

Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the
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Member of The Associated Press

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1920, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by



San Francisco—235 Bush Street.
Los Angeles—322 South Spring
Street.
Seattle—602 Stewart Street.
Chicago—310 North Michigan Ave.
Detroit—225 Stephenson Blvd.
New York—21 East 40th Street.
Portland—Bedell Bldg.



Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$1.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, .60
Daily, 3 months by mail, .30
Daily, single month by mail, .10
Daily, by carrier per month, .10

National Conventions.

THE city of Cleveland, Ohio, has
been chosen as the convention
city by the republicans. In Cleve-
land in 1936 will be nominated a
man to oppose Franklin D. Roose-
velt. We need not hesitate a mo-
ment in making the assumption
that Roosevelt will be nominated
to succeed himself. Doubtless the
democratic party will hold a con-
vention too but it will be a very
quiet affair. Do you remember the
1932 democratic convention? Pos-
sibly the most dramatic event of
its kind in the history of this coun-
try. The democrats knew that they
were almost certain to elect a
president and the competition in
the ranks of the leaders was in-
tense. It will not be that way this
time. There is no other outstanding
leader in the party so the 1936
convention of the democrats will
be merely a routine—nominating
Roosevelt.

But the republicans smell vic-
tory. Discontent with the new deal
seems to be growing and the re-
publican orators and publicity
men are fanning the flame. The re-
publican nominee will have nearly
an even break—at least republicans
believe he will—so there is great
competition for the republican
nomination.

At the present writing Governor
Landon of Kansas is outstanding
but his candidacy was endorsed by
William Randolph Hearst which
may down him, coming as it does
this early in the day. Hamilton
Fish of New York says he will be
a candidate if William E. Borah
of Idaho does not offer himself. Col.
Frank Knox, Chicago publisher, at-
tends of Michigan is "prominently
mentioned." Last in our list, but
by no means least is ex-President
Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover has
made no commitment and will
probably not become an active can-
didate for the nomination although
it is generally assumed that he will
accept the nomination if the con-
vention asks him to do so.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

complaint on this account.

This complaint has led the park
service to make an investigation,
and for some time two men from
the wildlife division of the nation-
al park service have been in the
Lava Beds country. As a result
of the findings of these men, it is
probable that at least one park
service trapper will be kept in the
Lava Beds for two or three
months next spring.

This trapper will devote his at-
tention principally to coyotes.

IN CONNECTION with his work,
some interesting investigations
are to be made.

The stomachs of all coyotes taken
will be preserved and sent to the
laboratories of the western
headquarters of the national park
service in San Francisco, and there
analyzed to determine the princi-
pal food of these animals.

Some interesting facts ought to
come out of these investigations.

THE coyote is generally regard-
ed as about the most worthless
of western wild animals, and every
man's hand is against him. Only
his own native cunning, which is
great, preserves him. He is about
as smart as they come.

He is a chicken thief. He is a
lamb killer. He is a slayer of
lambs and calves. He has a con-
suming appetite for young ducks
and geese. About his only recom-
mendation is that he is also a
heavy consumer of jackrabbits,
which become a serious pest if

permitted to get out of their nat-
ural balance.

It will be worth while to get
some actual figures on just what
the coyote does eat, and in what
proportions. If the park service
can provide us with this informa-
tion, it will be doing a service.

IT'S really a pity that the park
service can't at the same time
do some investigating of the pel-
ican, which is the patron bird of
the Klamath country and as such
is highly regarded by everyone
over in that country.

But some nasty charges are be-
ing leveled at the pelican. It is
said, for example, that each pel-
ican eats at least 10 pounds of fish
per day, and since there are esti-
mated to be some 5000 pelicans in
the Klamath country it is appar-
ent (if the 10 pounds per day esti-
mate is accurate) that they dis-
pose of around 25 tons of fish
daily.

That runs up into a lot of fish
in the course of a summer.

BUT, the defender of the pelican
will answer, these are chiefly
fish of the poorer type, such as
mullet and chubs; the trout being
swift enough to escape.

Another theory enters here.
Mullet, chub and other fish of this
type consume the larvae of the
midges, which are such an unhol-
y pest in the summer season over
there and prevent Klamath from
being a great resort lake. It seems
obvious that if the pelicans eat
the midges, that would otherwise
eat the midges, the midges are
going to get out of balance. As, goodness knows, they
have.

And so it goes. This problem of
the balance of nature is one that
we haven't yet solved. Perhaps it
might be a good idea to sic the
New Dealers onto it.

KRNR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

Morning Program

6:30—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock club.

7:30—News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Alarm Clock club con-

tinued.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Tonic Tunes.

10:00—Woman's Exchange.

10:30—Guest Artist.

11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun

Fest.

11:15—As You Like It—request

program.

Afternoon Program

12:05—Popo's "Auto Pete."

12:20—News-Review News Broad-

cast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Var-

ieties.

1:00—San Soule Turkey Show.

1:15—Pal LaClair—Pete Wright.

1:45—Vanity Fair.

2:00—Guest Artist.

2:15—Story Land (for children).

2:30—Hills of Yesterday.

2:45—Ward Cummings—Veterans

of Foreign Wars.

3:00—Salon Music.

4:00—The Editor Views the

News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun and

Frolic.

4:30-4:45—Mrs. Victor Clark,

guest artist.

Oregon Editors' Comment

COMMENDED

(Myrtle Creek Mail)

The Roseburg News-Review is to
be highly commended for its for-
ward-looking step in service to the
people of its territory through its
decision to install a radio broad-
casting station. This new station,
KRNR, has been installed and was
tested and ready for service by the
date set for it to go on the air
Wednesday, December 11.

Many manifestations of pleas-
urable interest in the enterprise
are heard by the people of this sec-
tion, where the Daily Review is
read and enjoyed.

Day-time service only will be giv-
ing for the present. For the pres-
ent broadcasting will begin at 6:30
a. m. and cease at 6:00 p. m.

DR. WOODWORTH'S FIELD IS WIDENED

Appointment of Dr. H. W. Wood-
worth as district supervisor of
community sanitation for district
No. 2, of the state of Oregon, com-
prising twelve counties of western
Oregon, has been announced. His
place as supervisor of community
sanitation for Douglas county will
be taken by John E. Jones, a resi-
dent of Douglas county since 1930,
who for the past year has been
employed as assistant purchasing
agent and property accountant by
the Umpqua national forest. He
will continue the work, started by
Dr. Woodworth. Much interest has
been shown by groups and indi-
viduals of Douglas county in the
sanitation program, and a success-
ful program is indicated, Dr. Wood-
worth reports.

REVIVAL SERVICES TO BE CONTINUED

Special revival services at the
Pentecostal mission, 137 Sheridan
street, are to be continued through-
out the week. Pastor J. W. Gander
reports. The meetings, conducted
by Evangelist Hettie Bailey of San
Jose, Calif., are growing in inter-
est, the pastor states. He invites
the people to attend.

Happy Hold Up!



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XII

"The worst of it is, Stuart," Mrs.
Standing went on, "he said that
the story had come out in a New
York tabloid."

Sharlene turned swiftly from
the window. "That means the
newspapers here will have it in
the morning, if they don't get out
an extra tonight. What a thing to
do to me!"

"Is there anything we can do,
Emily," Stuart asked, "to stop the
story here? Have you any influ-
ence?"

"Precious little, when it comes
to a story like this. I can try to
give the reporters—"

"You can't do anything, mother!
Facts are facts. I've been flitted
ditched. Sharlene Standing—
flung aside like an old glove! It
will make swell reading for the
servant girls and many others!"

Stuart jumped to his feet abrupt-
ly, strode across the room, and de-
clared bitterly, "If I could only do
something!"

Sharlene suddenly went straight
to him, looked into his eyes, and
said: "You can, Stuart. . . . Will
you marry me? At once?"

"What—what?" he stuttered, too
stunned to be aware that the
heaven of his dreams was opening
before his eyes.

"I mean it. I wouldn't ask it if I
didn't know you wouldn't mind."
"Why—why, of course, Shar-
lene. I'd do anything in the world
for you."

Mrs. Standing relaxed suddenly
and put her head down on her desk
with a choked sob. Neither Shar-
lene nor Stuart heard her.

"I've not much to give you—
right now, Stuart. For some time,
I'll be raw and mean, I'm afraid.
But I've always been fond of you,
and always happy in your compan-
ionship. You're really my very
best friends, Stuart. And I'll
love you home day, the way you
deserve."

"That's all right, Sharlene. I love
you enough for two. But—other-
wise—I've nothing to give, dear."
"Hush! I'm taking advantage of
you just because I'm in a nickle. It
isn't fair—unless you want me."

"I want you," he said it very
low.

They clasped hands and looked
at each other earnestly, unsmil-
ingly. Mrs. Standing got up, wiped
her eyes, and went over to put
her arms about them both at
once.

"I can be glad," she said, "that
this dreadful thing has happened,
if it brings you two together."
"Oh, no sentiment, please,
mother! I—I can't bear it right
now."

There was a tap at the door and
Mrs. Standing's secretary came in
bearing a huge white box in her
arms and beaming at Sharlene.

"Here's another wedding present,
Miss Standing. And there's a Mr.
M. L. Gough on the telephone. He
insists that it's urgent. He's a re-
porter calling from San Francisco."

"I'll take the call here," Mrs.
Standing went back to her desk
as the girl retired.

"It's come," said Sharlene app-
rehensively, "the horrible publicity!"
Mrs. Standing was using the
telephone. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . I
don't know the details, but I'm not
surprised. . . . No, no, we're not
particularly interested. You see—
my daughter is in a marrying
stunt. . . . Yes, close friends for
years. . . . A woman's prerogative,
you know. . . . No, no, not here.
I'll give you details of the wed-

ding tomorrow. . . . Yes, pictures
and everything. Come up tomor-
row at noon. . . . No, I won't be
here until then. Goodbye."

She put down the receiver and
looked up at the two silent young
people. "Well, the die is cast—
they'll be right out."

"Oh, let's hurry!" exclaimed
Sharlene distractedly.

"Wait," observed Stuart, "isn't
there a California law about three
days before we can be married?"

"There is," said Sharlene. She
had reason to know. Kent had
been in such haste to file inten-
tion to wed that they had gone
down to the courthouse together
days ahead of time. He must have
been afraid, even then, that the
other woman would call him back.

He had begged her again and again
to hurry up the wedding. What a
coward he had shown himself to be
at every turn.

"There's always Mexico," said
Mrs. Standing, "but I hate that
idea. It doesn't seem quite proper,
somehow."

Another tap at the door and
Brooks appeared. "Mr. Lucien
Morrow to see Mr. Pennington."

"Oh, show him up here, Brooks,"
directed Mrs. Standing. The but-
ler brought three packages into
view, and permitted himself a
smile toward Sharlene. "More
wedding presents, Miss. After his
departure there was silence until
Lucien boomed in.

"How are you, Mrs. Standing? Hello,
Sharlene. You're both look-
ing marvelous! Hi, Stuart! Great
smiles, look at the loot!" His ad-
miring eye took in the wedding
presents.

"I know you're busy
and I don't want to interrupt, but
I've got great news for Stuart.
Julie said he was here, so I took
the liberty."

"Of course," said Mrs. Stand-
ing. "Sit down and tell us the
news—if it isn't a secret."

"No secret. I got a thousand dol-
lar bonus from the company for
finishing my picture under sched-
ule. Unexpected! Pretty slick,
what?" He rubbed his hands glee-
fully.

"Why, that's great," said Stuart
uncertainly. His brain was whirl-
ing with Sharlene just then.

"The wife doesn't know about it,"
Lucien explained with a wink.
"She wasn't counting on it for her
trip. So I spent it for myself! Know
what I did? I went down to
Abe Foreman, Stuart, and I
bought 'Sun Smiling Through
Clouds' before anybody else could
bid on it. I made Abe take his
commission out of the check, and
here's the rest of the money for
you!"

He hauled out a roll of bills and
pressed it into Stuart's nervous
hand. The artist was completely
bewildered.

"I can't have the picture until
the exhibit is over, but by that
time the wife will be gone to Eu-
rope and I'm going to hang it
over the fireplace in my own den.
There, I'm king. He slapped Stu-
art on the back. "Say, what's
the water here?" He looked from
one stricken face to another. "I
begin to sense an atmosphere.
Anything wrong? Have I barged
into something?"

"Mr. Morrow," said Mrs. Stand-
ing, "I dare say you were never
more welcome anywhere in your
life. What we need terribly is a
good director. Tell me, if you had
to direct a real wedding scene im-
mediately, what would you do?"

"Fly to Yuma, Arizona," an-
swered Lucien promptly. "Every-
body's doing it. Who's getting

married—besides Sharlene?"
"Stuart!"

"You are, old man? How did you
hook her?"

"No, he didn't; I hooked him,"
said Sharlene wryly.

"You don't say? . . . So you
ditched the New York play-boy, eh,
Sharlene? Well, I'll be."

"He ditched me. . . . See tomor-
row's papers for full details."

"I'll tell you all about it in a min-
ute," broke in Mrs. Standing. "But
right now we must attend to Stu-
art and Sharlene. Will you help
us get them off to Yuma?"

"Rather. Why, that's right in
my line—reminds me of my assist-
ant director days! I'll get Yuma
long distance from here and make
all arrangements at that end for
license and preacher. Then I'll
charter a plane. . . ."

His voice died away as he sat
down before the telephone and be-
gan calling numbers.

Sharlene's face crumpled
suddenly and she buried it against
Stuart's arm. "Oh, why did he have
to do this to me?" she cried into
the rough towel.

Stuart held her very tenderly.
Mrs. Standing hurried to them
with instant apprehension. Shar-
lene must not weaken now.

"Come, Sharlene," she said
briskly, "you'll have to tell Katie
what you want to take. Stuart will
have to pack. Not a minute to
lose. What do you think of flying
up to San Francisco—Yuma?"
You could catch the boat for Hon-
olulu."

Sharlene straightened up. "Yes—
that's it; I want to go away."

"All right, then, I'll send Katie
and your trunk up to San Fran-
cisco on tonight's train."

Stuart was bewildered by all
these swift plans for dashing
around about and up and down
the earth. He had never been
able to do things with such mag-
nificent recklessness. In the midst
of the whirl he found time to be
glad that he had nearly fourteen
hundred dollars in his pocket from
the sale of his two pictures.

Mrs. Standing pushed the hesi-
tant artist toward the door. "Go
home and pack, Stuart. I'll have
Morton drive you. Make him help
you, and be sure to be back in an
hour."

Julie was not at home when he
got there. There was a note stuck
in the front door: "Gone to the
movies, Julie."

The Standing chauffeur helped
him to pack and then carried his
bags down the hill to the waiting
car. There was no trunk to follow.
Stuart to Honolulu. All that he
possessed in the way of clothing
was in those two bags.

He hesitated before he left the
house, wondering how to tell Julie
know. Then he scribbled across the
bottom of the note she had left for
him, and stuck it in the door as
she had done:

"Gone to Yuma to marry Shar-
lene Standing. Then on to Hon-
olulu. Have left money with Lucien
Morrow for you. Thanks for
everything. S. P."

That flight across the desert in
the moonlight was part of the
strange unreality that life had sud-
denly assumed for Stuart. Flying
straight at the big orange moon,
suspended between heaven and
earth, he seemed to have left the
past behind and to be rushing to-
ward some nebulous, bewildering
future. He felt detached, imper-
sonal, one with the whirling
spheres.

He roused himself when he
found that Sharlene was no longer
sitting in the chair ahead. She
was up in the front compartment
of the tri-motored cabin plane
with the pilot. Stuart saw her take
the twin control after a while, and
the pilot stepped down to have a

smoke. Stuart relaxed—he was
glad that she could have been me-
chanical, engrossing thing to do.
It anaesthetized the pain that he
knew was lurking to clutch at her
any moment. He did not bind him-
self to the real situation. He knew
that Sharlene was going to suffer
—horribly—when the numbness
wore off. He knew that this mar-
riage was a mere reaction to hurt
pride. He must go carefully, care-
fully, lest she loathe him more
than Kent Damerell when she
awoke from her daze.
(To be continued)

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review
for publication in this depart-
ment should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 200 words in length, and must
be signed by the writer, whose name
and address must accompany the con-
tribution.

EX-SENATOR QUOTED ON CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Editor News-Review.—Hon. Ar-
thur H. Robinson, former U. S.
senator from Indiana, who has re-
cently returned from Russia says:
"It would be a great thing for the
United States if every American
citizen could take a look at Russia
from the inside. One glance at
the communist set-up would be suf-
ficient to end all agitation for a
similar regime in this country."

Senator Robinson did not sanc-
tion or vote for recognition of Rus-
sia. He tells us the same as
many others have told us—that
the soviet government owns and
operates all industries and busi-
ness, and that there is no private
ownership of property. Again, I
would quote him:

"In Russia more than 85 per
cent of the land has been col-
lectivized. That is to say it has
been taken from the individual
farmers and is now held by the
government. I visited one of the
collective farms over there. It em-
braced some two thousand acres
which had previously to collectiviza-
tion been owned by some 150
farmers. Land and chattels were
taken by the government and no
compensation whatever given
the rightful owners. As a re-
sult the adult members of the 150
families now cultivate the land in
common, take their meals in a
community dining hall, keep the
children together in common dur-
ing the day, etc."

"Indeed leading communists told
me while there that within a few
months all of the land and farm
chattels in vast Russia will have
been collectivized in this manner."

"True, we have not gone that far
in America to date but with the
department of agriculture in Wash-
ington equipped today with almost
supreme power over the farmers
of America, it is difficult to look
with composure on what the rural
situation may be tomorrow. Verily,
we are on the road to Moscow!"

"There are not to exceed six
hundred thousand members of the
communist party in Russia and no
other party is allowed to exist in
that country. These six hundred
thousand communists completely
control the destinies of more than
one hundred and sixty million peo-
ple and exercising dictatorial pow-
er over all is one man—Stalin—
who is the absolute master of the
situation."

"Family life as we understand
it here is unknown and the women
are forced to do the heaviest kind
of toll. Poorly clad and in untold
thousands of cases with their feet
and legs bound up in rags and bur-
lap, they are to be seen with picks
and shovels all over Russia. In-
deed, the husband and father has
no control whatever over his own
wife and children. They receive
their directions from the soviets."

"In the communist factories,
married women are not even al-
lowed to have a few days at home
for necessary mending and house-
hold work, without the consent of
the state."

"True thirty days are allowed
for having a baby, but at the end
of that time the baby is taken over
by the government and the mother
goes back to her factory job."

"Unfold thousands of homeless
children roam the streets in Rus-
sian cities, running together like
wild animals. Ragged and hun-
gry, they have no fixed habita-
tion and one wonders how they
even exist."

"Do we want to give up our con-
stitution, our 'government of the
people, by the people, for the peo-
ple' for this?"