Roseburg Daily News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.
Member of The Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1878.

Represented by

M-C-MOGENSEN & CO-Inc.

San Francisco—226 Bush Street. Los Angeles—433 South Spring Street. Seattle—602 Stewart Street. Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—323 Stephenson Bldg. New York—21 East 40th Street. Portland—Bedell Bldg.

MEMBER Oregon State Daily Newspapers

Subscription Rates

Daily, per year by mail	$4.00
Daily, 6 months by mail	2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail	1.00
Daily, single month by mail	.50
Daily, by carrier per month	.50

In England.

COLONEL LINDBERGH, landing in England, finds that he is just as much a celebrity there as he is here. The reporters and photographers swarm on him at the dock and the curious flock around.

The flying colonel is a new kind of human being so he is news wherever he goes. He is different from other folks because he makes such a terrific effort to avoid publicity. In making this effort he adds to his burdens. In making pictures and publicity difficult to get, he challenges every city editor, every reporter and every photographer, to accomplish the difficult. Consequently he is more bothered than any one of a hundred men in the world who have equally important accomplishments to their personal credit.

Other great flyers, other great explorers, and other record breakers in various fields of endeavor, have gracefully given the press, the radio and the news reel photographers whatever they wanted. None of these others have suffered more than slight inconvenience. Consider the accomplishments of Amelia Earhart Putnam. All things considered she has displayed more daring, more courage, and as much ability as Lindbergh and yet she doubtless lives a reasonably peaceful life.

It is very likely that the Lindbergh family will not have escaped the plague of publicity by moving to England. They will escape the danger of having their infant son kidnaped. That is the great shame to this country.

No Crime Wave Here.

NOT one single criminal case has been tried before a jury in the Douglas county courthouse during this year—1935. There is much more back of that record than merely the fact that the county was saved $3400 of its budgeted court expense.

The people of Douglas county have been peaceful and law-abiding. Not only that but those who have committed crime have been quickly and surely apprehended and with investigation so complete that the wrong doers have entered a plea of guilty and have been sentenced without trial.

Carl E. Wimberly, judge of the circuit court for the second judicial district of Oregon says of this Douglas county record for 1935:

"In the first place, I believe that it is brought about by the fact that the people of Douglas county are, with very few exceptions, peaceable, law-abiding citizens. A number of pleas of guilty have been entered in the circuit court by persons charged with felonies, either by the grand jury or upon an information filed by the district attorney. During this year, the persons so charged have, without exception, entered pleas of guilty. In my opinion the reason why these persons elected to plead guilty and not stand trial is that their cases were thoroughly investigated, either by the state police or the sheriff's force and the district attorney. Without question, these persons charged with felonies not only knew that they were guilty, but were fully satisfied that if they should stand trial, they would be convicted. On account of the thorough manner in which the officers handle such cases, the criminal element has learned to give Douglas county a wide berth. It is generally recognized that the thing which has the greatest deterrent effect upon criminals is the surety of punishment rather than severity."

Marion Deakins, of the Callahan Trail settlement, was here on business yesterday.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

which runs the hundreds of machines of various sorts.

The surplus electricity is sold.

THEY have brains in charge.

For example, the steam that turns the great turbines condenses into hot water, and this hot water is led back into the mill pond, which is thus prevented from freezing over in cold weather.

Slick, isn't it?

THERE'S plenty of brains around such a place. The sawyer's for example.

The sawyer stands beside the head rig, as the great logs pour in. Beside him is a sheet of paper showing the orders the mill is cutting on. With those orders in mind, the sawyer directs the cutting of each log in such a way that the product of it will fit most advantageously the orders on hand.

If you think that doesn't take brains, try it some time.

THEN there's the filer, whose job it is to keep the saws sharp.

They have one big circular saw whose job it is to cut the logs into proper lengths. This saw has to be "dished" just enough that when whirling at high speed centifrugal force will spin it out straight. It is the filer's job to calculate just the "dish" needed and put it into the saw when it is being sharpened. This he does by hand, with a hammer.

This saw costs around $4,000, and things that cost that much have to be handled carefully.

THE log is cut into lumber by the mighty saws at the head rigs, and then it travels back and forth through the mill, being sorted, graded, dried in kilns and cut to lengths and sizes required by orders, winding up finally in box cars at the other end. Machinery of the latest type helps at every point in these processes, keeping the operation so efficient throughout that here in the Pacific Northwest, far from the world's great markets, the highest lumbering wages IN THE WORLD can be paid.

That's what efficiency does.

A TRIP through one of these great mills is a real treat. Goodness only knows what it costs, in one way and another, to send a party of visitors through from end to end — requiring two hours, at the very least — but it is cheerfully and courteously done. It is an experience to be long remembered.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

In my mail recently was a letter from a lady whom I do not know, in which she asks for a little advice. I'm always ready to dribble out anything that don't cost much, so here goes.

My friend says that her husband stays out till early morning once or twice each week and comes home staggering. She says she is home-loving, don't care for drink or parties and as her old man has done this for the last two years, she wonders how she could break him of it.

Yours is a problem, lady. He likes parties and booze and you like your home and kids! It's pretty hard to change folks when they reach a certain age but you might give him a dose of his own stuff if you want to experiment. Some night, when he is sober, go out on a tear yourself. Come home about four in the morning and hang your hat on the linoleum. If that don't cure him, nothing will.

Oh, say, before I overlook it, don't forget to leave the key out for the kids.

BARBARA STANWYCK DIVORCES F. FAY

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 30 —(AP)— The "perfect romance" of Barbara Stanwyck of the screen and Frank Fay of the stage ended in a divorce today.

Miss Stanwyck testified she was unable to live with her husband because he harrassed her and wrangled with her.

Up to the time of their parting a few months ago, Hollywood had regarded their home as an ideal one. Miss Stanwyck, in fact, defied cinema tradition by insisting on being called Mrs. Fay in private life.

The actress was granted an interlocutory decree by Superior Judge Dudley S. Valentine after a brief appearance on the witness stand.

FUNERAL SERVICE HELD AT GLENDALE

GLENDALE, Dec. 31 — Funeral services for Mrs. Annie R. Thomas, postmistress at Anchor, were held here Sunday afternoon at two o'clock in the Presbyterian church, with Rev. Davis of Wolf Creek officiating.

Mrs. Thomas died at her residence Friday. The deceased was born May 14, 1878, and had been a resident here for 18 years. Surviving are a sister-in-law, Mrs. Ludwig, and a daughter and son of Eugene, and a brother-in-law, J. E. Thomas, of Taft, California.

"They're not going to knock my hat off!"

LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXIII

On the other side of the door, Stuart was standing, thinking furiously. "Now, what have I done? If she's angry because I took a stand about the studio . . . she'll have to get over it. I've got to work!"

He went to his bathroom and turned on the shower. When he came back after his bath, his dinner jacket lay on the bed.

At dinner Sharlene was pale and listless. Her mother glanced at her anxiously, well aware that the letter she had so reluctantly given her had disturbed her deeply. Stuart was quiet, too, his jaw set a little belligerently when he fell into thought. Mrs. Standring studied them both and was glad that there were no guests to witness this odd, strained home-coming.

She reckoned, however, without Abe Foreman who came dashing up to the house just after dinner to see Stuart. He wanted permission to make a sale of one of the pictures to a dealer leaving tomorrow for New York. "If your wife will just take the ban off, Pennington," he begged.

Stuart went back to the library, where Sharlene and her mother were having coffee.

"Abe Foreman has a sale arranged for that negro canvas, Sharlene—you remember, the cotton pickers. You don't want that anyway, do you?"

Sharlene glanced up, a little bewildered. Her mind was very far away. "Why, I don't know, Stuart—" she began hesitantly.

Abe Foreman had pushed himself into the room, fairly quivering with eagerness. "Good evening, ladies. Excuse me, Mrs. Pennington, but you're making a mistake to cage his stuff up in your own home. The public will soon forget him—he'll just be an amateur home-decorator. These pictures ought to be out in galleries where people see 'em and talk about 'em. He's got to get a name, I tell you. He's just a local boy now. New York's got to know about him—Paris—you can't let him be just a flash in the pan! Besides, you got money enough to buy 'em all back some time."

Sharlene shrugged. "Go ahead. Sell them, if it's best. But do save me that little tragic figure leaning on the wall—"

"Oh, sure, sure!" Abe was beaming and rubbing his hands. "That's a nice little picture."

"Mrs. Pennington is coming down to select the ones she wants, Abe—"

"No, no, Stuart. It doesn't matter. Mr. Foreman has convinced me."

After the little picture dealer had made his adieux and bustled off, Stuart looked thoughtfully at his wife, wondering if her readiness to give up that long-cherished project—which sounded like sudden indifference to him and his work—came of their slight tiff that morning. If so, she was more spoiled than he had dreamed.

An uncomfortable silence ensued until Sharlene excused herself on the plea of a headache and went upstairs.

Hours later, Stuart persuaded himself that he had been harsh and unkind about Sharlene in his thoughts, and with the impulse to make it right with her, he tapped softly at her door and turned the knob. It was locked! He stood there, startled, but unwilling to believe, and called her name gently. There was no answer.

Sharlene, with pages of Kent's letter spread out on the bed, was lying dry-eyed and miserable, staring at the ceiling. Stuart's gentle knock did not rouse her from that deep, unhappy absorption in the past.

Stuart could not sleep as he fumed about her action. Did she mean that she was through with him—or was it just a mood? He would not talk to her about it: He did not know her well enough. He would have to go quietly along until she spoke. Odd how the matter of money seemed to reverse their positions. Again he speculated about women through the ages—how each had waited, mute and patient, for the expression of her Lord's desire. If he were the Lord and Master here, would she have dared to lock her door against him?

The next day Sharlene was plunged into the "welcome home" whirl of telephone messages, notes, flowers, invitations and a stream of callers. She pulled Stuart into the maelstrom, and all day he met new people and greeted those whom he had known casually. Between times, he and Mrs. Standring got his studio ready for work, and he telephoned an order for artists' supplies.

Sharlene's strange mood prevailed, lying under all the hectic excitement. And it persisted as the days passed. To Stuart, who did not have the key—that bulky airmail letter—her actions were inexplicable. He had never seen Sharlene like this. She was on edge, though too well-bred to be down-right disagreeable. She went through the mad routine of every day with a hard, brilliant kind of gayety, but invariably he was treated to the reaction—a silent and remote Sharlene. At times she seemed almost to hate him. As a result, he retured into his own shell and suffered.

He tried to work early mornings before the luncheons and teas, the dinners and parties, the golf and tennis, and polo and swimming caught them up and danced them about like leaves on the lawn. But he spent most of his time pacing the big, bare studio, trying vainly to get an idea. All he could think of was Sharlene. It couldn't be altogether the Kent Dameroll thing. They understood each other about that. It was something new—something which was growing up between them. Since he believed now that the world looked on him as a "crooked stick," he began to be sure that Sharlene was thinking the same of him . . . and that explained her indifference. . . .

It was a vicious circle. Unless he could work—and make money—he could never stack up in her mind with Kent Dameroll, the successful. And getting stirred up like this all the time kept him from working—and making money.

When finally Abe Foreman brought up a substantial check and the picture for Sharlene, Stuart took them to her, along with his little notebook. Her door was open and she called to him as he hesitated outside. She was sitting at her desk, in a maze of letters and invitations, just finishing a telephone conversation:

"Yes, we're dying to see you. . . . Tuesday week. . . . That's fine. . . . Goodbye." She jotted down a note in her engagement book and turned to Stuart, running her hand distractedly through her hair.

He lifted a huge basket of flowers aside from the desk, and propped the canvas there for her to see. She studied it a long time. She had always loved it for its tender beauty, but never understood it before. Now she knew its tragic face for Love Denied.

"Thank you, Stuart," she said at last, in a low voice, "I'd rather have this than all the other pictures put together."

He laid the check down before her. She looked at it perplexedly, when she saw that it was endorsed over to her own account.

"Please take it," he begged.

"But I don't understand—" He handed her the little notebook and she saw the items: Small personal expenditures for himself on the trip and since. Flowers he had bought for her. Even the little old jewelled brass elephant they had found in a bazaar at Udaipur. . . .

With a spasm of tears she closed the note-book. "What is it, Stuart?" she cried. "Do you hate me so—that you can't share my money?"

"No, no, Sharlene. I don't—hate you. . . Can't I make you see? It's because I must have—at least—your respect—"

"But I couldn't respect you more—if you had money. I respect you for being a very gallant gentleman—for putting up with me—for having a gorgeous talent. Why, Stuart, can't you see that I think more of you for being able to paint that picture—" and she flung her hand toward the lovely, unhappy figure on her desk, "than as if you had all the money in the world?"

He went over to stare out of the window a long while. She had not said the words he was hungering to hear when he had given her the chance. She said he had her respect. . . . He came back to her again: "Will you take the check, please, Sharlene? Even though I know it's only the first installment of what I owe you, it will help me to bear things—"

"Bear things? . . . What do you mean?"

"I mean—my position here. Charity—without love—"

"No, no, Stuart!" she protested, but her tone was not wholehearted.

"Do you want me to stay on here?" he asked abruptly.

She sprang to her feet, tumbling a lap-full of letters to the floor. "Stuart, you mustn't make any scandal—just as we've come home—and everybody is wondering—you must stay by me! Promise!"

He shrugged wearily. "As you wish."

She put her hand on his arm beseechingly. "Stuart, I know I'm being a pig—but stand by me—bear with me a little while longer! I'll try to be—a decent wife—"

"Don't bother to try," he said harshly. "I don't want you. I just want a chance to work."

He left the room. She was hurt by the cruelty of his last words, and yet she knew she deserved them.

(To be continued)

SEAS DAMAGE NEW PORT ORFORD DOCK

PORT ORFORD, Ore., Dec. 30.—(AP)—Its rock core yet intact, but from 80 to 100 feet of timber and concrete structural work splintered and torn away, the new Port Orford dock was still suffering today from the pounding waves.

No estimate of damage caused by yesterday's high seas was available today.

The breakers boomed across the surface of the dock into the protected angle provided by the concrete breakwater walls of the 350-foot structure, and backwashed against the southern side of the dock, undermining the foundations. The new concrete deck crumbled away as the supports washed out to sea.

The coast guard reported a 40-mile wind at the time the greatest amount of damage was done. The dock was built last summer and was planned as the terminal for the Gold Coast railroad, proposed to connect Leland to this town.

RAMBLINGS of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

THIS is New Year's Eve, and folks will be saying to themselves that they'd better have a rip-snortin' time tonight because it's the last, the very last, time they'll ever have a chance to do it, for tomorrow they will have to turn over a new leaf and refrain from such evil ways forever more. What a sad prospect!

Don't feel too badly about it, brothers and sisters; it's true your spirit of self-abnegation will give you a kind of happy and shining uplift for a few days—but let dreary experience be your guide. Remember how easily New Year's resolutions are made—and how confoundedly easier it is, to break them. Thank goodness!

* * *

Bert McDonald's Domino Lunch & Recreation parlors will soon be completed in Glendale and open for business. Housed in the rooms adjoining the lobby of the Hotel Glendale it has very attractive quarters. Horace Berg of the Douglas County creamery was in Glendale Saturday with a crew of men, installing refrigeration equipment, and inspecting equipment of a different nature in the hotel dining room.

* * *

Dwight Reed, 83-year-old resident of Drain, has a memory as clear as a bell. Born at Winchester and active in his friendships, he has a wide acquaintanceship in Douglas county. His fine mind is of particular value to him now, for his sight has failed, and the light which soothes and sustains him, is the light from within.

We discussed Frank Gorrell when I visited him yesterday among other old friends, and what fine pies Mrs. Gorrell can make.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Worthen of Linden, Washington, visited their son, Howard Worthen of Oakland, over the Christmas day celebration, helping him and Mrs. Worthen eat Calapoola valley turkey. Howard was glad of the help, although he didn't need it.

* * *

A great many people stopped in Oakland yesterday forenoon to view a bad automobile wreck, and then hurried on to their destinations at 60 miles per hour over a wet pavement, for no apparent reason.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Religious Music.
9:00—Down Memory's Paths.
10:00—Hotel Valley's "Familiar 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 Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Varieties.
1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show.
1:15—The Sandwich Shop in "Starting the New Year Wrong."
1:45—Band Music.
2:00—New Year's Rose Bowl Game by direct wire from Pasadena.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—The News-Review on the Air."
7:45—Alarm Clock Club cont.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Salon Music.
9:30—Federal Housing Program.
10:00—Woman's Exchange with Gladys Caswell, guest artist.
10:30—"Melody Moods."
11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest.
11:15—"Long Loved Songs."

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Varieties.
1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show.
1:15—"Dance Time," with Speed Rober.
1:30—Salon Music.
2:00—Vanity Fair and World Bookman.
2:15—Hotel Valley's Familiar Melodies.
2:30—Vocal Selections.
3:00—"Story Land."
3:30—Classical Program.
4:00—"The Editor Views the News."
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—Old Time Music.
4:45-5:00—"Piano Forte," with Elizabeth Williams.

Station KRNR will observe holiday hours Wednesday, New Year's day and will not be on the air until 8:30 a. m. instead of 6:30 o'clock, the usual morning hour for beginning programs. Wednesday's program will open with the usual 8:30 o'clock devotionals.

Several of the usual afternoon KRNR features will be omitted Wednesday to make way for the broadcast of the Rose bowl football game by direct wire from Pasadena. The popular Sandwich Shop program, usually heard at 4:15 p. m., will be changed for Wednesday only to 1:15 p. m.

The usual request program will be omitted from Thursday's broadcast. Due to new developments in copyright restrictions which have all radio stations in a turmoil today, many popular selections cannot be used until the copyright situation is adjusted, and it is therefore necessary to discontinue the 11:15 "As You Like It" program, devoted entirely to request numbers.

MRS. G. R. AKER OF MYRTLE CREEK DIES

Mrs. George R. (Zola) Aker, 36, died last night at Mercy hospital, following a very sudden illness.

She was born July 23, 1899, and had been a resident of Myrtle Creek for the past six years.

Surviving are her husband, a son, George, Jr.; her mother, Mrs. John S. Barnett, Myrtle Creek, and two brothers, W. H. Barnett of Detroit, Michigan, and Merritt Barnett, Dexter, Oregon.

Funeral services will be held at Jacksonville, Oregon, at 2 p. m. Thursday. Arrangements are in charge of the Roseburg Undertaking company.

EXAM IS SET FOR LAUNDRY FOREMAN

A civil service examination to fill the position of laundry foreman at the veterans' facility in Roseburg is announced by the civil service commission, according to word received here today. Applications must be filed not later than January 10, with the district office at Seattle. Competitors will not be required to report for a written examination but will be rated on experience and fitness. Persons interested in making application may obtain information and application blanks from Charles Fields or C. B. Calkins at the local postoffice.

BIDS OPENED FOR HOSPITAL ADDITION

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 31.—(AP)—A $194,800 bid by the Dougan - Hammon Construction company of Portland was the lowest of three entered here for remodeling and building additions to the state tuberculosis hospital at Salem.

State officials said olny about $100,000 was on hand for the program, but portions of the project, other than the proposed third-story addition, might be eliminated.

A cottage for a physician and a nurses' home were included in the program. No date was set for awarding the contract.

MRS. F. D. R. FRAMES 1936 RESOLUTION

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30 —(AP)— Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt framed her New Year's resolution for Washington's feminine reporters today as:

"I think I am going to try to resolve to have more time to think."

Asked to summarize the most important thing happening during the past year, she said:

"Probably the most important thing happening to all of us is a gain in a wider vision and greater knowledge of a variety of social conditions and an awakening realization of what these conditions mean to each of us in our own particular spheres."

AL SMITH DENIES INVITATION STORY

Only Two Bids Ever Came From White House, Says Former Governor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30 — (AP)— Alfred E. Smith today characterized as "false" what he said was a statement by a White House spokesman that "at least once a year Mr. Smith has been invited to pass either a night or a weekend there, but he never saw fit to accept even one of these invitations."

The former governor was 62 years old today.

When asked at a birthday interview about his refusal to spend a night at the White House when he addressed the American Liberty League in Washington Jan. 26, Smith said:

"Since the inauguration of President Roosevelt I received one invitation, through Secretary McIntyre, when it was known that I was to attend a meeting of the trustees of Catholic university at Washington.

"That invitation is the only one I ever received up to the one that came last week from Mrs. Roosevelt, which was promptly acknowledged."

The former governor refused to make any additional discussion of the invitation incident. Neither would he discuss the nature of his liberty league address.

His general demeanor, however, gave emphasis to the frequently published reports that this address would concern a rigorous assault on the new deal.

Smith was asked if he was pleased with the activities of the American Liberty League.

"I have never met," he said, "anybody who ever challenged anything the league has issued in its pamphlets. The league has adhered to the 1932 platform of the democratic party."

"This wouldn't make the league non-partisan then, governor, would it?" someone asked.

"Far as I have been able to learn," he replied, "the republicans are pretty well satisfied today with the 1932 platform of the democrats."

STATE MUST PAY MORE FOR MEAT

SALEM, Dec. 30 — (AP)—Meat prices for the state increased about 15 per cent the past six months, Dan Fry, purchasing agent, announced to the board of control today. The board awarded contracts for the next three months to various meat companies at a cost of $25,818.

Fry said the price increase was about 8½ per cent over three months ago, which at that time were 6 per cent higher than the previous three months.

Four new automobiles for the industrial accident commission were authorized by the board.

PRIEST ACCUSES 2 OF BEATING HIM

OAKLAND, Calif., Dec. 30.—(AP)—The Rev. Father Louis Galli, lying in a hospital bed, signed complaints today against Hugh Dougherty, 22, and William Rickenberg, 35, accused of beating the Catholic priest in a Christmas day robbery attempt.

Both are charged with assault in an attempt to commit murder. Rickenberg is also charged with grand theft. He is accused of stealing and wrecking an automobile while trying to escape after Father Galli was beaten.

New Year's Carnival Dance

New Year's Eve, Dec. 31

AT

Maccabee Hall

Sponsored by Eagles Drum and Bugle Corps.

GENTS 35c LADIES AND SPECTATORS 15c

DANCE

TURKEY SHOW BUILDING
Oakland

New Year's Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 31

Music by Canyonville Rhythmen

Admission: Gentlemen 50c Ladies Free

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR NEW LOW RATE

6%

To Build, Repair, Refinance

UMPQUA SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION