgment. Resources as vital as are those of this region, if they are to be controlled, should be controlled by men having qualifications other than faithful service to a socialistic regime.

People who would never accept surrender of self-government in school districts or municipalities are being asked to permit controls over this regional empire from a board which could be strictly political. We find, in fact, some people actively supporting CVA who, when it comes to local affairs, are stern advocates of self-government and home rule.

If the principle of three-man, political appointment control is good for a regional authority, it is equally good for city management, or even for individual business management. On the other hand, if such control is not acceptable in local affairs it is not to be tolerated on a broader scale.

Dillard Women Attend Meeting At Myrtle Creek

The Umpqua Sub-district conference of the Women's Society of Christian Service met at Myrtle Creek Wednesday, March 29, with a large delegation from the Dillard church in attendance.

The business meeting was conducted by the zone president, Mrs. Paul Rummell, from Dillard. Devotions were led by Mrs. Franklin Fanger, Myrtle Creek; the welcome address by Mrs. Stanley Bochtel, Myrtle Creek; response by Mrs. Price, Elkton, and round table discussion by local presidents led by Mrs. Marian Cobb, Roseburg, district promotion secretary Mrs. George Blinckhorn, Eugene, talked on "Methodist Women Organized for Service."

Potluck luncheon was served at noon in the church dining room. The afternoon session was opened with colored slides, and a duet by Mrs. Kenneth Kinney and Mrs. Art Wilken, Myrtle Creek. Mrs. Arthur Marsh from Lookingglass and Mrs.

Erne Taylor, Canyonville each gave a talk.
The Dillard women who drove to Myrtle Creek were: Mrs. Beth Gordon, Mrs. Cornelia Smith, Mrs. E. O. Nickerson, Mrs. Carol Hercher, Rev. and Mrs. Appleyard, Mrs. Edna Gasford, Mrs. Mildred Mahoney, Mrs. Betty McGee, Mrs. Belle Clark, Mrs. Mercy Buell, Mrs. Stella Finnell, Mrs. Jo Lesher, Mrs. Nora Williams, Mrs. Helen Rummell and Mrs. Rosa Heimbach.

No Red Interference As France Gets U. S. Planes

BIZERTE, French Tunisia, April 3.—(P)—American planes given France under the Atlantic pact were unloaded here today by French sailors.

There was no interference from Communists, who have been campaigning throughout western Europe to stop arms shipments.

The planes—48 navy fighters and bombers—were brought to Tunis on the French aircraft carrier Dixmude, from Norfolk, Va.
The planes were taken off the ship and towed by jeeps to the Kairouba air-naval bases.

Well, At Least It's A Beginning—



In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

OUS. It's too grim. So let's get over on the lighter side.

N San Francisco, the Associated Home Builders were holding a banquet. As a part of the program, a dancer was doing one of those athletic dances. She did a back bend. It was a wow, and the banqueters began throwing coins.

A fo' bit piece hit the gal in the mouth and CHIPPED HER FRONT TEETH. She's suing the association for \$1500.

I HOPE she collects. This business of throwing coins to entertainers was hot stuff back in the feudal ages, when the peasant's daughter danced in the feudal noble's hall, and the knights and the counts and the margraves and the dukes threw money to her.

As a matter of fact, that is how the whole institution of tipping got started. The high-borns tossed coins to the low-borns who pleased their masters.

Most tippers in these days tip for the same reason. The giving of a tip feeds their ego.

N Omaha, a police inspector blows his top. Fake alibis given by husbands to their wives to explain being out too late, or something, are causing the cops a lot of trouble, he complains.

"Invariably they claim they were stuck up or rolled. The wife calls us, or makes sure the husband calls us, to tell about it. Actually it takes more work and time to check these phony stories than it does to run down a bona fide case."

WELL, you'll have to admit that the men don't always stick together. Husbands are always men. Cops are usually men. Yet back there in Omaha a man cop spills the works and ruins alibis for all the errand runners in the town.

ONE more little tale from the news that clicks off the wires: Down in Atlanta, in the Deep South, a bandit in full drug store cowboy regalia walked into a laundry office, pulled two shiny guns on a woman clerk, ordered her to "stick 'em up!" grabbed a crippled children's collection box containing about \$5 in small change and vanished into the night.

He was a youngster about eight years old, and his shiny guns were cap pistols!

JOKE about it? I can't. It's too serious. I want to cry.

The poor little devil! He thought he was doing something smart and bold and grown-up, and unless he's luckier than anyone can really hope for and his case is handled with great delicacy and understanding and human sympathy he may be headed for the juvenile court, and then for the reform school, and then FOR THE PENITENTIARY. Once inside penitentiary walls, the chances are he'll come out a hardened and finished criminal.

That's the way too many of our penitentiaries work.
Chives, an onion-like green, may be raised the year round in flower pots just like any other house plant.



By Viachett S. Martin

I should have known what would happen! Any home-keeper knows! But, mercy, the rain was hammering down so hard that I was sure no one would be here—not even Oregonians. E J was comfortably snoozing on the davenport with the Sunday paper scattered all about him. This was the time to sort over a box of things which I had packed up one day because I couldn't look at many of the things without tears—and neither could I destroy them.

At the time the share that concerned one son had been wailed aside: "Oh, Mom, what do I want with stuff about the O'Bannon and the Kadashan Bay? I was on 'em, wasn't I? I remember too much as it is. . . . No, I don't want that either—" he rejected the Presidential Citation—"I felt like a fool out there in the middle of the quarter-deck, getting it, while the ship's company stood looking. Everybody in the Pacific was in the same fix. . . . nobody knew which minute—oh, heck, you keep the stuff if you want it, Mom!"

But now there is a pretty young daughter-in-law, as yet not seen, and a little son, as I would sort out those things and put here on the range top. The things I am going to burn—it's easier to burn things in a fireplace!—shall go over here

and another shot. He and the station attendant, Ronald Bellavance, found the door locked, broke a window, and saw the two sprawled on the floor of the four-foot by four-foot room.

Bellavance drove here to phone for an ambulance and notify police.

Ayers said Stillwell told him he could not account for the shootings but Mrs. Patrick had often been moody.

Mother Wounds Herself After Killing Her Son
CHEMULT, Ore., April 3.—(P)—A little boy died beside his gravely wounded mother in a gasoline service station rest room Friday.

The mother, Mrs. Lola Patrick, 26, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hayward of Route 1, Jefferson, was rushed to Klamath Valley hospital at Klamath Falls.

The automatic pistol that had snuffed out the boy's life was locked side the mother when the locked door was broken down.

"I just couldn't go on like this; I just couldn't," State Patrolman Jim Ayers quoted her as saying. "I'm not fit to live."

He asked her why she shot her son in the little station at Beaver Marsh, seven miles south of here and some 68 miles north of Klamath Falls on the Dalles-California highway.

"I didn't want to leave him behind," was her answer.

The boy, Lyndell Patrick, 6 years old, died outright from a bullet wound in the chest. The mother also was shot in the chest.

Ayers said Shelby Edison Stillwell, 35, of Sheridan, was their companion in the car that brought them to Beaver Marsh. This is his story as reported by Ayers.

Mrs. Patrick, divorced in Denver in 1945, had been living with her parents. Monday she left home, taking her son and a pistol and went by bus to San Francisco. From there she phoned Stillwell with whom she had been keeping company. He said he'd drive down and get her.

"Tick's" Tips On Veterans Hospital

By L. J. "Tick" Malarkey

Last Monday in the hustle and hurry to get things packed for a cruise down stream there simply wasn't time to get really acquainted with the two Red Cross girls who were with us that day. Called the News-Review and told Warren Mack that the "top brass" were among us and that in "Private M's" opinion a picture for the paper would be a fine idea. "O. K.," said Warren.

So Milton "Mickey" Hard with his camera, got on the balls of his feet and by this "pecking" no doubt five lovely ladies have smiled at our readers from the sheets of this paper. Just briefly did your Old Reporter get to bat the breeze because Barbara Phinney and Alice Prall were being double timed throughout every department of Roseburg VA hospital. Marjorie Warson who has succeeded Maryana Peterson was doing the honors with the help of every department head.

Barbara Phinney is with the Red Cross stationed in Washington, D. C.

Alice Prall works directly under Barbara's supervision out of the San Francisco office. Veterans hospitals in this field and specialty. Official titles this writer doesn't worry over. All he knows is what he saw—in short the girl from Washington and the girl from San Francisco have what it takes. They know their way around; they have been at their profession for quite a spell. They understand the many problems of a disabled veteran. They get along fine with em.

Please pardon the personal reference. In a scrap book at home are the letters received from each of our three sons while they were overseas in this last Big Parade and Argument. From son Donald, while he was in England before the 101st Airborne dropped into Normandy, is a letter. A quote follows:

"Dad, I don't know what we would do without the Red Cross over here. They do everything for us." The date of this letter is just before Christmas 1943. Sounds that this may be marley because of the fact that there is a membership drive on. The quotes are just as Donald wrote them—they are gospel truth.

Homesickness is one hell of a disease. Here this Greybeard was in the restaurant of the Coquille hotel at 7 o'clock in the morning debating within himself whether or no to take the 9:30 bus back to Roseburg today (Thursday) or to go up Saturday morning—as originally planned—with Earl "Spike" Leslie when he comes to the Valley of the Umpqua to attend a track clinic out at Finley Field. Not so homesick now.

Why? Because 13 fellows from Roseburg are in this hotel. Haven't got all their names yet but they are a line crew for the California Oregon Power Co. who are in this district doing a job that will take another week or so. We only had a moment or two to yak yak but all of their names will be mine, and in a paragraph or two that will be written, after they come in from their detail tonight.

How did that song go? Something like this:

"Gee, but ain't it great to meet a guy from your home town."

Anne and Charlie Ricketts were in the lobby last evening at dinner time. They had paused for "chow down" on their way upstream from North Bend. Seems as the Charming Charlie had sold an organ to a customer in Coos Bay's neighboring city and was following up his sale with service. And Anne was beautiful with a camellia as a corsage. Sat and visited for a few moments. When one thinks of the work that Anne Ricketts does out by the Grove, volunteer, for the Bambos, Greybeards and Kids one wonders where all of the energy is stored to make it possible.

Some day we will write the story of Celia Day. She is in charge of the registrars office, VA hospital, Roseburg. And what an efficient job the smiling Day girl does! There are some mighty things Malarkey knows about Celia Day; things he knows that she doesn't know he knows.

For instance the fact that she was with the Red Cross in Australia and New Guinea when the going was really tough for our boys down under.

"Tick, you quit bothering me about a story. I'm too busy. Any way the best story in this department is one you can get from Maxine Elliott. You write that one first and then some day when I'm not too busy here come in."

When Maxine was told my mission she blushed and fled.

So like Casey, with the bases loaded, the batter struck out.

No story—no nothin'.

Jovial Joe Betley and his canteen, Gee, but it would be good to

THAT'S MY ANSWER

MUNCIE, Ind.—(P)—When Sheriff W. Pete Anthony raided a Shamrock club bingo game recently, he arrested Harry Dowling Jr., on a charge of operating a gaming house.

Dowling's retort came Saturday—he announced he'll run against Anthony for the Republican nomination for sheriff in the May primary.

belly up to his bar and have a cup of coffee and a yesterday's do-nut—on The House.

"30" now "Tick."

P. S.—Forgot to mention that the crab fishermen are able to leave for the sea—bar is not bad now—and if they can find any of their traps still intact, there are some gentlemen in the News-Review news room who might be licking their chops over some ocean caught jumbo crabs.

Big surf down here for over a week.

"30"—Again.

PHONE 100
between 6:15 and 7 p. m., if you have not received your News-Review.
Ask for Harold Mobley

Now you Know!



QUESTION: We plan to leave on a long vacation motor trip within the next couple of weeks and a friend suggests that we take out a special theft insurance policy on our luggage, jewelry and other valuables which we take with us. Can you tell me whether we can get a short term policy of this kind and whether its cost is low enough so it would pay us to buy it?

ANSWER: Ordinarily, if you already have a Residence Theft policy on your valuables, the simplest and most economical thing for you to do would be to have the "inlet away" from the premium clause added to it and to pay the small additional premium. This coverage is usually a good deal broader than that given by a "personal effects" floater policy which you would buy for the duration of your trip. If you don't have a Residence Theft policy, you should consult your insurance agent about it before buying any other form of insurance.

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