Roseburg News-Review
Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1879.

Represented by
M-C-MOGENSEN & CO-Inc.
San Francisco—220 Bush Street. Los Angeles—433 South Spring Street. Seattle—603 Stewart Street. Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—323 Stephenson Bldg. New York—21 East 40th Street. Portland—Redell Bldg.

MEMBER OREGON STATE 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

Leaders of Thought.

WE AMERICANS are queer people, surely. Having, through struggle and trial developed what the world admits is the most successful system of government ever devised, some now give more or less serious ear to those who claim that "the profit system must go" and "individualism is a curse," "the constitution is out of date," etc.

Of the exponents of chaos, some merely are deluded, others are viciously aware. The latter are of least importance. The avowed communist or fascist or other "ist," seeks change for no better reason than that he will surely be a "big shot" in the new order—and why not? Who has a better claim to a swell job after the revolution than the fellow who helped put it over? His motive is purely and simply one of utter selfishness. When he tells you glibly of the glories of the new day he is thinking of HIS glory in the new day and under the new order—what ever that may be—and not yours.

But the good honest souls who, from their own sheltered life, view the ills of humanity and sincerely wish to do something about it—they are the ones to cause common folks to worry. In this class are some college professors, professional men, teachers and preachers. They are the parlor pinks and are of great influence for they have the confidence of people who look up to their prated wisdom. The bolshevik, realizing the headway he is making with these folks, has shaved, donned a clean shirt and put on a necktie. His crafty intelligence has revealed to him that one parlor pink's influence is worth the strong-arm ability of 100 "working stiffs."

The mistaken idea embraced generally with whole-souled vigor by the above named parlor pinks, is that liberty and great good for the "masses" is to be obtained by tearing down the structure of government we now have, rearing in its stead some sort of communal state. The greatest liberty enjoyed by any people on earth is enjoyed by the people of this country under its existing form of government. The greatest oppression of liberty known in modern times is now found in the communist and fascist states. The ragged individualism so bemoaned by the hothouse minds was outstanding in all of the things most desired by our forefathers who settled the new world. The profit system, which horrifies the mental brilliance nurtured in the lush foliage of thought and study minus human experience, is the one economic system which encourages and rewards that individual with the brains, energy and determination to make something worth while of his life. Those who lack these qualities become the problem and ultimately the ward of society no matter what the system of government.

* * *

It is only recently that the bathed and shaved agitators have been listened to with gravely nodding assent by the "leaders of thought." The result has been an absorption of color so that the white flame of pure learning glows a bright pink.

The cloistered honesty of our nation's intellectuals is no match in practical things for the experience-tempered keenness of the practicing politician. It seems that many of our really best minds are being unwittingly used in the promotion of ideas that are subversive and destructive to human freedom.

NOTICE

Regular meeting of American Legion Auxiliary Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the armory. All members urged to attend.—Adv.

RAMBLINGS of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

RAMBLINGS — H. —

DISPATCHES from Princeton university inform an interested world that undergraduates there have formed an organization known as "Veterans of Future Wars," and that some of the girls at Vassar have united into an auxiliary called the "Gold Star Mothers of Veterans of Future Wars."

"Because it is customary to pay bonuses before they are due," say the Princeton students, "the Veterans of Future Wars demand immediate payment plus 3 per cent compounded interest annually from June 1, 1965, backward to June 1, 1936." (On a bonus of $1000.)

Payment now, the dispatch further quotes them as saying, would "lift the country out of the depression" and would enable the beneficiary to enjoy it before he had been slain in a future war.

The Gold Star Mothers will seek trips abroad for young women, so they might view the prospective graves of their future sons, it has been decided.

The reaction of present veterans of past wars to this movement among the students of these two old institutions will not be awaited with any undue and breath-taking suspense. They will undoubtedly hope fervently that each ribald member of the Veterans of Future Wars will end up on the firing line, and that the future Gold Star Mothers, searching for these young gents' graves, will be successful in finding them.

* * *

Douglas county political circles have been rocked to their foundations recently, and fireside forensic gatherings set agog, by the announcement of a well known local man that he was a candidate for public office, but who in his announcement failed to mention that he was a member of a Townsend club. Hitler can't be the only brave man in the world, after all.

* * *

The peach orchards over the county will soon be in full bloom.

* * *

A card on the desk of Marshall Hunt, our young assistant circulation manager, coming from the public library, announces that his "Little Moment of Happiness" is overdue. The library people are not alone in suspecting this.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

words, all the money spent by all the people of this country for clothing amounts to only about HALF as much as they have to pay in taxes.

Light and power bills for the entire country total about two billion dollars, or one-sixth of the annual tax bill.

LIGHT and power, for the most part, are produced and sold by public service corporations. That lends interest to this fact:

Net annual income of all the corporations in the United States is about three billion dollars. That is to say, if ALL the net income of ALL the corporations in the country were CONFISCATED ENTIRELY, it would pay only ONE-FOURTH of the taxes.

TAXES are high because government spends so much — for every dollar spent by government has to be raised by taxation.

Governments spend recklessly because the politicians believe that spending by government is popular with the voters. Politicians stand or fall according to the way people vote.

As long as the politicians believe that reckless spending is popular, government will continue to spend recklessly.

THE politicians have built up the idea that only the rich are taxed—that ordinary people get off scot free, benefiting by government expenditures and contributing nothing in return.

That ISN'T TRUE.

Taxes are a part of the cost of doing business, and have to be added to the price of the product when it is sold. When you buy food, taxes are included in the price you pay. When you pay rent, taxes are included in the bill.

If taxes are high, prices of everything you buy MUST be higher than they would be if taxes were not so high.

ANOTHER thought:

The more the boss has to pay in taxes, the LESS he has left to pay wages with—for wages can come only out of the money the boss earns.

Returns From School—Rex Applegate, freshman at the University of Oregon, has returned to Roseburg to spend spring vacation.

Sure, Oim Part Irish Meself!

"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

SYNOPSIS

Luxurious to the nth degree of commercial splendor were the establishments of the Anastasia Beauty Salons, but dreary and unkempt were the locker quarters of the operators, who dressed and "made-up" for business in white-washed, barn-like rooms. In one room, as they rouged their cheeks and donned their fresh, starched white uniforms, the girls talked . . . talked chiefly about the Riley sisters, who managed each of the Anastasia salons, and about Walter Riley, their brother and the owner of the salons. Among the operators was one who stood out from the rest—Helen Schiller. One day, before the salon opened for business, Helen was demonstrating some dance steps that she had seen on the stage the night before . . . and Walter Riley appeared. Her dancing was a blow to discipline . . . but he did not make his presence known. Instead he backed away, to enter a little later, banging a door. When he appeared then, all the girls were at work, and he went on into the office of his sister, Stella, who managed the salon. That evening, he found himself back in the shop where Helen worked. Intending to speak to her about her dancing of the morning, he found himself disarmed by her smile. When she asked him if he liked to dance, he appeared uncertain, admitting finally that he had never danced. Helen was surprised at this, and he suddenly asked her if she would teach him to dance. "I'd love to," she said honestly, and so they decided to go to one of the better hotels for dinner and dancing. Then, she suggested tactfully that it might be better to meet in front of the library. He felt ill at ease. However, as the evening wore on and they danced, he found himself enjoying the dancing in spite of his awkwardness.

CHAPTER V

"Just like that," he teased, but he was ill at ease. At their secluded table the possibilities of being seen were slight, but out here in the middle of the floor he might be recognized. He stiffened at the thought; then told himself angrily: "Why should I be afraid? She is charming, nicely dressed . . . Hell, what makes me such a damn snob!"

He tried to relax then and found himself enjoying the dancing in spite of his awkwardness.

He drove her home to the decent two-family brick house in which she lived in Bay Ridge, and they sat in the car and talked until she shivered and he realized she was cold in her thin coat, and he told her she had better go in, the while he held her there. She had a child-like obedience that made him feel masterful and protective. He did not kiss her good night, although he wanted to. They shook hands.

He came up on the little brownstone stoop with her and waited while she produced her latchkey and opened the door. She did not ask him in; he didn't expect it. His sisters asked men in after the theatre for cocktails and sandwiches. But in the flat here, others were sleeping; probably someone slept in the parlor. He understood all this. The Rileys had in their meteoric rise passed through just such a stage.

"Good night," she whispered. "Thanks for a grand time."

"Me too," he whispered. "I had a grand time, too."

"I'm so glad. I've got to go in now. Good night."

"Will you go out with me tomorrow night? To the theatre?"

She had no artifices to intrigue him. Coquetry was alien to her nature.

"Oh, I'd love to."

"I'll get something. A comedy?"

"Yes." She was getting hoarse with whispering. "Good night."

Her fingertips slowly left his hand. She closed the inner door.

Carefully he closed the outer door. He stood for a moment on the doorsteps, his hat in his hand, and he realized he was quite idiotically happy and that it was raining on his head.

Helen tiptoed into the flat, carefully closing the door so that the lock would click softly, and then she crept down the hall to the room she shared with her sister, Belle. She was glad Belle was asleep. She didn't want to break the spell by talking. She undressed without a light and groped for her cotton nightgown under the pillow.

Every minute of it had been perfect. She laughed silently as she recalled bits of their conversation. And she had been afraid! He was so funny, so clever, and amusing. But the most thrilling part of all was that he asked her to go out with him again tomorrow night. She stifled a persistent little voice within her that kept saying: "When will it end? What does he want of you?" and gave herself up entirely to rosy, ecstatic, luxurious dreams until they, too, were lost in sleep.

Tuesday morning in the washroom. The same bustle, the same grumbling, the same conversation.

"What 'ju do las' night?"

"Not a darn thing," said Helen, her face over her knees as she laced up the white oxfords. "It was a terrible night, wasn't it?"

There were the usual Tuesday morning run of appointments. Burr of the nail files, sizzle of steam, smell of scorched hair and swishing of water.

At about 11 o'clock, as if attracted by a magnet, she suddenly looked up. Walter Riley stood in the doorway. He caught her glance. His face wore the dark nervous mask she knew so well. She did not smile at him. She simply looked once and then swiftly dropped her eyes. He saw that her expression never changed. She went on swiftly buffing her customer's nails. He was satisfied and relieved. No one noticed. Everyone was busy. The hum of conversation mingled with the hum and buzz of machinery. The room was a beehive of industry. Helen worked silently; struggled desperately to cover up her sudden nervousness.

At 5:30 she rose, stretched her neck. Shooting pains darted under her eyes. The thin wintry sun had set and she could see the sky outside was quite dark. The girls were silent, tagged, going about the tail-end of the day with listless, automatic gestures. This lassitude, however, would fall away as soon as they were washed and out of the hateful uniform, for they were healthy young animals and a stretch, a cat-wash, fresh makeup, their own clothes—and they would be alive, buoyant again. Many had dates. "That guy I met las' week . . ." He would be waiting. They tripped out gaily enough.

Helen lingered over her dressing. She had had no word from him all day. She promised she'd go with him to the theatre—or was it all a dream? He'd probably be waiting downstairs—or should she go to the library where she had met him last night?

Carefully she brushed her best black chiffon dress and slipped it over her head. Then she put her uniform on again and combed and set her long, slightly waved ash blond hair. She wore it simply in a big loop at the back of her head and just waved slightly over her ears. Most of the girls frizzed the inside of the hair over the ears to achieve these high puffs which completely covered the ears. Some put in false wads of hair; others frames of thin buckram, on which the hair was smoothly laid. These were known as "cootie garages." Her hair done, Helen powdered her nose with pink powder and bit her lips. She didn't rouge.

It was now six-thirty. Except for the cleaning women, there was no one about. No sign of Walter.

She put on her black hat, lined with blue velvet, and her dark blue coat with skunk collar and cuffs; then, still uncertain, decided to wait for him downstairs in the lobby. The little old Jew who kept the newstand was closing for the day. Helen stayed with him in his little booth and chatted until he was ready to go. The night elevator men came on. The clock over the entrance door pointed to seven; then fifteen past seven. Helen was nervous with uncertainty. If she went to the library, he might come here. He might, on the other hand, be waiting there. Still, she reasoned, eventually he would come to look for her here. What ought she to do? Perhaps he had forgotten. His glance that morning had been so cold, so forbidding. No, that was his business face, Helen decided. He probably looked like that at her so no one would suspect.

Seven-thirty and despair. Still she waited. At twenty-five minutes to eight he burst in.

"Gee, I'm so late," he apologized contritely, "but honestly I couldn't help it!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!"

"Listen, I had to go up to my sister, Irene's. It was important and I couldn't get away; I couldn't even get to a phone. My sister's getting married. I'll tell you all about it later. Gee, you must be starved. I'm terribly sorry." He steered her out of the lobby. "We'll get a good quick dinner. I know a place.

They were driving swiftly up Fifth avenue.

"I knew you must have been delayed."

"But you knew I'd come," he asserted fiercely.

"Oh, yes, I'd have waited."

His hand slipped into her lap and found her hand. "Gee, you're a sweet kid," he said earnestly.

(To be continued)

CHINOOK SALMON PRIZE STILL OPEN

The prize offered by the Powell Hardware company for the first chinook salmon of the season is still open. Frank Solomon, who claimed the prize yesterday, returned the $10 rod, stating that he misunderstood the terms of the prize. The award is offered for the first salmon to be taken between the bridge at Umpqua and the Winchester dam. Solomon's 17½-pound chinook was taken Sunday below the Umpqua bridge and was therefore not eligible for the prize.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

CANYONVILLE.—Talks by Dr. H. R. Scofield, H. B. Roadman, J. V. Long and J. W. Lemmer of Roseburg marked the regular meeting of the Canyonville Townsend club Thursday. A home talent entertainment program was a feature of the meeting. The next regular meeting will be held March 19 at which time P. M. Nash of Brockway will be the speaker.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

TRANSACTIONS TAX CLAIM OF TOWNSENDER DISPUTED

Editor News-Review: Am curious to know whether Mr. C. E. Richardson didn't do his cause more harm than good when, in a letter a short time ago, appearing in the News-Review, he tried to prove that a suit of men's clothes would cost only $2 more under the Townsend plan.

For, if such were the case, how would a family of five manage to pay the thousand dollars per year that would be necessary to raise the twenty-four billions for Townsend old age pension?

Every man, woman and child would have to pay extra — over and above what it costs them now — about $17 per month into the Townsend pension fund. I understand Mr. Richardson has a large family of children and grandchildren. Would this Townsend plan be fair to them?

If Townsend should succeed — (which is impossible) —then there would be a long interval between the deaths of the old people of the Richardson and other families, before the younger ones would be old enough to get their $200 per month. And during all these years each one of the younger generation would be paying the $17 per month to support the Townsend pensions for old people who are nothing to them.

Anything fair about that?

Does Mr. Richardson (and other Townsendites) not realize that he would like to saddle his descendants with a pretty heavy burden?

However, I wish to drive home the fact that with such a small sales (or transaction) tax as $2 on a suit of men's clothes — and other things accordingly—it would be impossible to carry on Mr. Townsend's plans.

And, by the way, one of these plans is to get a good big salary for Mr. Townsend himself—while he can. While the getting is good and before his bubble bursts.

E. J. PAGE.

THINKS FARMERS TREATED AS IF NOT "GROWN UP"

Editor News-Review:

The AAA died a sudden death and I hoped that after the lamentations were over the farmers would wake up to find they were again free to farm as they desired, but here comes another measure, soil conservation under government direction and "allotment act."

I am wondering when the farmers of the U. S. A. will grow up or be considered so by the government. Let's analyze the relationships between government and farmers. Who is the government? The government is just men—and women—selected from among us, no different, just citizens of this U. S. A., but seldom selected from the farmer citizenry. Have they experience and knowledge in every line of activity?

How about the farmers? They too, are citizens of this country, free with supposed liberty to live their own lives. Let's reminisce a little; when we were children, especially if our parents were of old New England stock, we longed for the time to come when we could decide for ourselves, and when we reached the age of discretion, were allowed to decide our problems and work them out we felt we had made a wonderful step up and out.

How about the farmer today? Why does he have to be told just what to plant, how to plant it, and if the crop exceeds average yield be compelled to destroy the extra? Are the farmers all under age? Oh, no! Is it just communism in its, perhaps, youth stage creeping slowly in to get a hold or is it fascism? In their young immature stage, it is hard to determine which, but both take away liberty of its subjects, both are in the dictatorship class.

I want to quote a paragraph in a paper on the desk before me and addressed to the "Brain Trusters."

"Go back to your old jobs while the going is good. Go back to teaching sophomores to be ashamed of their fathers. If you go on much longer trying a new cure every day on poor, old Uncle Sam and sending in a bill for one hundred million dollars for every one, you may wake up some morning and find the country howling for your hide!"

Again I would quote from an article before me: "Fifty years ago a citizen worked one day out of every twenty to pay his share of government expenses. Now it takes his every third day to discharge the same."

The alphabet has seemingly been exhausted in the designation of bureaus. Every bureau takes money to pay salaries of its members, more money to finance its activities and limit the liberty of farmers and others under their supervision and jurisdiction.

Shall we continue as little children to have all our problems decided for us and be obedient or shall we realize that we are grown and able to make decisions for ourselves and again have a "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

HEART SEWED UP, FUNCTIONS O. K.

LOS ANGELES, March 16.—(AP)—The heart of Francisco Parra, its knife wound closed by a city surgeon's six stitches, beat sturdily today.

Parra, 55-year-old Mexican laborer, was stabbed in a fight Saturday night.

For almost two hours, Dr. A. E. Savrien worked over the unconscious man in an attempt to save his life. First the surgeon removed pieces from two of Parra's ribs to make a "window," exposing the heart. Then with needle and catgut, he sewed up a one inch gash in the muscular covering of the pulsing organ.

"I've waited 15 years to perform that sort of operation," Dr. Saverien said. It was the first in the receiving hospital's medical history, covering 30 years.

EVERGREEN GRANGE TO SPONSOR PLAY

Evergreen grange will sponsor a three-act comedy, "Listen to Leon," Thursday night, March 19, at 8 o'clock. Proceeds from the play will be used for grange activities. Intermission numbers will include Mary and Margaret French in a gypsy dance, with accompaniment by Allen Cordon, accordionist. The play will be followed by a free dance.

The comedy will be presented by an entirely local cast, consisting of Kenneth Pickens, Francis Nash, Bessie Wright, Walter Reser, Velda Hoffmeister, Kenneth Ellison, Peggy Kent and Naida Nash. Marie Suksdorf is director and business manager.

ARMY RECRUITING PARTY VISITS HERE

A recruiting party traveling in army trucks is visiting Roseburg for the next few days. Sergeant Charles S. Greenwell of the Eugene recruiting office is in charge. Vacancies exist in the army for service in Hawaii and the Philippines, Greenwell states. Young men interested in enlisting are requested to contact the recruiting officers here or write the U. S. army recruiting office, 307 Miner building in Eugene.

EUGENE GAMBLERS FINED $250 EACH

EUGENE, March 17.—(AP)—Ed Eisenstein and Ivan Barton, convicted in circuit court on charges of conducting a gambling game, were fined $250 each by Circuit Judge G. F. Skipworth yesterday. The two still face charges of permitting gambling in a building, the result of indictment returned by the grand jury in its vice probe here.

Mrs. C. G. Brown, charged with conducting a house of ill fame, was on trial in circuit court today.

ANTI-NUDIST WIFE GRANTED DIVORCE

DEDHAM, Mass., March 17.—(AP)—Mrs. Marjorie Dow Bancroft was granted a divorce yesterday from her wealthy Cohasset sportsman husband, Hugh Bancroft Jr., for whom, she testified, she refused to pose for nude photographs.

Bancroft did not contest the action.

TWO ARRESTED ON DRINKING CHARGES

S. C. Ward and Arthur E. Smith, both of Roseburg, were arrested last night and lodged in the county jail on charges of drunkenness and drinking in a public place. They are to be arraigned in the justice court late this afternoon.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Mills Bros.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.
9:30—Tango Time.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:45—Famous Music.
11:30—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Copco's Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Lawrence Tibbett.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Music of Other Lands.
2:30—Heart Songs.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Musical Picture Gallery.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Matinee Revues.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Close Harmony Four.
5:45—Sol Bright and His Holly Wallans.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:15—Sign Off.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:15—Phil Harris and His Orchestra.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
9:30—Old Favorites.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:30—Melody Moods.
11:15—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Dodge Motor Co. Program featuring Gertrude Niessen.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Feodor Chaliapan.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—On The Emerald Isle.
2:30—Garden of Music.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Westerners.
4:45—Frank Luther and His Trio.
5:00—Morton Downey.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Mills Bros.
4:45—Popular Stars.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

Home From College — Barton Brown, student at Oregon State college, has returned home to spend spring vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brown, of this city.

TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION

See JOHN DEERE TRACTORS equipped with Firestone Ground Grip Tires in an amazing demonstration of speed, economy and performance.

Time: Wednesday, March 18
Starts 9 a. m., lasts all day.

Place: Custer Laurance Ranch.
Pacific Highway north to Garden Valley Road—4 miles west to Curry Estate.

Sponsored by

Douglas County
Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg, Oregon Phone 98