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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Sewer Project.

THE Roseburg city council at a
special session last night made
formal application to the PWA for
a loan of \$80,000 and a grant of
\$30,000 to provide funds for the
proposed trunkline sewer and sewer
age disposal plant.

The amount of \$110,000 is esti-
mated as being required to pay the
cost of the construction, plus en-
gineering and other charges, the
estimate being based upon the only
bid received when the job was re-
cently advertised, that bid having
been in the approximate sum of
\$92,000.

The council, however, is also
considering the feasibility of pro-
ceeding independent of the fed-
eral government, but has the PWA
application as an "ace in the
hole."

If past history is to be repeated,
the city will have plenty of time
to work out some plan for local fi-
nancing, as three years have al-
ready been wasted in getting no-
where.

There is one thing the council
should keep in mind, and that is
the hazard of leaving the job half
done if it is handled in connection
with federal government.

Many of the major projects
started in Douglas county under
any of the federal relief agencies
have been left in a half finished
condition.

Time and again work has been
started on some job, only to have
control switched to a new organi-
zation, causing long delays and
sometimes complete abandonment.

Already the sewer project has
been under the RFC, the CWA and
the PWA and still nothing has
been accomplished, other than the
expenditure of around \$3,000 on the
part of the city to meet the red
tape demands of various federal of-
ficials and bureaus.

If the city of Roseburg is going
to have a trunk line sewer and
sewer disposal plant, it would seem
that a more satisfactory way
would be to raise the money at
home, and do the job free from off-
charged, uncertain-federal federal
agencies.

Car Improvements.

MOST of the comments heard or
read about current automo-
biles are complimentary. Cars are
beautiful, powerful, efficient and
comfortable. They may go too fast,
but no one objects much to that
unless there is an accident, in
which case some driver or some
external cause is blamed.

It is therefore a little surprising
to find in a letter to the Editor
column a request for certain
changes in car construction.

"Manufacturers, after all these
years," writes this observer, "have
made only one safety feat; that
is broken. They have got away
from the fundamentals of safety,
which should be:

"First—Make cars with clear
vision all around, deep windshield
and rear window.

"Second—Raise driver's seat,
lower hood, so driver can see head-
lights and fenders.

"Third—Make driver's door el-
bow high, with open window, so
driver can use hand signal, the
safe principle of road driving.

"Fourth—Put governor on car
to operate not more than 15 miles
an hour.

"These principles built into the
car would lessen accidents and
make driving a pleasure."

Thinking them over, one can see
there is considerable point to all
these suggestions.

Mrs. A. L. Hume and Mrs.
Blazer, of Medley, spent yesterday
in town shopping.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ful, restful time."

OFFICIAL spokesman or no of-
ficial spokesman, this writer
doubts that statement.

Colonel Lindbergh is a typical
American, and few typical Ameri-
cans really want "quiet and a
peaceful, restful time." It might
be better for us if we did, but we
DON'T.

We're a restless, eager people,
not long content to sit beside the
road and watch the world go by.
That's why, in the short space of
less than two centuries, we've built
the greatest nation on earth.

Colonel Lindbergh may THINK
he wants quiet, rest and peace,
but he'll change his mind.

THE Lindberghs, for shame be it
said, were driven from their
native land by a combination of
racketeers, conscienceless politi-
cians and sensation-mongering
newspapers.

Once is the greatest country on
earth, with institutions that are
admirable and people that are fine,
but it is still far from perfect.

THE newspapers, which are fond
of praising themselves, and as
a whole DESERVE much praise,
still have much to answer for.

This story, for example, is told
unofficially of the Lindberghs' de-
parture:

As the car containing the Lind-
bergh family was making its way
toward the dock, another car dashed
up and crowded it toward the
curb, giving the appearance of a
sensational gang demonstration.
In the confusion, a photographer
leaped out and snapped a cov-
eted picture of baby Jon, the second
Lindbergh child, who has been
carefully guarded from photograph-
ers.

If that story is true, or anywhere
near true, it reflects no credit up-
on a certain type of American
newspaper "enterprise."

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

The unfeeling way to cause a
person's burdens to seem smaller
to him is to compare him with
someone who has greater ones.
It's a dirty trick, but it works.

If there is anything in this world
that will get a fellow's goat, it's
to have someone come up to him
about the time he is carrying a
load of grief that is about all he
can stand, and remind him that he
ought to be thankful that he is not
like somebody else who is sick in
bed or has his back broken or
something. One thing is certain
though—comparisons do straighten
us up.

The grocery clerk pulled a fast
one today. A customer was com-
plaining that he had received a
sack of rotten potatoes. The young
man scratched his head and said,
"You shouldn't complain; you've
only got one little sack of them and
look at us. We've got the whole
cellar full."

ODD FELLOWS TO INSTALL TONIGHT

Officers of Philatran lodge, No. 8, I. O. O. F., are to be in-
stalled at the regular meet-
ing of the lodge. The elective of-
ficers are August Heck, noble
grand; Loren Johnson, vice-grand;
A. J. Giddies, secretary, and E. A.
Petty, treasurer. The appointive
officers have not yet been an-
nounced. The installation is to be
followed by a supper.

JUDGE WIMBERLY DATED IN BENTON

Circuit Judge Carl E. Wimberly
will leave Tuesday for Corvallis to
hear motions and other matters in
civil cases preparatory to opening
the regular term of court there
January 12. Judge Wimberly will
conduct the forthcoming term of
court in Benton county and ex-
pects to be absent for about two
weeks following the 13th.

LAMB SHIPMENT SETS EARLY MARK

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 3.—(AP)—
The earliest recorded ship-
ment of spring lambs arrived here
yesterday and brought \$12 a hundred
from Swift and Co.

R. B. Condit of Deo consigned
the lambs, which averaged 68
pounds, to Clark & Snow.

Last year the first shipment ar-
rived Jan. 28 and brought \$10 a
hundred.

L. L. SPENCER TAKES OLDSMOBILE LINE

Lyon L. Spencer, who has been
employed in the sales department
of the Roseburg Motor company,
has been transferred to the Han-
sen Motor company and appointed
sales manager for Oldsmobiles.
Mr. Spencer will be exclusive
salesman in Douglas county for the
Oldsmobile line under the new ar-
rangement.

Although Texas has repealed its
dry amendment, several counties
find they still are dry under the un-
repealed "local option" law, in ef-
fect since 1935.

Mrs. Edna Kenney, of Brain,
was here Thursday shopping and
visiting friends.

What an Oil Can You Turned Out to Be!



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXVI

Well, after all, why should he? She had lost something very lovely out of her life. But what had Stuart lost? What had Stuart had? She had taken him away from a life where he was busy and happy—where he was working and accomplishing. And for what? What was that Stuart had said so many times—about watching beside her in the garden. That was a swell life for a man! She wished he had some happiness out of it. But he was miserable, unhappy. What would bring happiness to him again? He had said it was a by-product of work. Would he be happy again, working?

Well, she had got him into this. It lay in her power to set him free, and give him a chance to go back to his work, his own life, happiness—if he could find it. He would be free of interruptions, free of her money, free of her unwanted presence.

As for herself, she could weather the talk. Other people didn't shrink so from divorce. . . .

With a sudden resolution to do it, Stuart immediately and cut the Gordian knot, she turned toward the airport. As she slanted earthward, she saw another ship coming out of the north. She admired the pilot's graceful handling of the plane as he circled the field, and signaled to him that she was going to land also. He maneuvered his plane so that it touched earth after hers and then he taxied beside her toward the hangars.

When she came to a stop, Sharlene took off her goggles and leaned out to thank the pilot of the other plane for his courtesy. He had already pushed up his goggles. It was Kent Damerell!

The sudden great bound of her heart robbed her of breath. Neither spoke as they looked into each other's eyes. Sharlene was incapable of moving. Kent climbed down from his plane and came over to help her.

"I knew you," he said, "when you signalled. You always spread the fingers of this small gloved hand—"

"Do!" His voice was husky.

She could not meet his eyes again and turned to walk to where her roadster was parked at the edge of the field.

Kent gave some directions about his plane to the attendant and then turned to join Sharlene. They strode together through the dust, neither speaking. Sharlene finally managed to ask:

"Where did you drop from?"

"Frisco."

"Oh, Not a trans-Pacific flight?"

"Not just yet. Some day, I came back from the islands by steamer a month ago. Just flew down here on an 'airbus'."

"And how have you been—and your wife?"

"Hadn't you heard? Cora died in July, in Honolulu."

"Oh! . . . No, I hadn't heard. I rarely read the paper thoroughly—nobody mentioned it—I'm sorry."

"It was a great relief to her—and to me. She was never well, and she wanted to die. There was but little publicity."

The familiar field—little swirls of dust—sunshine over all. And Kent—walking, her stride, shoulder to shoulder, easy sides, in step, in step. . . .

ed mechanically for the ignition switch. Then she halted, uncertainly.

"Can I take you in to town?"

"Thanks, I'll get a taxi—"

"He changed his mind. 'I'll go with you.' He sprang in beside her. 'Let's go where we can talk.'"

She drove down to the Palisades and parked on the edge of the bluff overlooking the sea. They had not spoken on the swift drive down. Sharlene slowly stripped off her gloves and rubbed the aching fingers that had gripped the wheel with such intensity all the way.

Kent regarded her profile keenly.

"Look at me, Sharlene!" She turned her lovely, flushed face to him. "Are you happy?"

She shrugged and dropped the lids over the tell-tale wariness of her brown eyes. "Of course!"

He seized her left hand and doubled it to look at the wedding ring. "Do you love Pennington?"

"Yes!" defiantly. "He's—he's my Rock of Ages."

"Oh!" He dropped her hand abruptly. His face became eager, alive. The look he always wore when the game became exciting—when obstacles roared themselves before him in a race.

He turned on her again. "Then what did you mean—that nearly killed you because you hadn't kept the faith?"

"Regret, Kent. Regret that I hadn't been big enough to wait for your explanation."

"You would have done different—if you'd had my letter first?"

"Yes—I think so."

"Oh, what luck! Our lives ruined because I got your mother on the telephone that day instead of you!"

She frowned a little. "It wasn't mother's fault. She reported fairly. . . . It would have been all right, I think, Kent, if you had told me about—Cora—when you were called east."

"I know!" he groaned. "I was a coward about the whole affair. I've suffered plenty for it!"

He took off his cap and ran his fingers through his smooth dark hair. It was a well-remembered gesture, and it brought an unbearable ache to her throat. He squared around to her with another bitter word on his lips—and then he saw the melting tenderness of her eyes. "Tears. . . ."

It was dark when Sharlene drove up the hill, alone, after leaving Kent at his hotel. Stuart was in the driveway, watching for her, and jumped on the running board of her car.

"You're all right?" His voice was anxious.

"Of course, silly!"

"I got worried about you and phoned the airport. They said you'd left hours ago."

She made no comment as she turned her car over to Morton, and went indoors with Stuart.

"I wouldn't have worried, after that, only that you had all those people coming to tea."

"Oh, I forgot all about 'em! What did you do, Stuart?"

He shrugged. "Gave 'em a lot to drink. They were happy."

"Have we an engagement for dinner?"

"Yes—the Farringtons."

"Oh, dear! . . . Well, come in to my room a minute before we have to dress. I have good news for you."

"Fine. Be right with you. I'll shake up a cocktail—I certainly need it!"

When Stuart brought the tray and glasses into her room, later,

she came from her bathroom, wrapping a silk dressing-gown about her slim self, her hair hanging in damp ringlets, her face glowing from the sudden onslaught of cold water. He reached out as she passed him and caught her to him with one of his rare caresses.

"Um-m-m, I always adore you after your bath—"

She was squirming away, very definitely, looking guilty and annoyed.

"You haven't acted like that for months," she remarked indignantly.

"I know—we've both been edgy. But what's the use? We're waiting—"

"I had the fear of God thrown into me this afternoon—I should say the fear of losing you—"

"But, Stuart," she wailed, "that's my good news!"

"What do you mean?"

"Losing me. I mean, you're going to have your freedom, you don't have to worry about standing by me any more."

He got his glass down slowly, un-
tasted. His face went white and his
hairs were pierced like a flash of
lightning.

"Yes?" he said, with ominous
quiet.

"You won't need to worry about me any more, Stuart—ever!"

"Yes?"

"And you can go back to work, thank heavens! Undisturbed, your genius will all come back—I know it will—when you haven't got me and the interruptions and the beastly money—"

"I see. . . . Kent Damerell has come back."

"Yes. But, anyway, I—"

"Unnumbered?"

"Well!" he smiled at her brilliantly. "That's me out. What do you want to do? Reno?"

His calm acceptance stabbed her. Irrationally she wanted him to feel—a little badly. Not too badly, though.

"You're glad to be free, aren't you, Stuart?"

"It's better so. We couldn't go on—the way we are. You've never had Damerell out of your mind a single instant."

"Wait a minute, Stuart. There have been plenty of times that I've been aware only of you—and your perfectly heavenly tenderness. Never forget that! But the cards were stacked against you. You wanted me—you gave me a chance to renounce them in Yuma, but I was so angry and insulted that I didn't have any sense. I was thinking only of my self. It was after we got back here, and I had my long-delayed letter, that I suffered fits of remorse for the way I'd treated him."

"I see. That was it—you had a letter from him. Well, I'm glad he came back—for your sake."

"But I'd already figured that something had to be done for you, Stuart. You've got to get back to work, Julie said you'd die if you didn't."

"I'm already dead!" he smiled grimly.

"No you aren't! You'll see when you get rid of the incubus that is me. Oh, I feel so small to think how I've interfered—what a dismal howling failure I've been! Do you hate me, Stuart?"

"No. I don't hate you, Sharlene. I smile steadily at her and brush his glass again. "To your happiness, my dear!"

"I wish I'd been able to give you any happiness to remember," she said wistfully, "in return for the mess I've made of your life—"

"I've got things to remember," he said. "I and I alone together in the Wind Palace at Jai Samand where the nightingale sang in the moonlight."

"Oh, Stuart, you've been so sweet—"

(To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

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NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, JAN. 4

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—The News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Radio Music Store's "Music Box."

8:00—Alarm Clock Club, continued.

8:20—Devotional.

8:45—Classical Program.

9:00—Hawaiian Music.

9:30—"Musical Bouquet."

10:00—"Woman's Exchange."

10:30—"Melody Moods."

11:00—"Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest."

11:15—"As You Like It."

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Varieties.

1:00—San Soussal Turkey Show.

1:15—"Dance Time," Speed Rober.

1:30—"Songs of the Range."

2:05—World Bookman program.

2:15—Hotel Valley's Familiar Melodies.

2:30—"Tango Time."

3:00—"Story Land."

3:30—Popular Stars.

4:00—"The Editor Views the News."

4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.

4:30—Douglas Co. Creamery—"The Right That Nailed."

4:45—Tonic Times.

5:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Program for U. S. Veterans' Facility.

10:00—Pipe Organ Music.

10:30—"Love Songs of Then and Now."

11:00—"The Spanish Mantilla."

11:30—"As You Like It."

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Salon Music.

1:00—Organ Music.

1:30—Band Music.

2:00—The Little Theatre with local cast in "The Door."

2:30—"Waltz Time."

3:00—"Story Hour."