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THE EASTER MESSAGE

St. Matt. 28: 1-7

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

"And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: Lo, I have told you."

St. Mark 16: 1-8

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

And he said unto them, "Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

"But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: There shall ye see him as he said unto you."

St. Luke 24: 1-9

Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments:

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

"He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,

"Saying, 'The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.'"

And they remembered his words,

And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest.

St. John 20: 11-18

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself, and saith unto him, "Rabboni;" which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Housing Program Expansion Voted

WASHINGTON, April 7 (AP)—The House Thursday approved without opposition an expansion of almost \$4,000,000 in the federal housing program.

The measure provides special aids for veterans' housing, including a new \$150,000,000 program of direct loans for ex-GIs.

Administration leaders expected quick Senate passage to send the compromise legislation to President Truman. They expect, too, that the president will sign it although it is far from what he recommended.

Both Houses rejected Mr. Truman's proposal for a \$2,000,000,000 co-op home-building program for middle income families.

The bill provides \$2,250,000,000 additional authority for the federal Housing Administration (FHA) to carry on its program of insur-

Angell Backs McCarthy In Attack On State Dept.

PORTLAND, April 7 (AP)—Rep. Homer D. Angell (R-Ore) supports Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis) in his attack on the State Department.

"I cannot see there is any reason why the loyalty reports by the state department should not be given to the committee (a state foreign relations subcommittee investigating loyalty). The department needs a good overhauling and they ought to clean house," Angell asserted.

He is here during the Easter recess of the House.

Angell's proposal for a \$500,000,000 more FHA mortgage insurance for apartment dwellings to cover applications received before that program expired March 1; and a \$250,000,000 mortgage program to cover low cost houses for sale in so-called distant suburban areas.

And So To Bed . . .



In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

that they are following the governmental "line" and are telling the people what government thinks it is best for the people to be told.

More or less ALL OVER THE WORLD at this moment in history that seems to be the attitude of governments toward the people.

THIS comes from Paris:

"The French Communists today REAFFIRMED THEIR PROMISE THAT THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE WILL NEVER MAKE WAR AGAINST THE SOVIET UNION."

The promise is contained in a telegram from the French Communists to Stalin himself and the central committee of the Soviet Communist party in Moscow.

THAT is to say:

The French Communists not only PLEDGE THEMSELVES that they will never fight their comrades in Russia, they go farther. They pledge to Stalin and the Russian Communist government that THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE will never make war on Russia.

That is going pretty far. The French Communists evidently have a lot of confidence in their ability to HANDLE FRANCE.

My personal opinion is that they are not over-stating the case. I don't believe France WILL fight Russia—regardless of what we do in the way of providing her with arms and other help.

QUITE surprisingly, Harry Bridges is convicted of perjury. He swore, when he applied for U. S. citizenship papers in 1945, that he never was a Communist. A federal jury in San Francisco, after listening for weeks to the evidence, decides that he lied under oath.

I HAVE the feeling a few years ago the jury would have acquitted him. It was a different world then. Communism was just a word. It didn't mean much to us. It is different now. The truth about it is beginning to soak into us.

We are beginning to recognize Russian Communism for the grisly and terrible thing it is.

A FEW years ago, Alger Hiss wouldn't have been convicted (he, too, by the way, was found guilty of having perjured himself). I doubt if four or five years ago the Russian Gubitchev could have been convicted by an American jury. Or the Coplon girl. Our mood then was different.

The black cloud of Communism hadn't yet begun to darken the sun in our sky.

I'm sorry for Bridges. I'm sorry for any man possessing great ability as a leader who sells himself to a cause such as Communism. But I can't help agreeing with the jury.

What Bridges has done has tended to WEAKEN America—not to strengthen her. No one who has seen the great port of San Francisco—one of the finest in the world—lying idle and helpless and useless for months at a time in REPEATED instances can doubt that. Weakening America isn't good for longshoremen or any other working men.

IT IS GOOD FOR RUSSIA.

Escapes from the MENDING BASKET

By Viannett S. Martin

Easter—and Faith. How sweetly do the two words go together. And at this time of year especially, everywhere we look, the Easter message is gently spoken to us by nature. To be sure, I suppose—like a radio—one's tuning apparatus needs to be adjusted. Yet I remember one day when my "tuning apparatus" was most emphatically out of reach. Yet the Easter message reached through the static of resentful, rebellious thinking.

I was sitting in the grape-arbor when one of the boys dashed through, brushing off his face a dew-wet cobweb. Suddenly I was alone, and I just sat. Listening for the still small voice that should quiet my turbulent heart.

And then—scarcely aware at first, I noticed a spider mending the torn web. Thanks to a loving Dad who had drawn my attention in childhood to the beauty and intricacy and skill used in a spider's web, I became interested, so interested I forgot why I was there . . .

If the spider fussed because its long, hard work had gone for naught, I was not able to hear. All I saw was a ruined web, a tiny craftsman, and a perfectly self-dependent skill that knew just what to do and lost no time doing it. Even if the spider sat back at the finish and claimed all the credit, its skill and the material with which it worked—all its need right at hand—were given to it by something higher than itself—the divine Creator.

I have been inspired many a time by the lesson in a spider's web. I had no need to wait for the little spinner to finish its weaving. I knew the web would be finished—and if broken, begun again. Surely I could do as much.

Who of us fails to have a dream broken? A cherished plan that seems to end in disappointment? Shall we sit down and sigh and wring our hands? Waste time in resentment at the breaker of the web?

Or shall we, like the busy, confident, competent little weaver, pick up the broken threads and go on? The Italians have a proverb: "God gives the thread for the web before."

Easter—and Faith. How sweetly the words go together. Everywhere about us Nature is offering us the Easter message.

Boss, Lieutenant Lay Side By Side
 KANSAS CITY, April 8 (AP)—Friends and political followers of faction boss Charles Binaggio and his strong-arm aide, Charles Gargotta, filed past their caskets today.

The two, found slain together early Thursday morning in their first district Democratic club, lay side by side in death.

Hundreds viewed the bodies last night. Small traffic jams clogged the area of the funeral home.

But no progress in searching for clues in their murder was reported.

Police continued to question associates of the dead men yesterday. Stories that Binaggio had failed to deliver after a promise to open up the state for gambling were checked as police included men listed as gamblers in their quizzes.

And out-of-town trips, especially to St. Louis, were scanned.

In a copyrighted story the St. Louis Star-Times has reported that Binaggio practically received a death sentence in that city last January. The paper said gamblers were angry because of Binaggio's inability to open up gambling after accepting heavy loans in the state political campaign two years ago.

A search through the safe in the club where the two men were found shot in the head was planned this morning.

But nothing to lead to the killers was expected. Henry McKissick, president of the club, told police last night only a list of club members could be found in the safe.

Pinball Machines Taken In Raid; Arrests Follow
 PORTLAND, April 8. (AP)—Pinball machines were confiscated in seven establishments here Thursday night in a police vice squad raid.

Owners or employes were arrested in the raids. Defendants posted \$500 bail each and hearing was set for next Thursday.

Sgt. David Anderson of the vice squad said the raids were prompted by numerous complaints of cash payoffs on pinball machines.

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DIME-A-DOZEN SKETCHES

By PAUL JENKINS

The temptation to generalize upon characteristics one observes in the people of a foreign nationality is almost overwhelming to any visitor, I suppose. An American, for instance, who spends a few days in Vancouver or Winnipeg or Quebec is quite likely upon returning home, to peg all Canadians by the standard of the few individuals who happened to come under his more intimate observation.

This is an error I have no intention of committing. An all too limited stay recently in Vancouver, British Columbia, indicated to me that while Canadians may possess a few so-called national characteristics in common, such as their infantry may wear a similar uniform, as individuals they differ to an astonishing degree.

Our waitress was the personification of all that was efficient and so polite that I found my attention centering upon her. After my having thanked her for refilling my coffee cup, she came back with an "Oh, thank YOU!" so fast it made my head swim. No one was able to get the last "thank you" with that girl. She was meticulous in her speech as well as in her actions, and no word but pure English (or the British Columbia version of it) passed her lips. That is, not until the last course was laid upon the table and I had occasion to make a confidential request (strictly business) which must have surprised her. She gave me a quick flash of perfect teeth and said "Okay!" and forgot to thank me. Couldn't generalize upon that, could you?

I don't know whether all Canadians are polite, or whether some of them aren't. But I do know the young couple were, who met me head on as I blithely wheeled along a street in the University grounds — but going the wrong way in a one-way lane. "Sorry, sir," the young man shouted cheerfully as he turned aside to allow me to pass, "but you're in the wrong lane!" Had this incident occurred at home both of these people, male and female, would have grabbed monkey wrenches, leaped from their car and cursing savagely, would have borne down upon me with a real do murder. I would have done the same thing, myself.

Don't believe all you hear about the Canadian "reserve" either. Don't generalize on that. At a noted playground and observation spot along the seawall in Stanley park, always heavily patronized by Vancouverites, we stopped for the view, and my brother-in-law and I for something else. We found the rest rooms locked, but surrounded by a throng of Canadians, young and old, who had thrown "reserve" to the four winds. They were trying to tear the place down and unless someone came quickly and unlocked the doors I imagine they succeeded. Bystanders who had spent the day in the vicinity told me the place had withstood fourteen assaults in force, and just naturally couldn't hold out much longer. I don't think the besiegers could, either.

Stanley park occupies a peninsula extending into Burrard inlet not far from the latter's junction with the Strait of Georgia and the Pacific ocean. Across the inlet lies a narrow moraine upon which North Vancouver sits, then, rising precipitously, grandly, and magnificently rugged, stand the tremendous snow-mantled mountains which place had withstood fourteen assaults in force, and just naturally couldn't hold out much longer. I don't think the besiegers could, either.

Customs officials, on either side of the border, occasion the casual visitor very little inconvenience. They question him as to his residence, place of birth and demand complete car records; ask if he carries any firearms, his planned length of stay and, on his way out of Canada, how much money he spent while there. They are alert outfits, both ours and the Canadians, as they need to be. They recognize that most of their visitors are innocent of intention and therefore harmless; but they must be quick to spot the few who deliberately and often for very malign purposes attempt to slip past them . . . It seems that each country is much more concerned with what one brings into it, than that which he may take out.

"Children of a Common Mother" is the sentiment engraved upon a

ence of Christian conscience so that it would take a more realistic responsibility in political situations . . .

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great archway spanning the border, a sentiment subscribed to, I imagine, by both nations. It is an expressive one and its connotations explain in no small degree the amity in which the two countries dwell.

Ninety percent of the people of Scotland live in a narrow strip between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

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