

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Ripley Barred.

ROBERT L. RIPLEY, well known creator of the "Believe It or Not" cartoons, is planning a trip around the world. Naturally, he planned to visit Russia but the government of that country has refused to grant him permission to enter.

More than a year ago, Ripley made a similar trip. Upon his return he made a series of radio broadcasts and in one of these talks he referred to Russia as a "gigantic poorhouse" and said four million peasants had died of starvation. Certainly those were not very nice statements. Any government would have a right to be pretty angry under such circumstances.

But will barring Ripley from entering the country help the situation? The suspicion that Ripley was right is surely enhanced by such action. The greatest indoor sport is telling the other fellow how to run his business so we suggest that Russia would be much smarter to send Ripley, claim his former remarks untrue and unwarranted, and then welcome him in and prove to him that conditions in Russia are just fine.

Dictator controlled countries though, are not given to diplomacy and tact. They rule by force and apparently have no other usable philosophy.

Good Appointment.

THE appointment of Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune, to the Oregon State Board of Higher Education, is proof that Governor Martin will not permit politics to have any part in the selection of board members. Ruhl is a republican and a democrat. Presence was brought by the appointment of a democrat from Polk county. Ruhl's appointment was the governor's adequate answer to this effort at involving the education board in party politics.

Robert Ruhl is one of Oregon's distinguished citizens. He is eminently well qualified to serve on this board. His name has been mentioned repeatedly as a logical choice. A graduate of Harvard university, he is free of any prejudice so far as Oregon schools are concerned. Viewed from every angle the appointment of Robert Ruhl to the board of higher education was an excellent choice.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

There must be a mistake somewhere.

When you say that, you will be thinking of the taxes you pay DIRECTLY—income and property taxes, for example—and will be overlooking the much larger total of taxes you pay indirectly.

Every time you buy ANYTHING, a part of the money you spend is represented by taxes.

"HOW is that?" you ask.

Well, it's this way: Taxes are a part of the cost of doing business. All the cost of doing business has to go into the selling price. Otherwise, the business would go broke.

Taxes are just as definite a part of the cost of doing business as rent and heat and light.

SUPPOSE you own a modest house, and that interest on the money you have invested in it, plus insurance, etc., comes to \$180 a year. If that was all you had to

pay, you could rent your house for \$15 a month.

But it ISN'T all you have to pay. You must PAY TAXES besides, and if you don't add your taxes to the rent the sheriff will get your house.

So, you see, the tenant really pays the taxes.

THE politicians like to make us believe that government can go on spending and spending and spending, and the load won't fall on common, ordinary people because only the RICH are taxed.

That argument is APPLE-SAUCE. Taxes are a part—in these days a large part—of the cost of doing business and have to be passed on as a part of the selling price or those who are doing business will go broke.

NONE of us can escape his share of taxes.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
The All-Ethiopian Team

We are interviewing the Ethiopian war correspondents as fast as they check in.

Some of the boys have been away two years. The first thing they ask for is a bath.

All of the skirmish columnists have the greatest of admiration for the fellow who carried Selassie's green umbrella. This bombproof packer has had great experience in carrying royal umbrellas in African battles. He has had five emperors shot out from under him.

There was another fellow who didn't get mentioned much in the war news. That was Selassie's double. This brave lad looked like the emperor, dressed like the emperor and gave orders like the emperor.

But when the bombing started, he ran like himself.

The Ethiopian war will be forced down history's throat as the war without a battle.

It was made up of night attacks, like a bank watchman with acute indignation.

The Ethiopians are hill billies without banjos and without a commercial sponsor.

They love to fight. But, like a baby eating spinach, they want to do their own way.

Their idea of a battle is to creep up in the dark and tie a string around your neck to remind them not to forget to stick a knife in your back.

All the Italian army did to drive trucks over the high Abyssinian mountains at sixty miles an hour. They averaged one hundred accidents a day. And put the Red Cross on motorcycles.

The war correspondents with Emperor Selassie always filed their daily war news well in advance to their rival correspondents in the other army. No matter where they were going the Ethiopian correspondents got there first. But they retreated so much they have to learn to walk all over again.

This was not a war as wars go. It was a scrimmage as scrimmages scream.

IMPROVEMENT SEEN IN PRUNE TRADE

PORTLAND, Ore., March 3.—(AP)—Prune trade is improving slightly in the east, the Journal said today.

Prices for all Pacific slope stock are generally a half cent higher, although certain sizes show fractional loss, it was reported.

The eastern market was the only bright spot revealed, and there was no indication it would make much showing on the large surplus on the coast.

Late New York prices on prunes were:

Oregon 25-35c, 30c lb.
California 30-40c 41-65c, 50-60c 45-11, 60-70c 35-41, 30-39c 35-39c lb.

3 DENY GUILT IN EUGENE VICE CASES

EUGENE, March 3.—(AP)—Trials of Ed Elenstein, Ed Key and Ivan Barton, indicted by the grand jury on gambling charges, will be held during the present term of court, it was indicated here yesterday following their pleas of not guilty.

Mrs. C. G. Brown, charged with operating a house of ill fame, also pleaded not guilty and will face trial this term. All indictments came out of the grand jury probe into vice conditions here. Two others are under indictment but have not yet been apprehended.

HOMES—Lumber to build them. Paint to beautify them and fuel to heat them. Page Lumber & Fuel Co.—Adv.

Putting Out the Welcome Mat!



HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XXXI

That Bruce and this Bernice Carter were married had never occurred to us, yet it was the obvious thing we should have thought of at once.

"When were you married?" inquired dad.

"On October 18th, in Reno?"

"In Reno? How did you happen to go there?"

Bruce looked a bit ashamed but also defiant as he answered, "Well, I couldn't seem to make Connie understand that our engagement was not a success. I didn't want to tell her about Bernice; I felt no woman would understand what she meant to me. Then Bernice had made a long visit; she had decided to return east at once. The thought of losing her was maddening. She cared as much for me as I for her. So Monday night of that crazy week, I persuaded her to marry me at once. Having made up our minds, we wanted to accomplish it immediately. As you know, California has the three-day law. So Tuesday morning we left for Reno in my car, arrived there that evening. We were married within an hour."

"But the next day you thought of your obligation to Miss Sinclair?"

"Yes, I had thought of it all along, but I had to make sure Bernice was mine before I did anything else."

"When you tried to telephone from Sacramento to tell Miss Sinclair you were married?"

"I did. I was afraid she would read it in the papers. As a matter of fact, it has never reached the California press for some reason, I suppose because neither one of us was known here at the time."

"When you couldn't reach her, what action did you take?"

"I sent her yellow flowers, roses. You know during our summer romance, yellow flowers meant the end of our plans. I thought if she did read of my marriage, she would know I had tried to tell her first; that if she didn't read of it, they would pave the way for my telling her later."

"I see. Do you think she understood this?"

"I listened to this conversation intently. So my guess about the yellow roses had been right! Of course, Connie had understood them!"

"Yes, Bruce was confirming my thought. 'I know, that she did. The clerk was right,' he motioned to the newspaper. 'The woman in the black coat who left a note for me Wednesday night was Connie.'"

"She had come to San Francisco then that night. Did she love him so much? I wondered. And he and Bernice were married even then, happy together. That happiness didn't last long, however. I suppose a person like Miss Sass would say that happiness was gained never does."

"You will be asked to produce this note if you can, or at least to repeat its content," my father informed him.

"I can do both. It was very short, now it seems sad, but at the time it appeared harsh, demanding, almost threatening."

"Will you tell me the gist of it?"

"I will tell you the exact words. She wrote: 'Bruce, do your yellow roses mean you wish to be thorough? After all, we are still engaged. You certainly owe me more explicit information. Connie.'"

"Threatening?"

"Yes. She reminds me that our engagement has never been broken."

look my father in the eyes.

"Of course, I read that she had been murdered. That was Friday morning. It was a great shock to me, naturally. My first thought was to spare my wife publicity far worse than any I had imagined. So I had to tell her the story. She was an awfully good sport. We rented an apartment for her out in the Sunset district, and I bought a small blue car which she could use if she wished."

"The one you took north."

"Yes. The apartment was taken under her maiden name, as I hoped this to avoid the papers' discovering that we were married. I went to see her as seldom as I could. I thought I would be mentioned as Connie's fiancé, that I might have to answer some formal questions, that my name would thus be before the public. But I never dreamed that I would be under actual suspicion."

"Had things turned out as you expected, that would your plans have been?"

"I expected the murderer to be discovered in a few days. Then Bernice and I would go to Honolulu on a delayed honeymoon. By the time we came back, it would have been forgotten."

My father regarded him pretty coldly. I thought. He was not turning out to be much of a hero. He was certainly not a very clever criminal either. Even I could see how incriminating most of his statements sounded.

"Returning to that Thursday night, Mr. Lloyd," dad almost demanded, so legal were the tones of his voice.

"You received the note which so upset you at 8:30 o'clock. You walked about the streets for a while. When did you return to your hotel?"

"Why, I don't know. I sat in the square opposite the St. Francis for a while, in the park, you know. Then I went back to Bernice after I had made up my mind to see Connie Friday."

"You have no idea what time this was?"

"About 10:00 or 10:15, I should say."

"Did anyone see you come in who would remember the hour, anyone but your wife?"

"I think the desk clerk might. I left a call for the following morning."

"Now then, from the hour of 8:00 when you left the Geary street place until the hour of 10:15 when you returned to the St. Francis, you were alone?"

"Yes."

"Did you talk to anyone, stop anywhere?"

"No."

"Then you really can establish no alibi for those two hours and a quarter."

Bruce's face paled. He faltered slightly. "No, I don't suppose—I can."

My father stood up. He was sterner than I had ever seen him in my life.

Mr. Lloyd, I imagine that the detectives have waited some time expecting you to signify your willingness to leave. I am glad that you have seen fit to talk to me frankly at last. Shall we say good evening?"

Bruce rose, too. He looked directly at my father. "I shall see you tomorrow. For advice on the questioning which will now come up?"

"I shall see you tomorrow." After Bruce left, mother turned to dad. "I think you were awfully cruel to him. Suppose they question him tonight. Don't you want to help him?"

"Mother, that is a question I must decide tonight. My answer now would be that I shall give up the case."

"Then you think he is guilty?" I breathed.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS

of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

"All right; all right; all right now!" Thus Major R. D. Bowes, appearing in person at the March meeting of the Oakland Club, held in the Parish hall in Oakland last night. Or, Major Bridge-Bowes, if you must have the hyphenated truth of the matter—but you'll have to call him up to get the right phone number, to place your vote.

Rolstoy had arranged an amateur hour for the entertainment of the club, and everything went off well, except he forgot to give a history of Oakland, in whose honor the night's broadcast was given, and tell what it was famous for. Perhaps he merely intended to let the audience find that out for themselves. It did. The town is famous—or ought to be—for its talented little girls.

Barbara Young was presented in a piano solo; Lois May McCurdy in a tap dancing number; Rose Marie Firman, dramatic reading; Lois May McCurdy, piano solo; Alice English, ballet dance; Rose Marie Firman, Barbara Firman and Dorothy Underwood, a talented trio who sang, danced and played the piano, and Helen Schowen and Rose Marie Firman, acrobatics.

Had Toles, KRNR manager, was present looking over the talent, and made a speech, carefully omitting any Ethiopian or Japanese words, which were hard to pronounce. It's to be suspected that some of the Oakland girls will appear over the radio, one of these days.

E. A. Britton, county 4-H club leader, told of many interesting phases of 4-H club work, and its importance in character building to the young people of the county.

Hrit could have said a lot more than he did concerning this fine work, but due to his duties, he did not. His is a splendid service in Douglas county, and the young people here—their elders too—are fortunate in having such an able and understanding official engaged in the training of youthful ambitions.

He not only teaches his proteges the art of raising pigs, judging cattle, canning fruit and the like—he teaches them to become good citizens, too.

"I wish to call to your attention," said the Reverend Thomas Robinson, "that this is the legitimate child of the ladies of the Parish society. To one who had missed or misunderstood his presence, this was a startling announcement. He was alluding to the Oakland public library, and its honorable antecedents. The library has accomplished a mighty good work in Oakland, despite the fact it has labored under the handicap of a serious lack of funds.

The mayor and several councilmen of Oakland were present, and they were hastily put on the spot, promising to do what they could to support this worthy (and legitimate) enterprise, at the next meeting of the council, which occurs tonight.

Brady Burnett was present, though not voting. I'll never forget Brady's last fall he gave Leon McIntosh and me the finest fish we ever caught.

Next Friday night, it was announced, the ladies of the Kellogg grange are giving a pie social, proceeds to go toward erection and furnishing of the new hall the grange is building there. The development club membership was cordially invited to attend, but if they do, the grangers better have lots of pie.

MRS. HAMONS RITES HELD, CANYONVILLE. E

CANYONVILLE, Ore., March 3.—Funeral services were held here Friday for Mrs. Ellen Rites Hamons, 83, who died Feb. 26, at the home of her son, W. F. Sayles at Wendland.

She was born at Fairfield, Ill., Jan. 29, 1853, moving to California as a young girl.

She was married Jan. 1, 1871, to William Henry Sayles of Marysville, Calif., and came to Oregon in June, 1879, and was a continuing resident of the state since that time.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Frances Coleman, Bridgeport, Wash., and Mrs. Clara Chaney, Canyonville, and a son, W. F. Sayles, Wendland. She also leaves a sister, Mrs. S. E. Harris, Placerville, Wash., and three grandchildren.

Two Gypsies Held In Murder Probe

PORTLAND, Ore., March 2.—(AP)—Thomas Miller and Tony George, two of 24 Gypsies rounded up here in the investigation of the slaying of a Washington man, were booked today as fugitives from Bremerton.

The other 22 were released on payment of \$50 bail each.

Miller and George were to be returned to Bremerton by Sheriff Rush Blankenship.

The arrests were made in connection with the investigation of the slaying of Andrew Clancy, 70, at Crosby, Wash., Feb. 26. He died after he had been attacked

and robbed of \$70 by a band of Gypsies.

Sheriff Blankenship brought three witnesses here but none was able to identify any of the suspects.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd.)

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Singing Strings.

9:00—Tango Time.

9:30—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.

10:00—Women's Exchange.

10:45—Frank Luther and His Trio.

11:00—Singing Troubadour.

11:15—Organ Lomardo and His Royal Canadians.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Cope's Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys.

12:20—News-Review News.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Spanish Music.

1:15—Friendship Circle.

2:00—Band Numbers.

2:30—Airs from the Opera.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Heart Songs.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.

4:30—Salon Music.

5:00—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailans.

5:15—Carl's Tavern, Vagabonds of the Prairies.

5:30—Music's Magic Carpet.

6:00—Dinner Concert.

6:15—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ Music.

9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.

9:30—Stetson Moods.

10:00—Women's Exchange.

10:45—Judy & Bill.

11:00—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—John Chailapian.

1:15—Friendship Circle.

2:00—Rumba Rhythm.

2:30—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Clyde McCoy & His Orch.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.

4:30—Amorose & His Orchestra.

4:45—Dance Time with Speed Rober.

5:00—Popular Singers.