

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Merry Christmas to All!

IT IS THE night before Christ-
mas. We cannot help but look
back a year and recall that Christ-
mas last year was just a little less
hopeful and less cheerful than
now. 1935 has seen progress in the
task of caring for human need.
More people are employed. Fewer
people are hungry and in want.
The outlook for the future is much
brighter—and even the weather is
better.

So, with confidence, the News-
Review—its staff, its carrier boys,
and its large list of country corre-
spondents, all wish you a very
Merry Christmas.

We hope that Santa will find his
way to your home and that you
will have the happiest Christmas
of your life.

Lindbergh Gone.

ONE OF America's best loved
citizens has moved, with his
family, to live in England.

Charles A. Lindbergh has sailed
with his wife and his little three-
year-old son, for a foreign
shore. Why has he withdrawn his
residence from this country?

Simply because he believes that
his family is not safe here. He has
lost one child to kidnappers and
has received numerous threats
against the safety of his son. Can
you blame him for wanting to leave
a land in which he receives such
treatment?

It is most unflattering, to say
the least, that we cannot provide
the Lindberghs with safety and
security. It is a sad estimate of our
police and our enforcement ma-
chinery.

Corrupt politics, gangsterism
and vice apparently flourish in the
densely populated centers of the
Atlantic coast. Out here it is hard
for us to understand the conditions
which would drive a man to another
country to seek safety for his
family.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

a relatively recent discovery.

Yet electricity existed in the
world ten thousand years ago, just
as it exists today. Human brains
just weren't good enough then to
recognize it and put it to work.

WHAT other tremendous things,
capable of working as great
changes in the life of the future as
electricity has worked in the life
of the present, lie under our feet,
unrecognized and unknown, be-
cause human brains are not yet
GOOD ENOUGH?

HOPE FOR PEACE NOT FULFILLED

VATICAN CITY, Dec. 24.—(AP)—
Pope Pius sadly admitted today
that his hope for a Christmas of
peace would not be fulfilled.

He told 24 cardinals who
brought him Christmas greetings
that "we have not abandoned
hope" but that these are "moments
darkened by melancholy, menacing
clouds, and human bloodshed."

AWARDED MEDAL

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 24.—(AP)—
Arley Kehey, near-blind war
veteran who saved two youths
from drowning in the Clackamas
river in 1934, received a Carnegie
medal for heroism yesterday.

Notification of the award came
November 1. The awards go only
to those who risk their lives in
saving others.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 24.—(AP)—
Multnomah county will not
license dart games, the board of
commissioners decided. An applica-
tion for a permit was refused.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a
happy and prosperous New
Year!" You hear these words on
every side, wherever you go, and
see them emblazoned in shining
letter in countless places. Do
you meet a friend, it is "Merry Christ-
mas to you," a cheery exchange
of good wishes, a quickening of
happy thoughts.

Does it seem
to you perhaps
that these Christ-
mas greetings are a bit more sincere
this year than they have been
for some time? If not more sin-
cere and cordial, at least more
hopeful. I believe there is a feel-
ing abroad that conditions which
have caused so much unhappiness
and despair are definitely on the
mend, that the hard times which
have bowed our spirits down are
gradually but surely withdrawing
their deadening grip.

It's hard to feel merry when
one's stomach is empty, one's fam-
ily in rags, and it is hard to wish
others happiness when it seems to
one that all happiness has desert-
ed the world. It appears to be so
useless.

Christmas is a season when
one's home and family grow doubly
significant. It is a celebration for
the home, with parents and chil-
dren meeting together to renew old
ties long remembered, to express
a love for one another peculiar in
its deep-rooted steadfastness and
mutual conception. It's a time
when every husband and wife who
are fortunate to have them, show-
er their affection on their old par-
ents and their children. It's a
happy time for the little folks; it
is no less cheerful for their eld-
ers.

There is so little that most of us
can say about Christmas, we must
be content to have the Christmas
spirit in our hearts. That we have
in full measure, and when we wish
our friends and everyone else's
friend a merry Christmas, we
speak what is in our hearts.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year to you all!

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1935, King Features
Syndicate, Inc.)
Tapering Off on Jersey Lighting.

As 1935 brakes to a full boun-
dary stop we will take a look over
things before the lights change.

The year proves that driving
is just as drunken under the
constitution as it was under
the amendments.

The prohibitionists are starting
another dry campaign. And the
big rains in their puddling will
be illustrated lectures on soured
touring.

They are right about the
woggle-eyed chauffeur. But
they are wrong about repeal
being the cause. Intoxicated
steering burst into full bloom
between the years 1920 and
1932.

The young folks grab all honors
for free wheeling. Also free and
easy driving.

Give a pickled punk one
snort of rare old Kentucky
antifreeze mixture and he will
try to win the rollerskating
championship at ninety miles
an hour.

Simonize him with a glossy fin-
ish of imported Scotch mash and
he will go in for fancy figure skat-
ing on hairpin turns.

Which state of affairs is hard-
er on an Arctic explorer car-
ting his boots. But you cannot
improve the situation by ap-
pointing a committee to fix the
blame.

A Jersey judge has got the right
angle on drunken driving. He
can't stop it. So he makes it ex-
pensive.

He fined one petrified coupe
engineer exactly seven hundred
dollars for holding both hands
out the window as direction
flags. The stumble bum was
steering with his feet. The
back seat driver was clipped
for two hundred and fifty dol-
lars as a reminder not to gam-
ble with strangers.

A successful hitchhiker who had
stowed away in the rumble seat
was assessed two hundred dollars
as an original stockholder in tax
company.

So the judge cleaned up a to-
tal of eleven hundred and fifty
dollars to the gallon.

That's more than the car cost
in the first place. And more than
the price of the drinks in the sec-
ond, third, fourth and fifth places.
You can't be in more than one
place at the same time. Even if
you see double.



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XVIII

The island days passed in a
whirl of kaleidoscopic color, filled
with sighing harmonies of steel
guitars and plaintive voices of
brown singers, and a swift, sur-
ging counterpoint of hoarse hospi-
tality. Stuart spun ceaselessly;
again, but now in spinning he was
learning to arrest his mind and
contemplate things, as he did on
his Hollywood hill-top.

His eyes were upon Sharlene
often, anxiously, as she gazed. . .
for her there was left only this
mad dashing about in pursuit of
pleasure, to tire out her body so
that she might sleep—and forget.

For one thing Stuart was in-
creasingly grateful: Sharlene did
not loathe him when she awoke to
the full realization of her pain.
When that tortured look came in-
to her eyes and her gaze sought
the eastern horizon, she crept into
Stuart's arms and silently asked
for help. Kent Damerell never in-
tended himself again in words,
but they both knew that he was
there, the specter at the marriage
feast. And the top of life kept
spinning. . .

Sharlene rushed Stuart to a
cocktail party up Nuana valley.
They were late, of course, the
party being cocktails and cocktails
ahead of them. Stuart was not
even allowed to look at a perfect
rainbow which spanned the valley
higher up, where the rays of the
setting sun struck through the
rain mist on the mountains.

"Flash a rainbow?" said his
host. "Millions of 'em all the time.
Look—I aged thick okolehu
meat—in charcoal—whash a rain-
bow!"

"But the colors are more clearly
defined than any I've ever seen,"
said Stuart going to a window.
"See, Sharlene, there are two—"

"Here," insisted the host, "when
you've had a couple these you can
see three rainbows. Guarantee it!"

"We can't say long enough to
see three rainbows," Sharlene re-
gretfully told him. "We're due
pretty soon at a Japanese dinner."

"Well, said on top of this—and
you'll belong to the Rainbow Divi-
sion. Ha! Ha!" There was much
laughter. . .

And so the top spun. Stuart
found himself in a frail Japanese
teahouse above a noisy stream,
his shoes discarded at the door.
They all donned kimonos, and
knelt around a low table, consum-
ing delectable clam soup and a
mild dish of chicken and vegeta-
bles and eggs cooked on a char-
coal brazier at the table by a lit-
tle Japanese maid. Not said to
drink. Sharlene's face across
from him, a little hazy through the
smoke of many cigarettes, but a
flushed, animated, laughing Shar-
lene. His head began buzzing
with the queer high singsong of
the local folks—Japanese and Ha-
waiian and American—induced in
by some of the guests and the Ja-
panese maid, as she stirred the saki
yaki. "Plenty pupule," giggling.
"Plenty wahine like haole—" To
Stuart, this became the whine of

the top which was himself, spin-
ning. Spinning on and on, being
very gay for Sharlene.

Whirling to Waikiki, the whole
party, for a moonlight swim.
Everybody piling out of the three
taxicabs, laughing and chattering
and scrambling for their bathing
togs.

"Come on, everybody," Shar-
lene's voice. "Have you all got
your suits? No, no, Tabby—Stu-
art will pay the taxis."

Stuart took out his wallet. It
had been getting thinner and thin-
ner. Just tips and things like taxi
fares and the clothes for himself
that had become imperative. The
hotel bills had been paid out of
Mrs. Studding's generous letter of
credit which she had called a wed-
ding present in her note to Stuart.
Sharlene flung money about reck-
lessly, paying by check, and sel-
dom had any cash in her purse for
small things. She had used Stu-
art's funds—unknowingly. She
would have been appalled if she
had realized that she had flung
away the proceeds of two of his
pictures—that it was all he had,
it had not occurred to her yet that,
of course, Stuart was penniless.

Penniless—she did not know the
meaning of the word! Her mother
had always handled the finances
on their trips. Naturally she look-
ed to Stuart to do the same, with-
out thinking any more of the
source of supply now than she did
then.

Stuart joined the others in the
warm, soft water, swimming in
the moon bath toward Diamond
Head—under the Southern Cross.
He could not summon any more
savage. Humiliation was washing
over him with every lazy wave of
the sea. He was going to have
to ask Sharlene for money! . . .
Not only was it impossible for him
to pay for things for his wife, but
his wife was going to have to pay
for things for him. Food, shave,
—yo gods!—shoes, pin-money.
Even the flower leis he had ordered
for her daily. She would have
to pay for her own flowers—if she
had any. His little notes: "A
Carmela lei, this morning, Shar-
lene, because they're like your
throat." Yes, and a sweet little
bill enclosed, too.

Tomorrow he would have to ask
Sharlene for money. There was no
reprieve.

"Come on, Stuart! Don't be so
exclusive! Race you out to the
beach!"

He roused himself to accept the
challenge, then drove through the
water with keen, powerful strokes.
But the taste in his mouth was
very, very bitter, more bitter than
the salt of the sea.

When Stuart, after a sleepless
night, went down to the dining
room for breakfast, he was sur-
prised to find Sharlene at their
table in the sunny window over-
looking the sea.

"So you slept late, too," she said
as he joined her. "I supposed
you'd been in swimming and had
breakfast hours ago."

"I was up early," she said,
sparkling, "but I've been learning

some hulas from Leilani!"

"Really?"
"It's a surprise for you! They're
the ancient, graceful hulas of the
home. You'll love their symbol-
ism."

"That's swell!" he said with
mechanical enthusiasm, for he was
nerving himself to bring up that
heavily question of money. "I
didn't know you went in for native
dances."

"O, I love them, Stuart—not
for exhibition—just for my own
pleasure. I feel that I understand
a country when I can dance its
dances."

He nodded with a little smile,
and then, as she attacked her
papaya with hungry enjoyment, he
took a firm grip on himself.

"Sharlene—" he began resolute-
ly, but a bell-boy was coming up
to their table with letters on a
tray.

"The Calawall came in early
this morning from Los Angeles,
sir."

While Sharlene pounced eagerly
on the letters, Stuart dug into his
almost empty pockets for the in-
evitable tip. He knew when he
glanced at the scant handful of
coins he produced that he could
not delay the hateful business any
longer.

"Sharlene—" he began abruptly
when the boy had left.
"Oh—here's one for you, dear."

She tossed him a letter and tore
open one of her own.

His letter was from Julie. Rav-
ing about her part in Lucien Mor-
row's picture. The last. She had
signed a contract for the picture
and was "gotten rich" herself.

Four weeks guaranteed at one-fifty
per. She was being fitted at the
Wardrobe—the clothes were going
to be gorgeous. She was so thrill-
ed! . . . A little stilted sentence,
hoping he was having a good time.

"Always your own Julie." A post-
script thanking him for the money
he had left for her, and adding
that there was no need talking
about paying him back as he'd never
be short of cash any more.

Sharlene's letter was from her
mother. Very long. She perused
it, smiling at times.

Stuart waited for her to finish
reading it, drinking his coffee,
nervous himself. He wondered if
she were feeling as wives had felt
since time immemorial: Waiting
to get the lord and master's at-
tention to ask him: "Could
you let me have a little money this
week, dear? I need a haircut."

And the gruff answer: "Where's
that quarter I gave you last week?"
Sharlene was looking start-
led—frowning. Some news of Kent
Damerell, no doubt. She was
telling the letter slowly, eyes
downcast. Well, he was going to
do this thing over with and be
through with it.

"Sharlene—" he began again,
desperately.

"Yes, dear?" She answered ab-
sently, without looking up.

"Why, if it isn't Stuart Pen-
nington?" A man had approached
their table unnoticed by either of
them. Stuart glanced up, annoyed
at having the bone of contention
removed again, just when he had
it in his teeth. But then he saw
that it was William Forrester, the
distinguished marine painter from
Los Angeles. He rose quickly,
grasping the other's outstretched
hand.

"I just got in on the Calawall."

What on earth are you doing
here, Pennington?"

Stuart turned to Sharlene. "May
I present Mr. Forrester, Sharlene?
My wife, Mr. Forrester."

"Won't you join us?" invited
Sharlene, with her usual charm-
ing grace. Stuart pulled out a
chair for him.

"Well, well!" Forrester said
bluntly. "I didn't know you were
married, Pennington. That's what
comes of seldom looking at the
newspapers—except the art com-
ments. And, by the way, you're
smeared all over those art col-
umns, my boy."

"What?"
"Fact. Didn't you know it?"
"Oh, yes, Stuart!"

Sharlene broke in, happily. "Mother's let-
ter mentioned it. I'm so happy!"

Forrester glanced at her impa-
tiently. For him, Sharlene was not
the important one. She was just a
wife.

"The critics are hailing you as a
new Messiah. Seems they're sick
of empty spaces dominated by
raw color without form, and
you've come along with your fig-
ures that tell stories—just in
time."

"Well!" said Stuart, rather
breathless.

"For Pete's sake, why aren't
you there?" demanded Forrester.
"This is no time to be away. You
ought to be down at the gallery
every day. Don't tell me you don't
want to sell 'em!"

"Indeed, I do; but I'm on my
honeymoon."

"I see." He looked again at
Sharlene. "But . . . but you've ar-
rived, my boy! I want to see the
pictures. They're powerful. Your
color ravished my eyes—your
draughtsmanship is superb. Even
a two pound don't get your sym-
bolism, they'll buy 'em for the
composition."

"You can't sell them yet, Stu-
art," Sharlene protested. "I
haven't made any choice of the
ones I want."

Forrester's jaw dropped and he
stared at her in angry amazement.
"Got to save some to hang up in
the parlor, eh? That's a bride for
you!"

Sharlene twinkled delightedly at
the old man. "But his pictures rav-
ish my eyes, too!"

Stuart stood up. "Will you ex-
cuse me a minute? I think I'll radio
Abe Foreman and ask if he's sold
any."

But the message Stuart sent Abe
Foreman read:
HAVE YOU SOLD ANY-
THING YET? IF SO
RUSH MONEY ROYAL HA-
WAIIAN.

WIDOW OF WRECK VICTIM GETS CASH

SALEM, Dec. 24.—(AP)—Nettie
E. Johnson, widow of Edward N.
Johnson who was killed in the
train wreck on the Tillamook Hills-
boro line August 6, received a lump
sum settlement of \$12,500 in probate
court here.

Edwin A. Fronk, administrator
of the estate of Wallace C. Fronk,
who lost his life in the accident,
received \$5,000, half of which will
go to the deceased's father, and
half to his mother.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

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NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds.
8:30—Devotionals.
10:00—Christmas Music — with
Frances Lintott at the con-
sole of the organ at Hunt's
Indian theatre.
10:30—Dance Time, with Speed
Rober at the piano.
11:00—Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest.
Frank and Hod Roadman by
remote control from the In-
dian theatre.
11:15—"As You Like It"—(Request
program.)

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Cope's "Pinto Pete."
12:20—Christmas Moods.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Varieties
—Hans T. Hansen.
1:00—Chamber Music.
1:30—San Soussi Turkey Show—
Christmas Show.
2:00—Vanity Fair—"Heart Songs"
with guest artist.
2:15—Valley Hotel program—Ha-
waiian Shores.
2:30—Story Land, "The Bird's
Christmas Carol."
3:15—"The Singing Parson."
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun
and Frolic.

4:30-4:45—Christmas Music.

THURSDAY, DEC. 26

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (cont.)
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Guy Lombardo.
9:30—Federal Housing Program.
10:00—Woman's Exchange—Bar-
bara Clark, guest artist.
10:30—Tango Time.
11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun
Fest.
11:15—"As You Like It" (request
program.)

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co., Va-
rieties.
1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show,
Herbert Heinz and Florence
Grow.
1:15—Vanity Fair, "Hawaiian
Shores," Pal and Pete.
2:00—"Vanity Fair."
2:15—Waltz Time.
3:00—"Story Land"—Children's
Program.
3:15—Tonic Tunes.
4:00—"The Editor Views the
News."
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun
and Frolic.
4:30-4:45—Popular Music.

ception what about its heirs?

One coyote on the mountain does
only a small amount of damage;
why get exercised about it? Leave
her there till she has produced a
family and what do the farmers
have to contend with as the old
coyote and her pups—growing rap-
idly—make their raids upon the
stock and poultry.

Really this is a very meagre
comparison, for if the farmers re-
alized facts as they are staring at
them now they would see the al-
phabetical bureaus are sucking
their very life blood.

Every favor extended to the
farmer has a sting in it so filled
with poison often that the victim
does not realize his condition for
some time.

Take any one of these bureaus
and examine it. Look it over, look
to its rooting place and its nest-
ing place and see if it isn't nest-
ed in and sheltered by communism.
In fact they are all communist
measures colored up so to deceive.

I hear people say too bad about
Russia but neither communism or
fascism can ever wreck this coun-
try. They are doing it now. The
government is working all sorts of
schemes to take the farmer's land
from him and the young students
in our colleges are being taught
that the older generation are all
wrong and that they should be al-
lowed self expression, even though
it leads to revolution and blood-
shed.

If we do not face facts as we
are nearing this crucial period in
our history as a people and a na-
tion facts will face us in such a
manner that we will realize that
we are helpless.

Now is the time to open our
eyes and minds and to think.

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

**CHRISTMAS
JOY**
to all of my patrons and a
**PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR**
**Alma's Coat and
Dress Shop**

Nuts
from all
over the
world!
Our Special This Week!
Imperial Cashews
1/4 lb. 15c—1 lb. 59c
Fresh Butter Toasted
For High Score Bridge Price
A Beauty Gift Box of
Extra Fancy