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As Another Sees Us.

IT IS usually quite interesting—and often amusing—to the average American to note what is said about this country in other lands, particularly with reference to comparative military and naval strengths, inspired, of course, by the theoretical eventuality of war. For example, one is offered the following declaration of Vice Admiral Takahashi of Japan, made at Tokyo immediately after his country quit the international naval conference at London when her demand for naval parity was turned down:

"If the Japanese navy is called upon to fight the combined power of America and Great Britain, I am confident we will win, even if the ratio is 10 to 1. If such a combat came tomorrow, this could be proved. The Japanese people need not be afraid... The Washington treaty was non-sense. Japan has its own ideas of methods of fighting and we build what warships we need without watching other nations. If we are compelled to use the short sword to combat a foe brandishing the long sword, I still am sure we have the skill and spirit to win."

The Japanese view of superiority is not confined to actual fighting strength. It embraces also the comparative economic situations. An unnamed navy spokesman contended that the United States would have been greatly diminished by successive depressions, that American shipyards are insufficiently equipped for naval expansion programs, that American naval forces are not as devoted to their country as are the Japanese and are short of trained personnel and, finally, that the United States is full of pacifists trying to obstruct war preparedness.

Thus, from a Japanese viewpoint, America is already as good as licked in its prospective war with proud and confident Nippon. However, the world is assured by members of the Japanese cabinet that the nation's aims are those of peace, and Premier Okada adds that "naval limitation treaties or not, Japan will respect the principles of non-mence and non-aggression in the world, unaltered." Let it be noted also that the larger and more responsible newspapers of Japan refused to publish the bombastic utterances of the navy spokesmen, indicating unmistakably that the latter's ideas are not endorsed by the influential elements of the empire as a whole.

They will serve a good purpose over here, however, if they bring about correction of flaws in our national defense system and a halt in the inroads of well-known but impractical propaganda that tends to lessen national security.

Grange Stability.

THE possession of a substantial treasury is one of the characteristics of a successful fraternal organization, although by no means all fraternal are thus blessed. In this connection it is interesting to note that the last annual report of the National Grange shows its treasury balance to be almost \$165,000, which is the highest point it has reached in more than 40 years. In spite of the depression period of recent days, all the 35 state granges of the country are solvent and many of them have a substantial balance in their treasury; while in spite of low initiation fees and small dues, the 8000 subordinate units of the organization are in good financial condition; 3600 of them own their halls and many have a substantial balance in the bank, besides large holdings in United States liberty bonds.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

Some time ago I read an article from South Dakota about an old acquaintance who tried to commit

suicide. It seems that he somehow got it into his head that his wife and children didn't care for him any more so he concluded that he would end it all.

The way I understand it, he got on the railing of a bridge and took a dose of strychnine. Then he shot himself in the head and tumbled over into the river. The bullet just barely scratched his dome and he swallowed so much water that he threw up the poison.

They rushed the old fellow to the hospital and when he found his wife and kids surrounding him he thanked God that he had survived.

I wrote to him and got a letter back today. He says, "You know Adolph, I have been thinking it was a good thing I could swim, otherwise maybe I might have drowned."

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

DALLAS, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Careful, deliberate consideration of agricultural problems is needed if extreme emergency decisions are to be avoided in the future, Paul Carpenter, marketing specialist, told the Polk county agricultural conference.

He said errors have resulted in the "jungle" returning to the Willamette valley faster than the land is being developed.

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Postmaster Duncan Douglas said he was informed the postman brothers of Portland will begin immediately on construction of Marshfield's new federal building. A street-widening project is included in the program.

ALBANY, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—Top honors in the men's and women's divisions of the six-college interscholastic speaking contest went to James Yeomans and Joy Smith, both of Pacific university. Randall Keaster and Constance Smart, both of Willamette, placed second in the two divisions.

EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Dr. Waldo P. Adams, prominent Eugene dentist, died in the locker room of McArthur court last night while he was attending the Oregon State State basketball game. County Health Officer E. C. Hoenig pronounced him dead a few minutes after his body was found. Death was attributed to heart disease.

ASTORIA, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Coroner Hollis Ransom said today the body of a scaman found on the Washington beach yesterday, "probably" was that of George Mart, over, of Atlanta, Ga., who was swept to his death in the wreck of the steamship Iowa Sunday. The body was the seventh to be recovered. Thirty-four—the entire crew—lost their lives in the tragedy.

TILLAMOOK, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Dr. Mitchell J. Smith of Mount Vernon, Wash., will succeed the late Dr. Walter Ferguson as county veterinarian, by order of the Tillamook county court.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Records showed today that 14 persons have died as a result of traffic accidents in Portland since the start of the police fiscal year, Dec. 1. Latest victims were Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 66, and Mrs. Lena Iddis, 76, both of Portland, who died yesterday as a result of injuries incurred several days ago.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—It would be well if the nation could locate a man with the "capabilities and talents" of Benjamin Franklin, Claude Ingalls, editor of the Corvallis Gazette Times, told the Sons of the American Revolution here.

Such a man, Ingalls said, could "lead the nation" in industry and "turn" from which he declared the nation had devolved. The talk was in connection with national thrift week.

MILL CITY, Ore., Jan. 18.—(AP)—Determined that this little community shall not be known as the "ghost town," residents of Mill City subscribed more than \$10,000 plus labor towards creation of a cooperative sawmill here.

Plans call for construction of a new mill, purchasing necessary equipment from the former Hammond holdings still held here. Considerable timber already on the ground can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

SALEM, Jan. 17.—Ella McMunn, 49, well known writer and newspaper and other articles, died here Tuesday.

Miss McMunn, a resident of the Quimby district, for many years wrote for newspapers in Portland and Salem. She retired to her farm home several years ago.

PORTLAND, Jan. 17.—Mrs. Margaret Eleanor Dick, 81, mother of Paul S. Dick, president of the United States National bank, died here yesterday after a long illness.

MARION MAN FACES CHARGE OF MURDER

SALEM, Jan. 17.—(AP)—An indictment returned by the grand jury today charged John Kyle, Broadacre farmer, with first degree murder in connection with the fatal shooting of his neighbor, Hugh Jean Sloan, on January 2.

Kyle had told officers he shot Sloan in self defense, because Sloan had entered his house in an attempt to rob him.

Fog and sandstorms couldn't keep early day school children of southwestern Oklahoma away from their studies. Their fathers played guiding furrows through the prairie sod, straight from home to schoolhouse.

Reunion in Washington



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LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXXIX
 "Before we're off the subject," Sharlene said determinedly, "there's one more thing I'd like to know. It's this: In your very bitterest moments you referred to yourself as 'Prince Consort.' Did you think I was setting myself up as 'Queen' because I happened to have the filthy money?"

"It wasn't you, Sharlene. He came back and sat down and looked at her with knit brows. "It was just the situation. Do you know there's such a thing as a club of prince consorts here?"

"No!"
 "There's a fellow with rich and famous wives. Expected to be poodle dogs—you know, run at the queen's beck and call. Most of 'em hated it, but they all pretended to be either satiric or philosophical. Called themselves the kept husbands—they invited me to join."

"Oh, no, Stuart! Stuart! She was looking at him in horror. "What did I let you in for? What senseless humiliation when you—the world is shouting about you and your genius! And I had nothing but the paltry money!"

He was silent, turning a jade over and over in his hands. She studied his bent head and went on more quietly. "You know, Stuart, the amazing paradox is that I'd have loved being the dependent one! You say, I never should have had great wealth. I really am the sort who yearns to do things with her hands for the people she loves. That must sound strange—when all I did was take from you! But you, poor lamb, knew me only as a woman obsessed."

He still studied the little jade god intently. She lit a cigarette. "Emily warned me," she went on presently, "before she left here—the last time. But I wouldn't believe that you can give—too much—of love."

Stuart glanced her her quickly from under his brows. "What are you saying, Sharlene?"
 "I haven't seen Kent since the night I got the telegram about mother."

"Oh! Stuart's tone was puzzled. "He went to Tahiti for the picture, didn't he? Julie came up here to say goodbye. But he ought to be back before long, oughtn't he?"
 "Stuart, I've left him."

"What? He got up, astounded. "Why, Sharlene, you can't—"
 "Yes, I found him with Julie when I went to tell him Emily was dead."

"Julie?"
 "Yes. He told me he wished me to keep my place as his wife's protection against his women he didn't want to marry."

"Sharlene!" He could not believe it. She spoke so quietly, almost calmly, but it must be killing her. Stuart knew that she loved Kent. Damselfire more than any man he served the shadow of a doubt, that this love of hers for Kent was woven into the very fabric of her heart. It was indestructible, as long as she lived.

"But," he ejaculated after a moment. "Julie could never come between you and—Not Julie! Why, it's preposterous!"

"I don't know. He must have got utterly sick of my making a life-work out of loving him! Do you remember, Stuart, that about 'A full wall' loathed an honey-comb?" Stuart glanced quickly at her, but she was going on meditatively. "And how a full soul must loathe some more money!" She paused for a moment, then jump-

ed abruptly to her feet. "But, gracious! I didn't come here to whine!"

She smiled at him brilliantly and he met her forth with his slow whimsical drawl:
 "Too bad I've got these panels to do for the library, so I can't take you to the Orient this time."

They both laughed. "Yes, it's too bad! But seriously, Stuart, I've found out there's no use running away from trouble. It just runs right along with you! And I've learned better than to disrupt another person's life—to please myself. Yes, I've learned—but what a shocking lot of good Fridays it's taken to hammer it in!" She shook her head with a rueful grin.

lene—forgive a lot, I reckon. But you'll never be happy—you'll never be all there—without him."

She halted and looked long and deeply into his friendly blue eyes. Then she sighed.

"You really believe that, Stuart?"
 "I'm convinced you can only be happy doing your job—and he seems to be your job!"

One evening when it had set in to rain in earnest, Stuart dismissed the boy who had been modeling for him, and climbed down from the ladder on which he had stood for hours while he painted. The great panel on which he had been working glowed in the last rays of light of the closing day.

It had so much of sunlight of its own that it warmed the gray room to life. It was to be set into the wall of a splendid new library, destined to lighten gray days and set dreamers among dusty tomes a-dreaming down through the years.

Stuart found himself suddenly very hungry. Too tired to go out in the storm for food, he investigated the refrigerator. He found some eggs, but his interest in eating died when he surveyed the kitchen. Every dish in the place had been used. Stacks of them, Ashes sticking to them. Cold grease in the skillet. Old coffee grounds in the percolator.

He shuddered, and then hearing a rap at the front door, went to answer it. Sharlene stood there under a dripping umbrella, twined coat buttoned to her chin, a soft smile that pulled down over her hair. She was smiling at him uncertainly, trying to catch her breath after a run up the hill.

"Sharlene!" he exclaimed, pulling her in quickly out of the down-pour. "What on earth brings you here? Is anything wrong?"

She shook her head, smiling, panting, and stooped to pull off her overshoes. He was quick to help her and took off her wet coat and hat.

"I just came to dinner," she announced.

"Here? Oh, we'll have to go out somewhere."

"Not in this storm. Hollywood is moving right down off her hills to the sea. Rivers of mud! Come on, there must be something in the kitchen." She started across the floor.

"Wait, Sharlene. You can't go in there!"

"Why not?" She halted. "Women?"

"Worse. You'd be revolted!"

"Oh, you mean your housekeeping. Never mind, I took a sociology course, once. One place, she came back close to him to whisper it, "one place they had cockroaches in the flour!"

"No!"

"Fact? Can you top that?" Her eyes sparkled with mirth.

"Sure! I've had ants in the sugar—but I hate to boast about it."

"Oh!" She shuddered. "Never mind, we drink our coffee clear."

She caught up the bag she had with her and rummaged in it. "Recipe, thermometer, apron—my tools! Now you just watch me, Stuart, and you'll see miracles!"

She went into the kitchen, trying on the apron in a businesslike way which amazed Stuart. Inordinately as he followed her, she stood still for an instant, taking in the disorder, then turned on the tap in the sink.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
 MAN
 By PAUL JENKINS

IT'S a perfectly natural thing for the News-Review to boast its new feature, the Five Star Weekly, to beat the band, and out of proportion, perhaps, to the real importance of the event, but aside from this, I really believe that its readers will derive considerable enjoyment out of reading it. If they do, we will be greatly pleased; if they don't, it won't have to cost them anything!

The first issue appears today in this edition. It was secured at a considerable cost to the News-Review, but if our subscribers DO enjoy it, this newspaper will feel amply repaid; for it is sincerely grateful to these same subscribers who have proven their loyalty to the News-Review through all these years. It will continue to give them the best newspaper its circumstances will permit.

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT
 (The Myrtle Creek Mail)

As a matter of mere local news it may appear unnecessary to state that it has been raining in South Douglas during the past week, but since the weather is not only a subject for general discussion when people meet, but a source of news to paper readers, it is not out of place to say that we have had one of the wettest spells this season for several days.

The raindrops were so multitudinous that as they began to accumulate they formed tiny little trickles, and these little trickles joined forces through the natural law of water running down hill and became rivulets, which in turn became brooks, and these brooks emerged into small creeks, and these small creeks became large ones, and these large ones became so swelled up that they wanted to the rivers. So gathering up driftwood, fence, pig pens and other lesser and numerous farm accessories these big creeks, roaring and gurgling and gurgling seemed to say, "see who I am!" rushed down into the rivers. Full to the banks, and often overflowing, the rivers started out on a rampage of damage and destruction.

One of his hobbies was to each year attend the opening game of the baseball season in Portland. Besides hundreds of friends throughout the state and the Pacific coast, Judge Colvig is survived by two daughters, Mrs. William N. Wagoner of this city, and Mrs. Floyd Cook of Portland, and two sons, Don Colvig of Wood, Cal., and Vance Colvig of Hollywood, Cal.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

One of the Pilgrims used to get arrows through the hair. But that was centuries ago as the old crew evaporates. The arrows were supplied by the Indians, freight-on-board and prepaid. The Indians used to come down from Nova Scotia, trim the Pilgrim bonnets with arrows and marcelle the Pilgrim hair with tomahawks, then gallop back to Canada where everything was five cents extra.

But why should the present day college student project his astral body through a retrograde arc of the ages? Attacking a stranger with a bow and arrow is tantamount to a declaration of belligerent independence. How would Yale, Dartmouth or Alabama feel if the League of Nations slapped sanctions on their glie clubs?

We know that college boys are young. We know that it is legal for a student to be full of spirits if the government has collected the tax. But the trouble with college youth is that he thinks the world is divided off by five-year lines and that every stranger's hat is a loose football.

The only time the youngster of 1936 respects gray hairs is when they are on a grizzly. Yet college students have a fairly good idea of their own general scheme of things. The difference between a freshman and a graduate is the difference between a round hat and a square one. Your student matriculates in a suit with two pairs of pants and graduates in a gown.

We have cited a few isolated cases of incomplete bulldozing. We are glad to state that the average student has no thought of playing the junior a tie game in the Rose Bowl. And as for shooting arrows at tourists, that action answers the age-old question: How are you on a moving target?

ORCHARD PARTS CO. FETES ANNIVERSARY
 The Orchard Auto Parts company was host last night to a large number of automobile mechanics and dealers and others interested in the automotive trade at an anniversary celebration at the Plantation Inn at Coos Junction, La. M. Orchard of Eugene, head of the company, together with other members of the Eugene branch, and the force of the Roseburg branch, joined in providing the entertainment for a group of more than 150 men. The entertainment marked the 10th year of the Orchard Auto Parts company, which operates in the southern Oregon territory.

JEAN EPPSTEIN WINS SPEAKING CONTEST
 Jean Eppstein, representing the junior class, was winner of the inter-class impromptu speaking contest, which featured the regular weekly assembly at the senior high school Friday. Betty Jane Dixon, representing the senior class, took second place, and Vera Guile, sophomore, was third. Mrs. Scott Williams, Maurice Hallmark and R. R. Brand were judges. Philip Branson was timekeeper.

RIDDLE MAN ASKS PERMIT FOR WATER
 SALEM, Jan. 18.—(AP)—Application filed with the state engineer last week for permits to appropriate water included one from Frank Hamlin of Riddle, asking two second feet of water from Beatty creek, for development of 22½ horsepower in Douglas county.

RANKIN FAILS TO BREAK AIR MARK
 WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—(AP)—The national aeronautic association said today that Tex Rankin of Portland, Ore., failed by 3,215 feet in his effort to break the national altitude record for light airplanes at Miami, Fla., Dec. 24.

Squonah, a Georgia Indian, invented an alphabet of his own although he was unable to read or write.

When Emporia, Kans., needs a fire truck, the city fathers pick out a good motor and chassis, buy it and instruct the firemen to build a direct declaration.

The question of congressional approval is sufficiently large to merit caution and careful thought. What about a popular majority thereafter, in the campaign, if the congressional hurdle can be overcome?

That may depend on developments yet to come. Invalidation of NRA started certain groups, including notably organized labor, preparing for an amendment. Certain other groups seem to be preparing to fall in line since AAA was invalidated. It still more new deal policies fall similarly, there are those who believe the combined strength of the dissenters might be hard to defeat at the polls.

All of these considerations help to explain why Mr. Roosevelt hesitates. Whatever his private sentiment—and no one has undertaken to say authoritatively thus far that he really favors an amendment—he obviously does not intend to put himself into an impossible situation, politically, at the very outset of the campaign.

Wm. M. COLVIG
 DIES AT MEDFORD
 MEDFORD, Jan. 17.—William M. Colvig, 51, pioneer resident of this city and southern Oregon, died at his home here Friday following an illness of three months.

In his busy and colorful life, Judge Colvig occupied many positions of trust and was known as an orator of wide ability. In his early manhood, he was district attorney for Jackson and Josephine counties, and played a leading role in the life of Jacksonville 40 years ago. He taught school in this city for many years, and at one time was Medford city attorney, and for a short period secretary of the Medford chamber of commerce. Twenty years ago he was state tax agent of the Southern Pacific railroad, with headquarters in Portland.

He retired from active life shortly after the end of the great war, and has been a resident of this city since. He was a Civil War veteran and a member of the Masonic lodge.

One of his hobbies was to each year attend the opening game of the baseball season in Portland. Besides hundreds of friends throughout the state and the Pacific coast, Judge Colvig is survived by two daughters, Mrs. William N. Wagoner of this city, and Mrs. Floyd Cook of Portland, and two sons, Don Colvig of Wood, Cal., and Vance Colvig of Hollywood, Cal.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

KRRR PROGRAM
 (1,500 Kilocycles)
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 NEWS-REVIEW

SUNDAY, JAN. 19
 Morning Hours
 8:30—Devotional
 8:45—Organ music
 9:00—U. S. Veterans' Facility program, with Ernie Crane
 10:00—Vocal selections
 10:30—"Musical Bouquet"
 11:00—Guest artist
 11:30—Salon music

Afternoon Hours
 12:15—"At the Organ"—Wanda Armour, with Lyndon Spencer, pianist
 1:15—Dance Memory's Paths
 1:45—Sacred music
 2:15—Hotel Valley's "Familiar Melodies"
 2:30—"Songs of the Past" with Ruth Warren and Florence Grow
 3:00—Canyonville Rhythmen
 4:00—KRRR Little Theatre with local cast
 4:30—"The Singing Parson"
 4:45—Salon music
 5:00—Sign off

MONDAY, JAN. 20
 6:45—Early Birds Concert
 7:00—Alarm Clock Club
 7:15—Douglas Co. Flour Mill "The Mill Wheel Turning Round"
 7:30—News-Review on the Air
 7:45—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd)
 8:30—Devotional
 8:45—Salon music
 9:30—Federal Housing Program
 10:00—Woman's Exchange
 11:00—The Tavern Novelty Fun Fest
 11:15—"As You Like It"
 12:05—Copco's "Pinto Pete"
 12:20—News-Review News Broadcast

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Varieties
 1:00—Sam Connel Turkey Snow
 1:15—Piano-forte Florence Grow
 1:30—Popular Stars
 2:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman
 2:15—Hotel Valley, "Familiar Melodies"
 2:30—The Musical Globe Trotter
 3:00—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
 3:30—Story Land
 4:00—The Editor Views the News
 4:15—"The Sandwich Shop in Pin and Frolic"
 4:30—Melody Moods
 5:00—Sign Off

VOTER SINCE '76
 NOT YET CITIZEN
 MILWAUKEE, Jan. 18.—(AP)—John Hoelzel, 89, who voted for Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876 and in every presidential election since without question, looked forward today toward becoming a citizen of the United States.

The retired cigar man had believed he was a citizen, until a friend told him he was not unless his father had become naturalized. No immigration service existed when Hoelzel came to America in 1885.