

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Steamboat CCC Leaving.

WORD comes that the CCC
company at Steamboat is to
be removed on January 6. It is
also stated that another company
will be sent to the Steamboat
camp.

If it had not been that we have
heard just exactly that same
thing before, and that it was not
so, we would not be concerned.
But last spring almost exactly the
same thing happened. The com-
pany was removed from Steamboat
and this community was given as-
surance then the move was mere-
ly a shifting of companies and that
another would be moved in im-
mediately. The entire summer, the
best working months of the year,
passed and not until fall was a
new company moved in.

Then when the new company did
arrive its time was taken up with
fighting forest fires and what
work that has been done on the
road by this company has been
improvement work between Rock
Creek and Steamboat. Almost no
new road was built toward Dia-
mond lake. And yet this commu-
nity was promised, about a year ago,
that the connecting link of road
between Steamboat and Big Camas
would be completed by CCC
camps during 1935. We were told
that the CCC crews might not fin-
ish the work but that they would
be kept at it.

The crews were NOT kept at it.
Miles upon miles of road have been
built by CCC crews in this county.
Some pieces of road have been
built that look to be not only fool-
ish but wasteful. Yet the 22 mile
link between Steamboat and Big
Camas has only had a very small
amount of work done on it.

The News-Review was assured
by the regional forester about six
months ago that he was anxious
to see the CCC crews complete the
Roseburg-Diamond lake forest pro-
tection road. But in the six months
that have since elapsed very little
work has been done. We think it
is about time that CCC companies
are put to work on roads that will
benefit this county. It is being
done in other parts of Oregon.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

term for gambling; and gambling,
when it is merely an effort to get
something for nothing, is BAD,
but heaven help us if in this coun-
try we ever reach and REMAIN
AT the point where nobody is
willing to take a chance.

It has been those grand spirits
who were willing to take a chance
who have made this country what
it is—the greatest country on
earth.

HERE in Southern Oregon there
have been plenty of bold souls
who were willing to take a chance
—full steam ahead, and damn
the torpedoes. Some of them are
crippled. Only a few of them are
sitting on the world.

But what a debt we owe them!
The Southern Oregon country of
today has been made what it is by
those willing to take a chance be-
cause they BELIEVED IN THE
COUNTRY.

Let this be our prayer: GIVE
US MORE OF THEIR KIND.

IT'S good to be alive at Christ-
mas, for at the Christmas sea-
son people forget for a little while
the grumbling selfishness, the dog
eat dog, first come first served
and devil take the hindmost spirit
that rules humanity too much of
the time, and for an all too brief
period we live more as human be-
ings ought to live. It's fine!

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY
NEWS-REVIEW

TUESDAY, DEC. 30

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Bird Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—"The News-Review on the
Air."

7:45—Alarm Clock Club, con-
tinued.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Hawaiian Melodies.
9:00—"Tonic Tunes."

9:30—"A Glimpse of Spain,"
9:45—Woman's Exchange, with
the Melrose Girls, guest
artists.

10:30—"Songs from the Range,"
11:00—"The Tavern's Novelty Fun
Fest."

11:15—"As You Like It" (re-
quest).

Afternoon Hours
12:15—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. "Vari-
eties."

1:00—San Soual Turkey Show.
1:15—"Dance Time," with Speed
Rober.

1:30—Salon Music.
2:00—"Vanity Fair."
2:10—"The World Bookman Pro-
gram."

2:15—Hotel Valley's "Famili-
ar Melodies."
2:30—Vocal Selections.
2:45—"Story Land."

3:00—"Piano Furtie," with Guest
Artist.
3:45—Band Music.
4:00—"The Editor Views the
News."

4:15—"The Sandwich Shop in Fun
and Frolic."
4:30—145—Mills Brothers.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1
Morning Hours
6:00—Early Bird's Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—"The News-Review on the
Air."

7:45—Alarm Clock Club (con-
tinued).
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Religious Music.

9:00—Woman's Memory's Path.
9:15—Hotel Valley's "Famili-
ar Melodies."

10:30—Salon Music.
11:00—"The Tavern's Novelty Fun
Fest."

11:15—"As You Like It."
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Copco's "Pinto Pete."
12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Vari-
eties.
1:00—San Soual Turkey Show.
1:15—"The Sandwich Shop in
Starting the New Year
Wrong."

1:45—Band Music.
2:00—New Year's Rose Bowl
Games by direct wire from
Pasadena.

Entertainment furnished by col-
lege students, home for the hol-
iday vacation period, is now being
featured over station KRNR. A
number of these talented students
will be heard prior to the recom-
mending of the colleges and univer-
sities.

Arrangements are now being
made by the management of KRNR
for another audition period to be
held in the near future. At that
time all persons or groups having
programs which they would like to
present for approval will be in-
vited to appear at the studio for a
microphone test.

The Wednesday program will be
considerably changed from the
usual routine, due to the football
broadcast starting at 2 p. m.
The Valley hotel program of
"Familiar Melodies" will be heard
at 10 a. m. instead of 2:15 p. m. as
usual.

The Sandwich Shop broadcast
will be heard at 1:15 instead of
4:15 p. m. and will be on for a
full half hour with a special song,
"Starting the New Year Wrong."

A play-by-play report of the New
Year's football game at the Rose
Bowl in Pasadena will be furnished
by the News-Review over station
KRNR starting promptly at 2
o'clock. Direct wire facilities from
the Rose Bowl have been arranged
for this broadcast.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

Oh have often wished that I
could be indifferent about my de-
bts like some folks that I have ob-
served. I'm one of the peculiar type
that can't stand even to re-
ceive a request for payment. For
me, pay day is distribution day and
I'm never contented until the money
is all dribbled out.

I presume being conscientious
about paying one's bills can reach
that point where it becomes a
fault, but there is so much satis-
faction in making people happy by
paying them that it seems to me
it's one way to add to the zest of
life.

An old fellow out here in the
country owes me a note which is
getting quite old and he doesn't
seem to be bothered much. I wrote
him a letter in which I said, "Your
note is long past due. I hope you
can pay me soon, and I wish you
a Merry Christmas."

Today I got an answer like this:
"Dear Adolph, I'm sorry but it will
be impossible for me to pay you
until next fall. Happy New Year."

STRAY DOGS TO BE
TAKEN OFF STREETS

The Roseburg police department
has been given instructions to
strictly enforce the city laws per-
taining to permitting dogs to roam
at large. Mayor C. W. Clark re-
ported today. The city officials,
the mayor reports, have received
numerous complaints from prop-
erty owners regarding damage
caused by dogs, and the police de-
partment is expected to pick up
any animals found loose on the
streets.

The Doorman



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXII
"He's going," she whispered
brokenly. She watched the ship
until it was a speck in the vast
loneliness of the darkening sea.
Stuart still stood where she had
left him. In spite of all his in-
ward preparations, he was hurt.
But he told himself as he, too,
watched the disappearing ship, it
was his lucky break that Kent
Damerell was on that ship. More
time to strengthen the bulwark!

Sharlene rallied herself and
came hurrying back to Stuart.
"Let's go in. I can't bear to see
sunsets fade, can you?"
As they reached her door, Stuart
asked quietly: "Would you rather
have dinner sent up here, Shar-
lene?"

"Why? Oh, did you think—? But
it's swell that he's gone—he and
his wife! There won't be any awk-
wardness when we get home." She
noddled sagely at him and to all ap-
pearances was quite herself again.
She was a gay and sparkling
Pierrette at the masquerade party
that night. Stuart, in cap and
belly, watching her from the side-
boots, was relieved, for he knew
that when she was really hurt,
she always crept into his arms for
comfort. And that had not hap-
pened for a long, long time. He
felt to planning happily how he
and Sharlene would grow together,
in resuming their normal life at home.

A stout Desdemona and an angu-
lar hula dancer approached the
seaside next to Stuart. He hastily
adjusted his mask and sank back
in the shadows. They took the
chairs and hummed him in.
"Who do you think I got the
prize?" asked Desdemona, spread-
ing her skirts complacently as she
sat.

"That Standing girl. She al-
ways gets everything—she's just
that kind."
"She didn't get much when she
married her husband," observed
Desdemona.

"Well—don't you remember the
story about the rich young man
who lifted her? And how she
picked up this obscure artist? It
was all in the papers. He's nice
enough, but he doesn't amount to
anything—just lives on her money,
you know."

"Funny how a girl will be choosy
for years—and then pick up a
crooked stick at last."
"Oh, well—it won't last long.
Those things never do—"

Stuart rose determinedly. "I beg
your pardon," he said firmly, and
squeezed through between their
chairs. As he walked off, both Jin-
gling on his full cap, Desdemona
asked:

"Who's that man in military?"
"I don't know," frowned the
hula dancer. "He hasn't been
walked over us—think he's so im-
portant!"

Stuart got his overcoat and made
his way to the deserted highway
deck. Pacing it rapidly, back and
forth, he was more than ever de-
termined to get to work, but no
longer for the pleasure of creation.
He was consumed, at last, with
the desire to make money—a great
deal of money. He had still to
fight Kent Damerell for the pos-
session of his wife's love. He was
grimly determined to be as well
equipped as his opponent in the
eyes of the world.

Mrs. Standing was at the dock
next morning, manifestly glad to
have them back. Sharlene was bub-
bling with excited pleasure at all
the familiar sights. As soon as
Mrs. Standing got them home,

"You listen to me, Stuart. You're
going to have odds of time to
work—undisturbed. But I'm so
proud of you! I want to give a
million parties to show you off—"

Stuart frowned with sudden,
painful remembrance. "A crook-
ed stick."

"I suggest," said Emily Stand-
ing, peacefully, "that Stuart have
regular working hours during
which he is not to be disturbed—
the morning, say—"

"Don't let's be arbitrary about
it," objected Sharlene. "Some-
times he'll want to ride with me morn-
ings—or swim. He can paint when
he's in the mood—not slave at it
like an office man at his desk."

"What if the 'mood' comes on
me just when you want to swim?"
"Well, I can be generous," she
laughed. "If you can. We'll make
it fifty-fifty."

Mrs. Standing had moved over
to his easel. "What's this you had
started, Stuart?"

He came to look at the partly
blocked in forms, the few
splashes of raw color on the can-
vas. He shook his head, smiling
ruefully.

"I had an idea—I thought it was
great at the time. . . I've lost it
now."

"Don't you remember at all?"
"I remember what started it. I
found this verse in the Bible:
"The full soul heathen a honey-
comb but to the hungry soul—
every bitter thing—is sweet."

His words, slowly spoken, fell
into a deep well of silence. Shar-
lene was staring at him while the
words echoed in a heart desolate
since the inextinguishable passing of
the ship into the flaming west: "To
the hungry soul—every bitter
thing—is sweet."

Stuart still gazed at the vague
outline on the canvas. "I've lost
it," he said. "Whatever I intended
to do. . . I wonder if it will come
back."

Sharlene slipped away unnoted—
Back to her room, where she
looked herself in. Then she took
from an inner drawer of her desk
a little picture of Kent Damerell
in a leather frame. She looked
wisely into his face for a long
time.

"To the hungry soul—every bitter
thing—is sweet. . . I don't
hate you any more, dear. I don't
hate you any more. . ."

Hours later she sought her moth-
er and found her in her own sit-
ting-room upstairs.

"Didn't Kent ever try to make
any—explained, mother?"

"I haven't seen him—except at
a distance at big functions. One
letter came for you by airmail af-
ter you had sailed to Honolulu."

"What did you do with it?"
"I read it. I thought it was bet-
ter not to send it on to distress you
then. But I felt that I had no right
to destroy it."

"Where is it?"
Mrs. Standing hesitated, then
signed a little and turned to her
desk. She gave Sharlene a thick
envelope, plastered with airmail
stamps, unopened. Sharlene turn-
ed it over and over in her hands,
thinking.

"Only one letter. . . I got
news of my marriage through the
newspapers after that, of course."

"She took the letter to her room
to read. When she had finished it,
she looked a long time into the
depths of the trees outside her
window, unseeing, for her eyes
were full of tears."

"What a fool I was," she thought
bitterly, "not to wait! He was go-
ing to have it annulled. . . He had
done what was right. . . He de-
pended on my being big enough to
understand—and I thought only of
myself. I didn't think once of what
I was doing to him. . . Oh, poor
Kent—Oh, my poor Kent!"

Sharlene's room was quite dark.
She could no longer see the closely
written pages of Kent's letter in

her lap. She was roused by the
sound of Stuart racking around
the room next to hers, talking to
Morton. Unpacking, no doubt. So,
her mother had given him the Blue
Room—of course! It had a door
connecting with her room. After
a while he came to that door and
tapped. "Sharlene, are you
there?"

"Yes, Stuart." She slipped the
letter into the bosom of her dress.
He opened the door, and peering
in, described her faintly silhouet-
ted against the evening light in the
window. "Don't you want the
lights on, dear?" He groped for
the light switch, and the room be-
came brutally illuminated. "It's
getting late. Katie says she put
my dinner jacket in one of your
trunks—why, you haven't un-
packed!"

"No." Her tone was icy. "I told
Katie I wasn't to be disturbed."
"Oh!" He shrank sensitively. "I
beg your pardon." He whacked off
the lights and went back to his
own room, closing the door rather
firmly.

Sharlene sighed, regretted that
her own wretchedness had made
her seem irritable to Stuart and
got up wearily to open her trunks
and find his jacket.

(To be continued)

AT CAMP BRADFORD

Howard C. Oxley, director of
education for the civil conser-
vation corps, of Washington, D. C.,
and Dr. J. B. Griffing, of San Fran-
cisco, Calif., educational coordina-
tor for the ninth corps area, com-
prising the states of Oregon, Wash-
ington, Idaho and California, were
visitors at Camp Bradford last
week.

The visit to Camp Bradford was
prompted by the "Instruction of
the Job" work being done by Dan
K. Plowman, project superinten-
dent, and his forestry foreman, H.
F. Erickson, Harlow Allen, Charles
Mortimer, Leo Gandolph, Oscar
Lindberg, Andrew Hellman and
Peter Boekstrook.

Mr. Plowman insists that every
man at Camp Bradford be trained
in some vocation that will enable
him, when he leaves the camp, to

compete with skilled workers in
similar lines of endeavor. This
training is practical in every sense.
Many men leaving camp Bradford
have capitalized on this instruc-
tion and gained good positions.

Paralleling Mr. Plowman's "in-
struction on the Job," Capt. Claie
D. Wallace, C. O., has set up an
educational program in which all
of the men at the camp participate.
The course of study ranges from
common school to high school sub-
jects and some university work.
Some of the vocational subjects
taught are welding, auto mechanics,
diesel engineering, aviation, wood
turning, leather tooling, metal
working and other crafts.

Mr. Oxley and Dr. Griffing com-
mended Captain Wallace on the
educational work being done at
Camp Bradford. Mr. Oxley said
the work being done in this line
at Camp Bradford was superior to

that of any camp he had visited
in the United States.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines
you have tried for your cough, chest
cold or bronchial irritation, you can
get relief now with Creomulsion.
Serious trouble may be brewing and
you cannot afford to take a chance
with anything less than Creomul-
sion, which goes right to the seat
of the trouble to aid nature to
soothe and heal the inflamed mem-
branes as the germ-laden phlegm
is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have
failed, don't be discouraged, your
druggist is authorized to guarantee
Creomulsion and to refund your
money if you are not satisfied with
results from the very first bottle.
Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

DANCE

TURKEY SHOW BUILDING
Oakland

New Year's Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 31

Music by Canyonville Rhythm

Admission: Gentlemen 50c Ladies Free

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR NEW LOW RATE

6%

To Build, Repair, Refinance

UMPUQA SAVINGS AND
LOAN ASSOCIATION

What happened when Ted Hopkins smashed up...



The ambulance men pried
him out from behind the
splintered wheel of his car.

At the hospital the doc-
tors said Ted Hopkins could
be back at his job within two
months.

But 25-year old Ted
Hopkins was the chief sup-
port of his parents, and
hospitals cost money.

That's why, the day after
the accident, Ted's boss
talked with Mrs. Hopkins.

Within twenty-four hours
a loan was arranged to
cover Ted's hospital bills.
It came from funds accumu-
lated through the Safeway
Employees' Association.

Ted Hopkins' salary was
continued for two weeks.
Accident benefit payments
were made until Ted start-
ed earning again.

These payments came
from insurance which Safe-
way carries for all employ-
ees without cost to them.

things he could not do alone.

He can lower retail food prices.
Because when Safeway buyers,
warehousemen, home economists,
marketing experts and grocers all

work together money is saved.

He can pay back to the farmer a larger share
of every food dollar spent in Safeway stores.

Your Safeway grocer is working at this job
because it is what the people want done, and
because the people reward men who do what
the public wants. . . M. L. Bean, Division
Manager for Safeway Stores, 239 South East
Salmon Street, Portland, Oregon.

Quite easily you can tell what your Safeway
grocer can save you. Do all your trading at
his store for just one month.

Then compare your monthly outlay with
your total food bills for the previous month.
Start this test tomorrow

SAFEMAN

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