

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Sales Tax.

(Number 3 of a series)

INASMUCH as the 1935 Oregon old age pension law is not in operation and will not become operative until funds are made available by the government, the counties are proceeding with the distribution of pension funds under the act passed in 1933. The regulations under this law require 15 years residence in the state and the age requirement is 70 years or older. Under this law, although pensions up to \$30 per month are permitted, in actual practice due to limited funds, the payments have averaged \$10 per month.

The federal appropriation for old age assistance has not yet been made. When it is made a peculiar situation may arise in Oregon. If the sales tax is rejected, and the 1935 Oregon pension law is declared to be in operation, there will be no old age pension in Oregon. The reason for that is that the legislature transferred the \$1,000,000 state pension appropriation to the relief fund. The county old age pension levy was also transferred to the relief fund. Consequently the 1935 Oregon old age pension law, without sales tax revenue, will be a pension law without funds to pay pensions. Not only that, but when the 1935 law becomes effective, the former pension law which was passed in 1933 is automatically repealed.

If the people vote the sales tax and the federal appropriation is made then all will be as contemplated by the legislature. Pensions will average \$25, half of which will be paid by the federal government, and payments will be made to those in need over 65 years of age and who have resided in Oregon five years out of the last nine years.

If, on the other hand, the sales tax is rejected and the courts determine that federal money is not available to Oregon since there is no money here for the federal government to match, the 1935 law remains dead and the 1933 pension act continues in force with payments made only from county levies on real property.

If the sales tax is rejected it is obvious that the courts will be called upon to determine the true status of Oregon old age pensions.

The state tax commission estimates that between six and one-half and seven millions of dollars will be required to pay an average of \$25 per month to those in Oregon who would be eligible to receive the pension. Half of this amount would be paid by the federal government and the other half is to be raised by means of the state sales tax. The tax commission estimates that the proposed sales tax will raise somewhere between three and four millions a year. The program would, in that case, be balanced but should the amount raised by the tax increase or decrease, the average pension payments could be adjusted accordingly.

Tomorrow the proposed sales tax law will be analyzed and discussed in this column. In carrying on this discussion of the sales tax proposal we realize that questions may arise in the minds of readers and we urge that such questions be sent to the News-Review. Every effort will be made to answer them, either by letter or in this column.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

they got him out on a limb and prepared to saw it off behind him, he showed up somewhere else with about seven kinds of new devilment up his sleeve.

If half the stories about him are true, Paulina certainly got in the white man's hair. In the days when this now peaceful country was wild

and woolly, and it isn't to be wondered at that his name is scattered around these parts.

OF COURSE there are always two sides to every controversy. Paulina, one must remember, was an Indian, and the white men were taking the Indian's country from him. If somebody else should come in now and start to take this country away from US, the chances are we would get mean and ornery about it. People with any spunk at all always have been that way about such things, and probably always will be.)

IT TOOK a long time and a lot of scheming to do it, but they finally got old Paulina.

Howard Maupin, after whom the little town of Maupin—where the highway crosses the Deschutes canyon away up toward the Wapinitla cut-off—was named, got the old boy square in the sights of his Sharp's buffalo gun one day and liquidated him. After that, life was quite a bit simpler for the whites around these parts.

Colonel William A. Thompson—who, by the way, was the founder of what is now the News-Review—tells the story interestingly in his book on the early days of this fascinating country. Colonel Thompson died in Alturas only a little more than a year ago.

OLD CHIEF PAULINA is gone, but he isn't forgotten, and won't be as long as the Geographic Board follows the rule of reason and leaves the original names on a lot of points of interest scattered over this east of the mountains country.

Whether he was a bad hombre or a great patriot depends wholly upon the point of view. In England, you know, a great many people still look upon George Washington as a wicked rebel.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

I won a prize for being the biggest liar in the Kiwanis club and the funny thing about it is that the fish story I told was true. There are lots of good fibbers in our organization and to win over their impossible tales with a true one is quite a recommendation for the experience I related.

I wouldn't repeat that story here but it has reminded me of another one which is also true and probably just as hard to make anybody believe.

We lived on a flat piece of ground at the fork of the Sioux river and one of its tributaries. One spring the freshets caused these to overflow and our neighbor and family had to leave their home, as the water level nearly reached the ceiling of the house.

These people had one of those old fashioned, bespangled hanging lamps, and when they returned to the place they found a good sized pickerel that had become fastened in it.

I present the Cochran family of South Dakota as the only one on earth that ever caught a fish in their chandelier.

JOHN WALKER RITES SET FOR THURSDAY

Funeral services are to be held at 2 p. m. Thursday at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel for John Walker, 56, well known resident of Wilbur, who died at his home Tuesday following a long illness.

Mr. Walker was born August 7, 1849, at Grapeville, Penn., and had been a resident of Wilbur since 1913.

Surviving are his wife and the following sons and daughters: Irene and Olive Walker, Seattle; John T. Walker, Portland; and Marie Walker, Wilbur. He also leaves a grandson, John A. Walker.

He was a member of the Lutheran church.

HOME COMING SET BY 20-30 GROUP

Plans were made for a homecoming to be held January 25 at the regular dinner meeting held by the 20-30 club last night at the Grand hotel. A special program is being planned for this meeting, and all members have been asked to be present as a large number of guests will be in attendance.

A bank night will be started at the next Tuesday night meeting as a special fun feature for the members. This will be continued at all future meetings of the club.

Plans were also outlined for the annual spring dance and fashion show to be sponsored by the club some time in March.

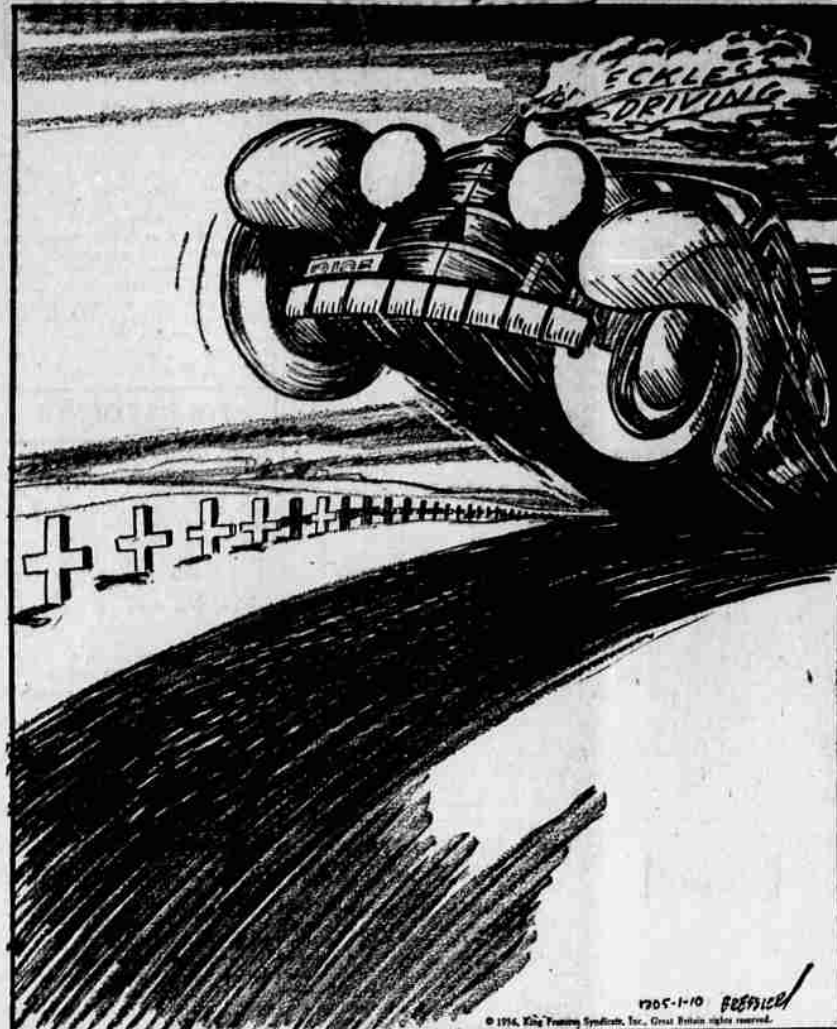
LOUNSBERY RITES SET FOR FRIDAY

Funeral services for Gilbert Lounsbury, who died Sunday at Fernvale, will be held from Hall's Funeral chapel in Grants Pass at 2:30 p. m. Friday, Rev. J. D. Coan of the Methodist church in Grants Pass officiating. Interment will be in the Granite Hill cemetery. The arrangements were made by the Douglas Funeral home.

SALESMAN JAILED IN LIEU OF BAIL

James Kelley, resident of Roseburg, recently arrested on a charge of selling insurance without a license, was placed in the county jail Tuesday. He was unable to furnish bail in the sum of \$250.

Public Enemy No. 1



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXVI

"Who told you I made good boy, Kent?"

"I think it was—my wife—"

"Oh! How perfectly sweet of her! You know, Kent, I think she's such a pretty woman!"

"Um." He was busy lighting a cigarette.

"Yes," Julie pursued, "she has the loveliest lines from here to here." She illustrated on herself the lines from her neck to her thighs. Kent followed the gesture with his eyes. Julie perched herself on the arm of the low sofa and drew her knees up under her chin like a little black and gold elf.

"Isn't it wonderful to have long, flowing lines like that?"

Kent was not listening. He went over to her suddenly and scrutinized her briefly from head to toe.

"What?" she asked.

"The size of you! You're just a miniature woman!" And he picked her up and hugged her over to a big chair and dumped her in it.

"There. Now I want to tell you that I've got a swell story lined up for you—South Seas—"

"Really?" She sat up. "Already? Aren't counting your chickens too soon, or anything like that?" She cocked her head on one side and looked at him tantalizingly.

"Julie, you wouldn't go back on me!" he exclaimed in alarm. But he loved the excitement of feeling that she might.

"I don't know. When my contract's up, I can do as I please. Sign again with them—or with you—or get married." She looked at him through half-closed lashes, blowing smoke at him.

"Get married?" He hadn't thought of that. The excitement of the chase mounted. "Who's the man?"

"Oh, I have lots of chances to get at my ease in yachts and town houses. Instead of pulling the old body out of bed at seven a. m. to make up and be on the set at nine every morning!"

He grinned at her. "So you want to get at ease, eh? Where are these said yacht-and-town-house owners?"

"I sent 'em off down the beach to another party when I heard you were here."

"Really? I get first choice?" He reached forward to seize her hands and pull her over into his lap. "So now I know you won't go back on me."

"I'm not promising anything. A millionaire husband has his advantages." She climbed off his lap and went to the mirror to inspect herself. "Do you think I'd look good blonde?" she asked anxiously.

"Listen to me, Julie," Kent came up behind her and swung her around to face him. "There isn't really another man!"

promise what I'll do at the end of this contract?"

He walked away from her moodily and looked out at the ocean, jingling the keys in his pocket. She came to him presently and slid under his arm, smiling up at him with dewy eyes.

"Not mad at me, Kent?"

"No, but I do believe I'm furiously jealous!"

She laughed delightedly and pulled down his head to kiss him. Then she danced away to the door. "Come on, darling, let's swim. There are men's suits down in the dressing room. I'll show you." He hesitated, glancing at his watch.

"Afraid your wife will see you with me again?" she teased slyly.

"No," he said shortly. "She's at home going over accounts with her lawyer. Besides, she wouldn't care if she did see me with you."

Julie shook her head wonderingly. "Gosh, what little sense that woman has!" she commented with complacency.

Kent's face hardened. "All right, let's swim!"

In Beverly Hills that warm afternoon, a disreputable new word was being coined in the parlance of the stars. It was called "the Kent Folsom."

It seemed that the factory was on half production, and the oil wells throttled down to practically nothing. Certain stocks were perilously low and others worthless. She was advised to look ahead and watch her expenditures, for heaven only knew how long this depression would last.

"Your charities," scolded Mr. Folsom, "are on an absurdly lavish pre-depression scale. I suggest you cut down on them."

"No, we won't change those plans till we have to," Sharlene decided. "There must be other ways to retrench."

After Mr. Folsom had gone Sharlene sat there in a maze of papers covered with figures, really thinking about money for the first time in her life. There Leigh Danerell found her when he came storming in from the office they had established in Hollywood.

"I've got what he's done now!" he exploded without any preliminaries.

"Kent?" She dragged her mind away from the frightening figures and smiled up at the frowning young man. "No. What's he done?"

"He couldn't wait for De Vere to finish her contract. Oh, no! He had to go and buy it from the company, so he could have her the rest of this year!"

"Leigh! Why, that must have cost—"

"Too much! It isn't as if we couldn't get actresses as good—or better—for less money. The town's full of 'em."

Leigh walked about restlessly as he talked and helped himself to ice water from Sharlene's carafe. "I don't think the company thought she was so hot—or they wouldn't have sold at any price. Kent makes me sick."

"Why," Sharlene's voice was a bit odd, "why was he so determined?"

"Because he thought he couldn't have her. You know how Kent is. Just let him think he can't have a thing and he moves heaven and earth till he gets it."

"I wonder," said Sharlene thoughtfully, "if he's always satisfied then?"

her desk with a slim finger. "Did you try to argue him out of it?"

"Argue? Say, I've done nothing else but. I should have known better. When he was a kid, father and mother knew that the way to get him to do anything was to argue on the other side. Obstacles only whet that boy's appetite to win. Take Cora, for instance."

Sharlene glanced up quickly, holding her breath. Leigh, floundering up and down the room, kicking a cushion did not notice. He went on:

"Cora seemed unattainable. He couldn't rest until he'd made her love him. Then he didn't care any more—he'd won!"

"But, he married her—" Sharlene began.

"He owed her that; he should have done it years ago."

"But, Leigh, don't you see how sporting it was for him to marry her—when he did?"

"Sporting?" Leigh snorted. "He didn't think he was taking any chance. The doctor told him she was going to die. That's why I couldn't get him to phone you about it—before he did it. He thought his usual good luck would hold and nobody would ever know it. Even when she got better, he thought it would come out all right. Then you did the unexpected, running off and getting married. He'd counted on your sticking through anything."

"And I failed," Sharlene said unhappily. "I've never forgiven myself."

"Don't be silly! You gave him a new hurdle, didn't you see? You were going to be hard to get. That was what he was looking forward to."

"While he was being so good to Cora?"

"Good? Well, if you like to put it that way. He dragged her around with him to save talk. There'd been enough of that. He saw her as little as possible. In the islands he devoted himself to sports. He had a grand time; he always has a grand time. That boy has a great zest for living—as long as there's something he can't have, just ahead."

There was a long silence. Sharlene lay back in her chair looking rather pale. "Leigh," she said at last, "you've just shattered a cherished illusion."

"What do you mean?" He halted to look at her in trepidation. "Have I been talking out of turn—about Cora?"

"No. It's just—I'd always pictured Kent as being—oh, very tender and wonderful to Cora."

"Huh? But you know Kent's not like that. Now, is he?"

"Well, really—it's hard for me to separate my conception of Kent from Kent as he is, I guess."

"Sure. You thought of him as doing what you'd do under the circumstances—but Kent's a heman. Sharlene. He's got a lot of grand points, but being tender isn't one of them. And get the idea out of your head that you've got to make up to him for anything you did. I can't go that. Makes me think too much of Cora—poor thing!"

Sharlene had been stacking the papers on her desk. They fell over and scattered again all over the place. Leigh helped to pick them up.

Like the well-known house of cards, Leigh," she was trying to smile, "collapsing all about me."

He looked up at her sharply from where he was kneeling on the floor. "I haven't worried you, have I, Sharlene? You must know Kent as well as I do, by now. Unless you prefer to pretend."

"Yes, I know him pretty well," she said slowly, unwillingly.

"Don't ever think that your place as his wife can be assailed by my dear. You're secure. You're his family—like me or his mother. But what I mean is you've got to face the idea of his chasing off after some new game any minute. And casting money on it, too, like this De Vere deal. Just one of the Adv."

things we've got to reckon with."

"I see," Sharlene got up slowly and smiled dimly at him. "There comes a time, I suppose, in every wife's life when she no longer looks on her husband as a hero. Well—I'd better dress for dinner. Kent will soon be home."

Leigh watched her drift away to her bedroom and bit his lip savagely. Maybe he'd said too much. But . . . he had not told her that one of the bills he had found that day down at the office was for a five-hundred-dollar diamond bracelet engraved "Julie." The flimsy excuse of preparing Miss De Vere to accept a contract with the Demerell Production company was wearing pretty thin.

(To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

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THURSDAY, JAN. 16

Morning Hours

6:45—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club (contd.)

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred music.

9:00—Tonic Tunes.

9:30—Federal Housing Program.

10:00—"Woman's Exchange."

10:30—"Waltz Time."

11:00—"The Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest."

11:15—"As You Like It" (requests).

11:50—Band music.

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varieties.

1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show.

1:15—"Dance Time," Speed Robber.

1:30—The Musical Globe Trotter.

2:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.

2:15—Hotel Valley's "Familiar Melodies."

2:30—"Songs of the Range."

3:00—"The Spanish Mantilla."

3:30—"Story Land."

4:00—"The Editor Views the News."

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

4:30—"Hawaiian Shores," Pal La Claire.

5:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17

Morning Hours

6:45—Alarm Clock Club.

7:20—"Pacific Woman," Life Association with Wanda Armour.

7:35—News-Review on the Air.

7:50—Alarm Clock Club (contd.)

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ music.

9:00—"The Musical Globe Trotter."

10:00—"Woman's Exchange."

10:45—Popular Stars.

11:00—"The Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest."

11:15—"As You Like It" (requests).

11:45—Richfield Program.

11:50—"As You Like It" (contd.)

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Copeco's Agricultural Notes.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varieties.

1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show.

1:15—Piano Forte, Florence Grow.

1:30—Tango Time.

2:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.

2:15—Hotel Valley, "Familiar Melodies."

2:30—Salon Music.

3:00—"Down Memory's Path."

3:30—"Story Land Musical."

4:00—News-Review Headlines.

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

4:30—Musical Scrapbook.

5:00—Sign Off.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Cool But Not Refreshing.

Old Doc Cook and Admiral Peary both discovered the North Pole at the same time except that Doc Cook didn't.

That started the other explorers toward the South Pole by boat, dog sledge and parcel post.

Shackleton, Scott, Byrd, Ellsworth, Amundsen, Noble and McMillan are famous men who have run the bases wild beneath the southern cross and the northern aurora. The idea of these frost-bitten picnics is to discover a new land for the United States.

If they want to discover a new land we wish they would discover one that will grow coconuts instead of snowballs.

They may call that territory. But our electric refrigerator can make better land than that.

It may be home to a penguin. But a penguin's parlor ain't no living room for a canary bird. The penguin is the only chicken that lays his eggs in a cold storage plant.