

Roseburg News-Review

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Represented by

M. C. MOGENSEN & CO., Inc.

San Francisco—226 Bush Street, Los Angeles—123 South Spring Street, Seattle—403 Stewart Street, Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave., Detroit—327 Stephenson Blvd., New York—100 East 40th Street, Portland—1000 Third Street.

MEMBER

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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

Only a Tapping?

A HEADLINE in a Portland newspaper reads: "Winter Hammers at Portland's Gate." A vigorous workman is Old Man Winter who seems to prefer the more northern latitudes for his heaviest pounding. Our thanks for that—thus far—for winter has only made a very gentle tapping at our gate down here in the balmy and ever pleasant Umpqua valley.

The local weather man said yesterday, though, that the cold area of the north was spreading southward. That spread may be halted by abet of hills which protects us from such weather extremes.

But if cold weather does come, and it doubtless will, remember that a normal cold winter is necessary to the best crop results. Premature good weather starts crops too soon.

There is a sign of coming spring everywhere you look. The robins seem undisturbed by the weather man's prediction of cold, the lambs are coming, the bulbs are timidly pushing up their first green shoots and the shrubs are showing unmistakable signs of budding.

And now, if this editorial about balmy weather can be gotten on the press before the cold wave prediction comes true we shall be grateful.

Not a Sucker List.

THAT the records of the state bonus commission, in which are listed the names of practically every world war veteran in Oregon, are not to be used as a "sucker list" with which to mislead the veterans out of their federal adjusted compensation money is the flat declaration of Jerrold Owen, secretary of the commission.

Hardly had news of congressional action on the bonus measure flashed over the press wires and radio, carrying word that some twenty millions of dollars is going to be distributed among the ex-servicemen in Oregon in the next few months, than requests for the names of veterans listed with the state commission began to pour in.

They came from insurance agents, automobile dealers, stock and bond brokers and the like—all intent on using the state to further their private ends.

To all Owen has returned the same answer; that while the files of the bonus commission are public records they are of a confidential nature and will be treated as such until such time as the commission is required by court order to open them to public scrutiny. If that time ever comes, the same secrecy will be maintained over the subscription lists of the Oregon Legionnaire, of which he is editor, Owen says.

The commission will, however, take advantage of the information contained in its records to collect some \$337,999 of delinquencies on state bonus loans when the federal settlement is made. Included in these are \$41,530 in Marion county, \$14,127 in Polk, \$29,672 in Linn and \$16,652 in Yamhill county. In enforcing these collections the board is not exploiting the veterans, but simply requiring those with whom it has been lent to meet their valid obligations to the state.

The commission takes a sound position when it declines to be used as a tool of intentional slickers. It is the slickers, not the suckers who would benefit.—Salem Statesman.

Robley Hopkins, of Myrtle Creek, was here attending to business for a few hours yesterday.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Could Caruso Sing?

We have always thought that writers should write and readers should read. There is always grief for us when the reader starts writing. That's because the reader is right.

The most constant of our innocent bystanders lays to the wharf with a cargo of complaints about Jenny Lind and Caruso. We must admit we never heard Jenny Lind sing and we refuse to take Barnum's word for it.

However, we heard Caruso and heard him often. Further proof of Caruso's voice is engraved on the records. Nothing remains of Jenny Lind's voice except Barnum's ballyhoo.

It was on December 24th, 1920, that we wrote our impression of Enrico Caruso. He had stripped his gears trying to drop a high note over the long left field fence in the patent medicine opera "L'Elisir d'Amore."

That was sixteen years ago when we sought to praise Caruso in our own rough, manly way.

We said a couple of sprained ligaments in the tonsil housing would not stop that man any more than amendments would stop throat. Both statements proved to be prophetic.

We continued with our curious boasting: "When Caruso starts whistling for a grade crossing it makes folks in the gallery forget they had to climb steps to get there. One note from Enrico and they think they flew up, like pigeons on the ledge of the Metropolitan museum."

"He carries a note longer than the Bank of the United States. A habit which wrecked both famous institutions. We would rather hear Caruso belch than another man sing."

"He possesses the wide range of a train announcer booming the coupling chimes of sixteen tracks. He is the only tenor on the big wheel who can take a dozen orchestra calls on a bad cough. Whatta orchestra that man has coiled up in his Adam's apple! He sings A, B or C and makes you think each letter is a whole alphabet."

"His voice wanders up and down like a butcher shop fly on a string of frankfurters. Now it rumbles with the dust in the vacuum cleaner, and now it makes new cracks in the plaster on the ceiling. Each whicker on his chin vibrates like a string on a golden harp."

"Caruso is not a pantomime actor who takes a high note with his finger. When he yawns the arks go on a hunger strike. His voice is like the tinkling of water, which need to be beautiful before it was compulsory."

That's what we call a boast. Any time you need a press agent, just call the "BUGS."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

that if we've grown as fast since 1920 as we grew in the corresponding period before that time, there are now 127 millions of us.

OR increase in population since 1920 is estimated by the statisticians at four per cent.

That is quite an increase, but it isn't ANYTHING LIKE the increase in the years when the population of the United States was increasing most rapidly—back in the twenties just before 1920.

There has been a distinct slowing down.

BACK in those years before 1920, we asked first: "How many of us are there?" Now we're inclined to ask: "How are we going to FIND JOBS for all of us?"

ALONG that line, here is a thought tonight by the commission for wooden boxes now being vended in Southern Oregon.

For each ONE worker required for the manufacture of fiber boxes, SEVEN workers are required for the manufacture of wooden boxes. Consider that the next time you get goods shipped into a lumber country in a fiber box.

Fort Hill, of Oakland, spent yesterday in this city attending to business.

Mrs. Ray Laurence, of Green, shipped and visited friends in town yesterday.

Changing Horses in Mid-Stream



HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER X

Then another idea struck me that wasn't so entrancing. Suppose the inspector asked me to spy on Bruce? I felt positively ill when I thought about it. How could I? On the other hand, I couldn't betray my trust. The struggle between my conscience and my emotion grew so strong that I forgot to eat or sleep. I was in a daze. I came to in time to hear mother say, "He seems to be such a nice young man."

"Even nice young men make telephone calls, Fredericks." "But not to girls who are murdered the next night!"

Dad went on: "Well, anyway, this nice young man certainly telephoned Miss Sinclair from Sacramento on October 19th. She must have been in class when the call came to the school that morning, for he did not reach her. What about that, Julie?"

"No, they don't call teachers out of class unless it is an emergency. They take the number, or the operator's number if the call is long distance, and the teacher can telephone when she is free."

"Well, evidently Lloyd didn't want to wait, as he made the call from a pay station in a hotel. He said he would call again. But he did not."

"What was he doing in Sacramento?" wondered mother. "We don't know yet, Lloyd was questioned about it this afternoon. He admitted making the call, said he was driving through the town, but did not have time to stop there long."

"Why did he call her?" I wanted to know. "He evaded that, just saying that it was rather common for him to call her betrothed. O'Brien could get nothing more out of him on that, nor would he say what business he had in that part of the state. He is an insurance man, you know, and he might have been there for any number of reasons."

"But he won't talk to you either?" "No. He is the most difficult client I have ever had."

"Well," said mother, firmly, "I should just tell him that he would have to give me his full confidence or I would have to give up the case."

"Oh, dad, you won't do that, will you?" I cried. Dad shook his head. "No," he answered, "I won't do that. But your mother is right. I should take that stand. Ordinarily I would, but somehow I have faith in Bruce Lloyd. I believe that when he knows no better or when the right time comes, he will tell me the whole truth."

I was terribly relieved. Of course I wanted the murderer brought to justice, but I was as positive that Bruce was innocent as I was that my own brother had no connection with the case. Little did I realize then what a sinister smile that was.

The conversation revolved about anything else. Mother was awfully sweet to him. Dad was casual and politically bent in his contributions. I told some stories about school that he found amusing. Then Allen came home. He did look awfully white and strained, I thought, and I realized mother had a right to worry over him. His thinness and pallor and distress were made all the more emphatic because of Bruce's size, tan, and general good health. In spite of the fact that Bruce was obviously worried, he did not have that desperate look Allen wore. Of the two, I must admit that my brother appeared the more grief-stricken. Bruce never did show much sorrow. I thought at the time, however, that it was rather natural for an innocent young man who suddenly finds himself suspected of murder to be concerned chiefly with his own problem.

Allen did not stay long. We lighted the log fire in the fireplace and the four of us sat around a table, drinking chocolate and eating some of mother's scrumptious cake. It was all very cozy, homelike, intimate. Bruce seemed to relax under the spell and gradually emerged from his mask. I thought him the most charming person I had ever seen in my life. Mother and dad were equally impressed. I think I don't believe any one of us had any emotion about him but that of affection and pity. He certainly won us completely.

After the warmth of the third cup of chocolate, Bruce brought up the subject of Connie himself. He then told us the story of his love affair with her the summer before.

Bruce Lloyd did not tell us the whole story that night, indeed, he never told us all of it, naturally. But during the days he spent with us bits of it came out. His romance with Connie was the only part of the whole affair he was willing to talk about at all, and it seemed to give him some relief to discuss it. Of course, I was vastly interested. I felt that I was living right through it with him. I thought about it a lot as it was the nearest I had ever come to a real love story. In the end all the bits fitted together, that is up to October. After that things became less glamorous. This is the story as I reconstructed it.

As Connie looked out of her bedroom window for the last time, over the blue waters of Puget sound, her stiff upper lip weakened, and a few tears escaped in spite of her determination. This house up in the hills was the only home she had known, the permanent rock to which her flying ship always came home, as it were. Life without it was going to be strange, unmoored. Of course, Seattle would always be there, her friends and family would always be near, but the lovely, smooth life of her childhood was gone.

"I'm being horribly sentimental," she thought to herself. "I've got to snap out of it. Hundreds of girls have taught school before, and hundreds more would envy me my good job now. Most people would think mother and dad lucky to have salvaged a war and a beautifully furnished apartment from the wreck. Alons, old girl, let's see if your French will stand up under the attack of American youth as well as it used to under that of the Parisian dressmakers."

Without looking back, she gathered up her bag and gloves and hastened down the broad stairs to where her father and the trunk ex-

pressman were waiting. "All ready, my dear?" "Quite."

The baggage man took the last bag. She kissed her father, who hugged her understandingly, and they went out to the waiting taxi. The new apartment was pleasant and comfortable, out near the university. The Sinclairs felt that they had economized to the last ring of the social ladder; but many a university professor and his wife had looked at the same place with longing and envy. Connie did not remain there long, for in July Aunt Hannah wrote one of her famous letters. It began, "So you've lost your money," and it ended with an invitation to Connie.

Aunt Hannah was a true eccentric. Most eccentrics are either wealthy or poor, as the middle range cannot afford peculiarities. Aunt Hannah, fortunately, was rich. She had taken Connie to Europe on her first trip at sixteen and, so far as Aunt Hannah was concerned, the girl had never changed. Aunt Hannah was spending July at Deep Sea Lodge, a quiet place on the ocean near Del Monte in California. As Connie was coming to teach in California in August, it seemed suitable that she spend a few weeks with Aunt Hannah.

Connie did not have any illusion about securing a good time out of the visit. She knew from experience that Aunt Hannah was a difficult person and that Deep Sea Lodge was no doubt a very quiet place. She decided to go, however, for her aunt, to enjoy the swimming, and to get away from Seattle for a while.

It was there she met Bruce Lloyd. Bruce was from Philadelphia, an insurance man by vocation and a painter by avocation. He had the artist's eye for line and color, and enough spiritual depth to see what might be the "inner soul" of things around him. But he could get on canvas only the line and color. While studying in Paris three years before, he had realized this limitation. Instead of remaining there to become just one more bad artist, he returned home to become a good insurance man. In two years' time he was transferred to the coast, made his home in San Francisco, and painted during his leisure time.

Deep Sea Lodge was not far from the artists' colony at Carmel where Bruce had made friends. He liked to be near them, but not too near when he was painting. The lodge, therefore, suited his purpose admirably. It was a rambling, two-story hotel built in Spanish style. The rooms surrounded a large patio with a pool in the center. There were tables and chairs covered with gay umbrellas. Chinese servants silently bearing tinkling glasses, and the brilliant sunshine and flowers glowing everywhere. Bruce, who had known many beautiful spots in the world, loved this one. To him it spelled romance. So it was particularly fitting that it was against this background that he first saw Connie.

She looked that day like the sixteen that Aunt Hannah still considered her to be. She had been playing tennis and now was ready to snap out of it. Hundreds of girls have taught school before, and hundreds more would envy me my good job now. Most people would think mother and dad lucky to have salvaged a war and a beautifully furnished apartment from the wreck. Alons, old girl, let's see if your French will stand up under the attack of American youth as well as it used to under that of the Parisian dressmakers."

Without looking back, she gathered up her bag and gloves and hastened down the broad stairs to where her father and the trunk ex-

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY
NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, FEB. 8

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (Cont'd.)
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Dance Orchestras.
9:30—Down Memory Lane.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
11:00—Music Box — Radio Music Store.
11:15—The Music Album.
11:45—Mood Indigo.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—School Band — Douglas County Creamery.
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. — Varieties.
1:00—Sans Souci.
1:15—The Friendship Circle.
2:00—Vivienne's Airs.
2:15—Hotel Valley's Familiar Airs.
2:30—Music Masters.
3:00—Vanity Fair and World Bookman.
3:15—Garden of Music.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—Editor View the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—"Right That Nailed," Douglas County Creamery.
4:45—Del Rey "Entertainers."
5:00—Rhumba Rhythm.
5:15—Tavern Novelty Fun Fest.
5:30—Pryor's Hand.
5:45—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9

Morning Hours
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Program for U. S. Vets Facility with Old-Time Fiddling, Ernie Crane.
10:00—Love Songs of Past and Present.
11:00—As You Like It—Requests.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—"Down Memory's Path," Wanda Armour.
1:00—"Golden Voices."
1:20—Glide Orchestra.
2:15—Hotel Valley's "Familiar Melodies."
2:30—"Frisco Melodies," Cecil Black and Wanda Armour.
3:00—KRRR Little Theatre.
3:30—"Music of Other Lands," Jessie Mercer McClelland and Ruth Hoover.
4:00—Dall Time.
4:20—"The Station Master."
4:45—The Music Album.
5:45—Sign Off.

MONDAY, FEB. 10

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:15—Douglas Flour Mill "The Mill Wheel Turning Round."
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd.)
8:00—"Good Morning," J. M. Judd.
8:15—Mountain Music.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—The Castilians.
9:30—Waltz Time.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
11:00—Musical Scrapbook.
11:30—Popular Stars.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Copeo Piano Trio.
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen's Chevrolet Co. Varieties.
1:00—Sans Souci Turkey Show.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Songs of the Islands.
2:30—Golden Voices.
3:00—Vanity Fair and World Bookman.
3:15—Songs of the Water.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—"The Editor Views the News."
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—"Dance Time," Speed Robbins.
5:15—Tavern Novelty Fun Fest.
5:30—Sousa's Band Program.
5:45—Sign Off.

The Glide Townsend club orchestra will be featured in a 15-minute program starting at 1:30 p. m. Sunday. The orchestra, composed of 10 players, is a very popular musical organization and has been heard at many of the Townsend club functions throughout the county. One of the features of the orchestra is the violin section in which three generations of the Blakely family participate. Arthur, Victor and Leland Blakely, representing three generations, will play with the orchestra, and will be featured in a special violin trio. Another feature number will be Leland Blakely on the violin.

OLD SPEARS
FINE OLD
APPLE BRANDY
1/2 PT. PINT QUART
50¢ 90¢ 175

Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY and MONDAY

Onion Sets Planting time is here Pound 5c
Gloss Starch Staley's Pkg. 7c
Pineapple Fancy Crushed or Sliced Flat Can 9c
Ralston's Wheat Cereal Pkg. 24c

MANNING'S COFFEE

The New Low Price.
POUND 25c 2 POUNDS 49c
Peaberry Coffee, Pound 20c

Pillsbury's Cake Flour

PILLSBURY'S BUCKWHEAT—Large Package 24c
PANCAKE FLOUR—Pillsbury's Harvest Time, 9-lb. Bag 47c
RAZOR BLADES—For Gillette razors, each 1c
PEANUT BUTTER—Fine and Fresh, 2 Pounds 27c
RICE—Fancy Blue Rose, 2 Pounds 15c
VEGETABLES FOR SALAD—Giffi, Can 10c
MINCE MEAT—Brandy or Rum Flavored, Pound 10c
GINGER SNAPS—Fresh Shipment, 3 Dozen 10c
LAUNDRY SOAP—White Wonder, 5 Bars 18c
SELOX—Washing Powder, Lg. Pkg. 14c
CHORE GIRL—For Pots and Pans, each 9c

Try the new Piggly Wiggly Savings Plan — You save 2% or more on your purchases—Start today.

Corn

STANDBY Golden Bantam, 2 No. 2 Size Cans 23c
STANDBY Selected Garden Peas 2 No. 2 Size Cans 23c

Peas

STANDBY Selected Garden Peas 2 No. 2 Size Cans 23c

Tomato Soup

Campbell's 2 Cans 15c
TOOTH PASTE—Colgate's, 10c Size 9c
PEARS—Diamond A Sliced, Can 14c
FIGS—Whole Figs in Syrup, Tall Can 14c

Windmill Flour

Montana Hardwheat \$1.44 Sack

LETTUCE

Fancy solid heads 5c
CARROTS Fancy Crisp 3 lbs. 8c
ONIONS No. 2 Central 4 lbs. 9c
GRAPEFRUIT Arizona Seedless 4 for 13c
RHUBARB Fancy 2 lbs. 22c
CRANBERRIES, Pound 12c

lin, and John Alexander, Jew-harp.

What effect will the legacy have on the life of the station master and his wife? Sunday's installment of "The Station Master," will prove particularly interesting to the many fans of this unique KRRR program. The time for the program has advanced to 4:30 at the request of many listeners. Don't miss "The Station Master" Sunday afternoon if you are interested in an unusual and intensely enjoyable program.

Other features Sunday will include the usual program at 9 a. m. dedicated to the U. S. veterans' facility, a request program at 11 a. m., a studio program by Wanda Armour, starting at noon; Cecil

Black and Wanda Armour in "Fire-side Melodies," at 2:30 p. m.; KRRR's "Little Theatre" at 3 p. m., and a vocal and instrumental program at 3:30 p. m., by Jessie Mercer McClelland and Ruth Hoover.

Visiting Here—J. A. (Jew), of Beloit, Kansas, is in Roseburg, visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Christenson. The Christensons returned here Sunday after spending three weeks visiting in Salina, Kansas; Amarillo, Texas; Detroit, Mich., returning via the southern route through California to Roseburg. Mr. Christenson is a salesman for the "SI" Dillard Motor company, and Mrs. Christenson is assistant dietitian at the veterans' administration facility hospital.

"GET ACQUAINTED WITH GOLDEN WEST"



"Coffee-wise" home keepers know the Golden West secret of flavor uniformity! Here is sealed-in-vacuum freshness and fragrance. Here is the modern miracle of Thermal5 roasting. More cups to the pound—yet it costs you no more!

FLAVOR SEALED-IN-VACUUM — the TIN and the RE-USABLE JAR

Next time Get GOLDEN WEST COFFEE