

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Election Date Change.

THE proposal which you will find on the ballot at the January 31 special election, to change the date of the primary election to September, instead of May, is one of the most hotly contested measures on the ballot.

The state grange and others are vigorously opposing the idea of changing the election date. One of the most valid reasons for the opposition is the fact that the change in date would deprive Oregon voters of the privilege of voting a preferential preference for candidates for the presidential nomination. The grange, in its argument in the voters' pamphlet, gives a number of very reasonable arguments. Only one, the statement that newspapers will favor the change, is hard to understand. The grange concludes that there would be more newspaper advertising used if the campaign were from September to November than would be used between May and November. That does not sound like a reasonable contention to this writer. It would seem that the more time there was in which to use advertising, the more the advertising.

The argument in favor of the change offers no great weight other than the fact that public attention would be focused on elections more sharply. The point that the change would make our primary more nearly the time of primaries in other western states is also brought out.

So far as the News-Review is concerned, we do not regard this measure as so terribly important. The writer of this column intends to vote for the bill for the very simple reason that it will be much easier to listen to political talk for only two months instead of six months as is necessary now.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

curate record of where and when they were found, it dates back to about 1896, thus representing more than 40 years of effort.

It is intensely interesting to those who happen to be interested in such things.

WHAT kind of people made these implements?

Well, they were a HUMAN lot, anyway. The collection, for example, includes a considerable number of what are obviously "TOYS," and these toys are tiny replicas of the implements the grownups were using at the same time—little mortars and pestles, small arrowheads, etc.

Where their children were concerned, you see, these children people weren't greatly different from US. And their children weren't greatly different from our children. They wanted toys to play with, and the toys they liked were little things like the big things the grownups used.

IN THE Hatfield-McLeod collection are a number of grinding platters found in the Warner valley and all stained with red war paint.

It was the ordinary custom of the Indians, Kenneth McLeod tells this writer, to mix war paint in small receptacles, about the size of a teacup, but here they were making it wholesale in huge platters.

Boy, what a war zone that must have been!

AND these paint-stained platters, apparently, were buried after they were used, with the idea of coming back and digging them up again after the war was over. But, judging from the places they were found, nobody ever came back for them.

The casualties in that war must have been heavy, and the mourning

at home must have been great.

ONE interesting exhibit is a pipe—shaped about like a modern cigarette holder—made of glittering black obsidian, polished nearly as smooth as plate glass.

Imagine, if you can, the toil involved in drilling a hole, probably with a crude bow and string drill such as Boy Scouts make fire with, in a piece of obsidian and then shaping the outside down smooth and round.

Whatever else these people had or didn't have, they must have had plenty of LEISURE.

BUT let's not look down on them too contemptuously.

Sitting around the fire and drilling and polishing on an obsidian pipe may have been just as good a way of spending the long evenings, everything considered, as going to the movies or listening to the radio. It all depends on what you like to do.

Anyway, they had their vices. A lot of misguided people, you know, contend that vices are what make life worth living.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Sons of the American Revolution

We made no new resolutions for the year because we don't want to hold back recovery. There is a lot of government money being tossed around for relief.

We figure every tenth cent is for taxes. And tobacco kicks in around four hundred millions a year. Smoking is not a bad habit if you buy your own. You are putting away for taxation when you light your pipe with an internal revenue stamp.

To swear off at this time would be letting the nation down like an acorn in the summer. No doctor should advise a patient to give up tobacco in any form until 1940.

Now, should we or should we not swear off drinking? We use the plural and editorial "we" because we are not a lone swearer-offer. We do not consider that a good offer.

We like to drink with our friends. And we like to swear off with our friends. We like to take the pledge in small intimate groups like the marching Chinese.

But we shall postpone signing that Magna Charter until the industrial crisis is over. The right angle formed by the union and the humerus bones makes up the two sides of a mathematical formula which means five hundred million dollars a year in taxes. When you bend your elbow and elevate the right foot you are an acrobat balancing the budget.

The sweat off at this exact moment would be for purely selfish motives such as happiness, health and capillary tremors.

We must continue to sample the snuffers until the snorters pull us out of the red ink by the boot straps of our good intentions. To swear off now would be to repudiate the sovereign weal and woe of thirty-six commonwealths which removed a bit of legislative skin from the constitution by a neat bit of grafting. Or should we say surgical dermatology?

The eighteenth amendment no longer forbids fraternal parking in the sawdust. Alcohol must donate five hundred million dollars to the 1936 sum total of taxation. Willing hands make easy work.

So we shall struggle along the primrose-splangled detours until one day a time of peace is free and clear. We shall not desert it in its hour of stress and peril.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

I was talking to a fellow recently who felt that his job was about the hardest one on earth. He said he couldn't remember the time, in the last twenty years when he didn't have something worrying him.

I guess this old boy isn't the only one who has troubles. How often I have wondered how it would be to end a day not feeling that everything had been done just as it should have been and that the cares of the job could be laid aside.

I was reading today about a fellow whom I could envy. He was an heir to the king, and that was a job that had very little worry to it.

It was this guy's business to see that the wine that the monarch received was not poisoned. The first drink a little before he served it and it was all right his worries were over for that day. If it wasn't all right they were over forever.

Which Way Will He Go?



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXXII

Lucien was embarrassed at the unusual confidence. He cleared his throat and got up to whisk Stuart on the shoulder and say heartily: "I'm sure glad to hear it. At that, I don't imagine you'll run into her. Her husband is scouting around trying to rent studio space and get an organization started to make movies. Funny thing, I told him that's where he ought to put all that excess energy of his when I met them down in New Orleans on the riverboat picture. I didn't expect him to take me seriously, but here he is with all bells on, making a noise like a motion picture executive, even to the extent of looking after the relatives. He's got his brother out here to be business manager. I hear they're all living in the Standing house out in Beverly."

"Is that so?" Stuart said absently. "Excuse me, I think that water's hot now. Mind if I proceed with the ablutions, old man?"

"Go ahead. You sure need it! I'll while away the time with this ancient battered copy of 'Life.' Julie must have left it."

"No, I've got an illustration in it," Stuart said as he departed.

When Stuart came back later, partly dressed, he carried a drawer from his bureau. He sat down and began perplexedly pawing over the things in it. "I don't believe I've got a whole pair of socks that match in the whole mess," he observed.

"What'd I tell you? You need a woman! La Julie used to keep you mended, didn't she?"

"After a fashion—off and on. Stuart smiled and cocked a satirical eye at his friend. The rising star would blaze indeed if he heard no more to those days.

"Lawdy! We are heavily aristocratic at present. You'd get a kick out of her, Stuart. She sure knows how to pull the temperamental stuff. Her last big flare-up it seems was caused by you."

"What did I do?"

"She came on the set one day—in February I think it was—and she had an awful hangover. She cried and spoiled her make-up. I sent her to her dressing room to make up all over again and then followed her to try to straighten her out. I gathered she'd been on a whole of a party to drown her sorrow over you. And she was vitriolic about Sharlene. Swore a blue streak and hinted dark things she was going to do to her."

"What could have caused that?" Stuart wondered. "I haven't seen her for ages. February, did you say?"

"Yes. There was something about you and a scarf."

he looked at them and then remarked:

"You ought to have kids of your own."

Stuart, fixing his tie, glanced at Lucien in astonishment. "What in heaven's name would I do with children under foot while I was trying to work?"

"They're a nuisance but—well, my kids mean more to me than anything else in my life."

"Go on," scoffed Stuart. "Fact, I don't see 'em often—I'm away a lot and they're in school. But they're my anchor, see? If it wasn't for them I'd be a rover, a tramp. I like my job, you know that, but the kids are the reason for my fighting and making money. It's a great kick to plan your son's college course."

"And your daughter's marriage. Yes, I've been through all that."

"You'd make a swell father, Stuart. No fooling. The way you brought up these three kids—"

"That was fun, all right. But I wasn't their father. And I really am a father to those pictures I create now."

"Patently. . . . There are different ways of being a father, eh, Lucien? A man needn't just be the father of a being sprung from his seed—wait! That gives me an idea!"

Stuart, dressed now, faced Lucien with a new light in his eyes. "Did you ever hear of a king in India—Raj Singh—about three centuries ago, who built a marble dam in Rajputana? We saw the dam—Raj Samand. When he started it, his people were starving. He put 'em to work building the dam, so that there should never be any more famine in his kingdom. Look! I'll paint him setting aside the queen who has the royal infant in her arms—ladies of the purdah looking pleased at her disfigurement—but Raj Singh, the father, looking out at the thousands of black men toiling with white marble blocks. Patently—building for the future of the race—taking care of the helpless people of the present. What do you think?"

"Sounds swell. Big canvas, eh? Contrast! Black and white! Beautiful! Sheltered women—starving thousands. I like it!"

"I'll call it 'Paternity,'" mused Stuart. "and let Abe Foreman have it."

"Oh," Lucien glanced at him quizzically as they started out. "No memories mixed up with Raj Samand, eh?"

"Not in the same way," Stuart said quietly.

The erstwhile decorous hush of the Standing drawing room had now given way to strange, raucous voices issuing from behind a silver screen which was pulled down in front of the Italian marble fireplace. Kent Hamrell had had a projector put in, and had hired a boy to be on hand at all times to run it. He had motion pictures, old and new, sent out from the exchanges, and he and his brother, Leigh, and the "yes-men," he had already put on salary looked at them all day and often at night. Watching the trend of the stories, checking on the ones the public liked, selecting and tabulating impressions of actors, listening to well-trained writers and directors and technicians—dissatisfied or unemployed. It was a colossal job Kent had undertaken.

But to him it was not a job, it was the most exciting game he had ever played. The harder the odds

against him, the keener the zest. He took a robust delight in counteracting hostile moves of the long-entrenched magnates who did not welcome a newcomer to the feast. However, Kent's money opened doors everywhere. He was entering the game at the psychological time, the time of fear and depression and low prices. The mimic world was eager to serve the man with the money-bags and no overhead.

Sharlene was often dragged in to see some picture or listen to a new scheme, but more often by Leigh than by Kent. Kent forgot everything but the game, while Leigh was forever remembering that someone's feelings might be hurt by neglect.

Not that Sharlene would have felt neglected. The new game which so entranced her husband smelled to her of politics and intrigue, rather than clean sport, and she said as much to Kent.

"I have to use their tactics to get in," he retorted, "but after I'm in and have my releases set, I can have all the fun making pictures that Lucien Morrow talks about. Only, I'm going to be a director myself as well as producer before I'm through with it. That's where the fun really lies."

"But Kent, directing takes a particular talent and training. How do you know you're fitted for it? You've never followed the theatre—"

"Too bad," laughed Leigh, who had come up while she was speaking. "He knows every stage door in New York!"

"Oh, you can't make me believe Kent ever cared about chorus girls," said Sharlene serenely.

"The one little affair of 'Beautiful Anne' cost—"

"Cut it out!" interrupted Kent sharply, glancing at Sharlene. "Sure!" Leigh agreed hastily. "I was just kidding to see if I could make Sharlene jealous."

"Not me!" she laughed. "I don't care how much he flitted before our marriage. The point is, I have him forever and ever." She hugged Kent's arm to her side. "Isn't forever a grand word, dear?"

He moved a little restively. "Come on in here, you two. I want you to see the latest De Vore picture."

"Julie again!" murmured Sharlene as she went with him, her arm tucked in his.

"She's the best, let today," Kent asserted. "Just rising—the public just beginning to talk for her. The big company she's with has done a swell job of exploitation."

Leigh pulled the velvet curtains over the great windows and they settled themselves in deep, soft chairs to look at the screen.

"Julie's improving," Sharlene said at the end of the first reel. "A lot of little erudites softened—"

"You speak as if you knew her," said Kent curiously. "You always say 'Julie'—"

"Do I? Well, one often does call film favorites by their first names—"

"the privilege of the fan, you know."

The next reel began to clamor. Kent, sunk deeply in his chair, smoking furiously, exclaimed as the picture unfolded: "Gorgeous eyes! . . . that smile's a knockout!"

"Oh, boy! Look at that!" In startled, pleased tones at a close-up of Julie, dizzily decocted.

When the picture was finished Kent jumped to his feet excitedly. "She's got everything. Leigh! She's beautiful—sexy—emotional—"

"Everything—except that little thing called culture," said Leigh. "She's got no depth. Life for her's all beer and skittles."

"Well," said Sharlene musingly, "she makes good beer—if you like beer."

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

BREAKING all precedents and my natural inclinations, I stayed away from a public banquet last night and ate my supper in the privacy of my own home; after which I drew up a comfortable chair in front of a blazing fire and tuned in the radio on KRNR, and let 'er go. It wasn't so bad, folks. In fact, it was pretty darned nice; I couldn't have smoked my pipe in the banquet hall!



I hope everyone within reach of a radio heard George Koch, commander of our department of the American Legion, deliver his address on the value of the constitution of the United States, to the citizens of this country. You'll find the gist of what he said printed elsewhere in this newspaper. He reverences this constitution of ours, and believes in it implicitly, and is anxious to be guided by it in all ways. What is more, he voiced the attitude of the American Legion in all that he had to say. It is very clear that the Legion is an organization of public spirited citizens whose aim is to uphold this constitution of ours and protect it from every attack, both from without and within. More power to it, and its host of friends who subscribe to its patriotic utterances!

I imagine the microphone must have leaped about a foot in the air when Mayor Clark made his fiery announcement that he intended to work tooth and toenail for a municipal light and water system, which he claimed would do Roseburg no harm. He said he'd been hoping for such a thing ever since he came here. In 1908, Well, Charley, if an agitation for a municipal plant had been started then, we'd be about a hundred years nearer the objective than we now are, I suspect.

Someone near the mike had a bad cough, which continued to bother him all evening. I wondered something about it, until it occurred to me that probably it was Jerry Owen trying to produce that so someone suggested he give Crittenden, for room reservations for the Legion convention here next summer.

After hearing how plainly the little whispering, rustlings, etc., at the banquet table were reproduced over the air, I understood why the broadcast wasn't started until after the soup course was finished.

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

SATURDAY, JAN. 11

Morning Hours

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Radio Music Store's "Music Box."

8:00—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd).
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—"Tonic Tunes."
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:30—"Waltz Time."

11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest.
11:15—"As You Like It" request program.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Roseburg School Band, presented by the Douglas Co. Creamery.
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Varieties.
1:00—San Souci Turkey Show.
1:15—Popular Stars.
2:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.

2:15—Hotel Valley's Familiar Melodies.
2:30—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.
3:30—"Story Land."
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—Classical Program.
5:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12

8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Program for the U. S. Vet. Facility with "Doughboy Songs," by Florence Grow and Herbert Hines.

10:00—"Down Melody Lane."
10:30—Songs of Ireland.
10:45—Songs of Hawaii.
11:00—The Reubens brothers by remote control from the Indian Theatre.

11:45—"As You Like It" request program.
1:00—Hotel Valley's Familiar Melodies with Hod and Frank Roadman at the Indian Theatre organ.

1:30—Popular Stars and Orchestras.
1:45—"Firebird Memories" with Cecil Black.
2:30—Salon Music.
3:00—KRNR Little Theatre presents "The Meeting," with local cast.

3:30—"Story Land," and matinee.
4:00—"Waltz Time."
4:30—"Paths of Memory."
5:00—Sign Off.

Mrs. J. Wright, of Tillier, spent Thursday in this city shopping and visiting friends.

Piggly Wiggly



SATURDAY and MONDAY
Jan. 11-13

MAXWELL HOUSE, lb. 27c

2 Pound Can 52c

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MANNING'S COFFEE

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NAVY BEANS—Clean stock, 3 lb. 15c

RAISINS—Thompson Seedless, 4 lbs. 24c

DATES—Fancy Hallowi, 2 pounds 19c

RICE—Blue Rose, 2 pounds 15c

MINCE MEAT—Brandy Flavor, pound 10c

SHREDDED WHEAT—2 Pkgs. 25c

FARINA—Pillsbury's, 28 oz. pkg. 15c

DINA-MITE—1 1/2 lb. pkg. 22c

WALNUTS—Large local Franquettes, lb. 15c

OVAL SARDINES—Van Camp's, 3 cans 25c

FIGS—Whole Figs in syrup, tall can 14c

TOMATO JUICE—All Gold, 2 cans 17c

PEAS—All Gold, tall cans 15c

PUMPKIN—Diamond A, large can 10c

Apples Local Spitz, Box 67c

Oranges Juicy Navels, 150-size, Dozen 29c

YOUTHS WARNED ON KILLING OF BIRDS

The figures do not include applications handled by deputies at

brain and Glendale.

A warning to boys of Roseburg and vicinity regarding the killing of birds was issued today by Fred L. Perry, state policeman in the game law enforcement division.

Many reports have been received, he says, that boys are shooting rooks and other small birds in and around the city. Some of them are being done with air guns and also with 22 rifles.

The killing of any song bird or insectivorous bird is a violation of the state game laws, just as much as the killing of game birds out of season, the officer points out.

Birds such as larks, bluejays, crows, kingfishers and certain owls are not protected, but birds which are not considered harmful are protected at all times, and both young and old hunters should be careful of the kind of wild life used as targets.

It is also pointed out that the discharging of firearms within the city limits is a violation of city laws.

Persons detecting a leak in their homes or places of business should be careful not to strike matches or permit an open flame as an explosion or fire might result, with serious loss of property or life.

The gas company should be immediately notified and experienced men will make repairs.

Cooperation in this matter will be appreciated by the gas company and by the fire department. It is stated by company officials.

COOPERATION IN THIS MATTER WILL BE APPRECIATED BY THE GAS COMPANY AND BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. IT IS STATED BY COMPANY OFFICIALS.