

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Appeal For Funds.

FOR THE first time in more than a year, an appeal has come from national American Red Cross headquarters for funds to aid the sufferers in a major disaster.

The flood condition in the valleys of the Ohio and Potomac rivers is terrible. More than 200,000 people are homeless and more than a hundred have been killed. Property damage may total a quarter of a billion dollars.

To aid those stricken people the Red Cross will need \$3,000,000. That is a huge sum, of course, but spread out over the nation is not a great amount for each community to give. The quota asked of Douglas county, for example, is only \$250.

If every man, woman and child in this county gave 15 cents the quota would be raised. But the money will not come in that manner—it is not a tax but a voluntary subscription that is asked.

This community should do as much as it can toward aiding the flood sufferers. Previously, on appeal from national headquarters, we have raised quotas more than twice as large as the one asked in this instance. We should raise \$250 promptly. Contributions may be taken or mailed to the Red Cross chapter chairman, Dr. Van Valsah in the Perkins building, or may be left at the News-Review office.

Let us answer this appeal and do it quickly.

A Victory For Milwaukee.

FOR NINE years the city of Milwaukee has been waging a persistent and concerted campaign for accident prevention. "Education, engineering and enforcement" constitute the triple approach which Milwaukee officials have been making to this acute municipal problem.

A pamphlet recently issued by the Accident Prevention conference contains data which speak eloquently for the soundness of the Milwaukee plan of attack. In 1926 that city had a death toll of 131, or 18.1 per 100,000 of population. Despite the steady increase in the volume of traffic in its streets, the death rate in Milwaukee has decreased in every year since 1928, when the accident toll was 127. Last year, with the Milwaukee population considerably greater than it was in 1926, and with the number of automobiles on the streets greatly increased, the accident death toll was down to 65, the lowest among the large cities of the country.

Milwaukee's experience is conclusive proof that increasing traffic need not carry with it the penalty of a higher death rate, if a reasonable degree of earnestness and intelligence is called into play.

Editorials on News

(Continued from Page 1.)

about your winter's stay in San Diego?

And A. D. answered:

"At least four cords of good firewood!"

BOY, wasn't he telling the truth!

Down in sunny Southern California, they have to maintain the fiction that it is ALWAYS warm and balmy, for if the tourists suspected anything to the contrary they might stay at home with their own good furnaces. Then these Southern Californians hate about four times as bad to buy fuel as we do up here, for it costs about four times as much.

So when it gets cold (as it does about every night) they put on a bold front, unbutton their vests in

public, and twitter to every tourist they meet: "Why, isn't this a LOVELY evening?"

(THEN, this writer has always suspected, they go home, beat up the wife, kick the cat, and crawl into bed and pull the covers up around their necks to get warm.)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is a lovely spot in the winter, and it is not the intention here to cast any bricks at it, for it is delightful. But it would be a darned sight more delightful if they would build a fire on the chilly evenings instead of pretending that fires are never needed.

BILL enjoyed his stay in the south, but remained a loyal Oregonian. Just before he left, he was asked:

"How do you like Southern California as compared with Oregon?"

"About ten to two," he replied;

"ten months in Oregon and two in Southern California."

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

DOES the Devil live in a den? He does in the Melrose country. That is, if there is a devil in that locality.

which many people sincerely doubt, he does live in a den. I know where the place is. Ed Reece and Harold Printz told me about it, a long time ago, and yesterday Harold and I visited it.

It was the first time I had gone to the devil, you might say, and found the going all uphill.

The Devil's Den is in that tip of the Melrose mountain wall which points to the north above Elgar, and is reached by a trail extending beyond the place where John Busenbark now lives, known as the Churchill trail. It is a good trail, too, as trails go, but steep in places, devilishly steep. If you could take your time, and rest your lungs and your legs every few yards, it wouldn't be so bad, but how are you going to do that when your companion is a long-legged young man in tennis shoes, with his mind on the devil at the top of the mountain?

The den is a long and crooked chasm in the solid rock rampart which forms the crest of the mountain at this particular place. I speak of it as several hundred yards long, fifty or sixty feet deep by about half that in width, and full of apparently bottomless little caves and holes along its floor. The perpendicular walls are covered with the bones of the axes, through which grow innumerable little ferns, pretty as a picture. The great gash is almost hidden from prying eyes by a surrounding growth of trees and brush and it would be an easy thing, if one were running wisely through that part of the country from the sheriff, or a mad wife, to fall into it and break his neck.

A little stream beside the trail, running clear, cold water, and just above the summit, a hundred yards or so from the Landers trail, which foras from the Churchill trail at this point and follows the high ridge to an intersection with the Calhoun road, is a little spring hidden in the beginnings of a small canyon, with the sweetest water in it I almost ever drank. It was just a little shallow pool, and Harold had to deepen a bit of a basin before we could find depth enough to dip a cup. It was remarkable how quickly the truly liquid cleared after the digging, and how good it was. If the devil living near drinks from this spring, I'll bet he is a healthy devil.

Harold was somewhat disappointed by the lack of certain important types of rocks, on the trip. He likes scenery, and trees and birds and such, but he likes rocks better. The collection of semiprecious stones is a hobby with him, and he has done well at it; but mostly he has gone to eastern Oregon on his field trips. Either there are more over in that country, or here they are too well hidden by the great stands of trees and brush which cover our mountains. He is leaving for the high plateau country near Bend in a few months, to peek around among the rocks there for a few months, and see what he can find about fossilized potatoes, and rattlesnakes, and rest up from his duties at Al Knudsen's jewelry store, for a while.

I'm not going to recommend this Devil's Den trip to you, except in the case of war with Japan. In which event it would make a peach of a hideout, while their bombing planes were laying eggs.

A report from the United States Department of Agriculture states that there are 57,000 goats in Oregon. I had no idea that many people had paid their taxes.

Go to Game—Among the Roseburgers who journeyed to Salem to attend the Franklin-Roseburg basketball game Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Hamster, Mrs. Carl Wimberly, Doris Brown, Lois Morlan, Elmore Hill, Billy Dehoffer, Elida Taylor, Fanny Lou Wimberly, Maxine Hartley, Mary Jo Parkinson, Thomas Parkinson, Virginia Winston, Brounada Combs, Edna Clark and Eugenia Mae Briggs.

Vista



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER VIII

Walter spent most of his time here. For all her nervous aggressiveness, Irene was his favorite. He admired her looks, her sophistication, and the amazing thoroughness of her mind. Their contact was always a battle but she stimulated him; he was her clearing house for complaints, advice and bitterness. Occasionally they fought bitterly.

Then her mother came out in her—her mother who had been a Polish servant girl before her marriage to Pete Riley, who had owned a dusty little hardware store on Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn. They had met when Anastasia, a big-boned magnificent woman, had come in for a Welshback mantle rack in 1938.

Shortly thereafter they were married. But she proved too young for him. When Walter, the youngest of the rapidly growing brood of five, was three—Pete planted his old hat on his head one day and walked out of the musty shop into the brilliant August sunshine that shone in dusty beams through the elevated structure. Anastasia never saw him again.

Irene could hargle like a fishwife. But her veneer of acquired culture was superb. She liked to think of herself and Walter as coming from a noble strain in the family—that had in it fine old blood. Otherwise how could she explain their beauty, their superb carriage, fine skin and swift mind?

She greeted Walter cheerily as he came in on Wednesday morning. "Hi! You're late. Do you know that Jersey's receipts dropped 10 per cent last week? You've got to do something, Walter. Or are you just going to wait until the business dies a natural death like a sick dog? Damn him, I'd like to wring his collar round off. I just caught Stella and gave her a piece of my mind. She's in tears, the big dummy. Mama called. She's accusing Franz of cheating on gasoline. She's determined to fire him. Well, we better let her. When the old girl takes a dislike to someone, it's not up until he's gone. For heaven's sake, Walter, you look half shot? Where were you last night? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I've a cold coming on, I guess. I'm on my way to Brooklyn now. Why don't you lay off Stella? You bawl her out and she takes it out on the girls."

"Since when are you so touchy about the girls, might I ask?"

"Well, they in turn let it off on the customers."

"Stuff and nonsense. Did you see my picture in the World?"

"I sure did. Pretty neat, I'll say."

She smiled broadly. There was a triumphant gleam in her eyes. "Ginsberg said they wouldn't use it. A lot she knows, say, that baby isn't as smart as she likes to think she is. If we ever booted her out I'd like to know who'd ever hand her one hundred and fifty berries a week."

Franz—I thought they'd attack me. How do you like my ring? She held out her long, strong hand. The ring was of silver and from a low, intricately carved setting, there gleamed a delicately veined blue and white stone.

"It's an opal," Irene explained challengingly. "It's been in the family for ages and ages. It's a very precious heirloom," she added tartly, when she saw his doubtful expression.

"It's lovely," he said apologetically. "Funny. I always thought an engagement wasn't legal unless it was sanctified by a diamond solitaire."

"To tell you the truth, Walt, I rather prefer a solitaire myself, but this is really a genuine heirloom."

"It's really beautiful. Congratulations, old girl."

"Don't call me old girl, even in fun. It's bad taste! Aside from being tactless! Well, Walter, my good fellow, I'm in the social register—by marriage. Oh, the wedding's going to be in the Terhune apartment. I wanted one of the big hotels but I see Dirk's point. He doesn't like pretentiousness and we can't afford it either. Our family is nothing to show off. And of course a church wedding is out. I was very graceful about having them, I liked that. Besides, the apartment is as big as a bowling alley. My lord, they've lived in it forty years. Can you imagine living for forty years anywhere? And even though Park Avenue flats are swankier than Washington square, it's wiser not to have it in mama's lair. She'll behave better outside. Oh, and I've simply got to tell Ethel that Eddie is not to wear a flowing tie, the wet-nosed impostor. Artist! she snorted. "Jerry at least looks presentable."

"How about his English accent?" Walter asked slyly. He seated himself on the edge of her desk. He watched the swift play of emotions over her mobile face. It fascinated him.

She laughed. Her teeth were superb. "Just a little too English. Oh, and Agnes—I've simply got to buy her a dress. She's taken to dressing like a debutante. If I don't sit on her darn fast she'll be stepping out in orchards—no kidding! At her age. I suppose that's what comes from marrying a man so much younger than oneself. She straggled nervously on her desk. "Oh, dear, and Carl!"

"What's the matter with Carl? He's all right."

"He's about as distinguished looking as a grocery clerk."

"My dear girl, you can't be responsible for your sister's husbands."

"No, but we've got to make some sort of show at the wedding. Oh, well, you're distinguished. Walter. You have real savoir-faire. We both got it, lord knows where. Certainly not from papa, the Irish tramp. Do you really suppose mama has some noble ancestors concealed somewhere?" Irene laughed.

"Well, you'll invent them even if she hasn't," he grinned. She rose and with unusual demonstrativeness put her arm about her brother. "You are really stunning. How nice you feel. How nice you smell!" She sniffed him. "Some day some woman will adore you. But you'll be able to make the best match of all. You've got looks, money, poise and, what's more essential, brains. There's no limit to how far you can go, my dear."

"The Rileys have come a long way as it is."

"Yes," she agreed thoughtfully. "They have. But you! Say, do you know who likes you? Consuela Lacrosse. She comes in here with her long cigarette holder tilted at forty-five degrees and she's all eyes for you—all ears to hear about you. The tart! But she's got millions and position."

"So you'd marry me off to a tart, would you?" he parried. "You know I adore you, Walt. I'll give a whole series of swank affairs as Mrs. Dirk Terhune and I'll introduce you to some of New York's prize fillies. I've great hopes for you, old fellow."

Walt rose stiffly. "Thanks," he said lightly. Then abruptly he steered the conversation into safer channels.

"How much money have the Terhunes?" Irene sighed restlessly. "That's the rub. The family has enough, I suppose. They're those simple Americans. Real blood and all that."

"He was gassed in the war, wasn't he?"

"A trace. But enough to give him weltachmerz. He's planning to devote his life to wiping out tuberculosis."

"I think a man is wise to take on a life-work that entitles his creative and his idealistic urges."

"Rot!" she countered briskly. Her phone rang. "Hello," she purred in the affected contralto she used for telephone conversation. She hung up and faced him again. (To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:20—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Orchestras.
9:30—Album of Music.
10:00—Hawaiian Shores.
10:30—Melodies of Dreams.
10:45—Songs of the Water.
11:00—Radio Music Store's Music Box Program.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—School Band Featured by Douglas County Creamery Program.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co.
1:00—Parlo Caruso.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Spanish Mantilla.
2:30—Paul Campbell.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop Amateur Program.
4:30—Douglas County Creamery Program.
4:45—Gene Austin.
5:00—Saw Turns.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Pralines.
5:20—Rovano Operatic Tenor.
5:45—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

Morning Hours

8:20—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Program for Vet's Facility.
10:00—Salon Music.

1c SALE

PIGGLY WIGGLY

ANNUAL 1c SALE

SATURDAY MONDAY

Sunbrite Cleanser	Can	5c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Sureset Gelatin Dessert	3 Pkg.	15c	EXTRA PKG.	1c
Famous through the East—All Flavors—Pure Fruit Flavors				
Wax Paper	40-Ft. Roll with Cutter	Roll 10c	EXTRA PKG.	1c
Tomatoes	With Puree— Southern Oregon	2 Large Cans 24c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Brown Sugar	3 Pounds	20c	EXTRA POUND	1c
Powdered Sugar	2½ Pounds	20c	EXTRA POUND	1c
Oval Sardines	Van Camp	3 Cans 27c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Waldorf Tissue	2 Rolls	10c	EXTRA ROLL	1c
Navy Beans	Extra Clean	3 Lbs. 17c	EXTRA POUND	1c
Rice	Extra Fancy Blue Rose	2 Lbs. 17c	EXTRA POUND	1c
Macaroni	OR SPAGHETTI, Fresh	2 Lbs. 17c	EXTRA POUND	1c
Deviled Meat	Armour's ¼ Size Cans	3 Cans 14c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Hot Sauce	It has so many uses	3 Cans 15c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Borden's Milk	Tall Cans	3 Cans 24c	EXTRA CAN	1c
Matches	Strike Anywhere	Box 5c	EXTRA BOX	1c
Laundry Soap	White Wonder	4 Bars 16c	EXTRA BAR	1c
Vanilla	"Bouquet!" Imitation	4 Oz. Bottle 19c	EXTRA BOTTLE ..	1c
Shortening	Fine Quality	4 Lbs. 55c	EXTRA POUND ..	1c
Razor Blades	For Gillette Razors	10 Blades 9c	EXTRA BLADE ..	1c

Golden Bell Flour 1.44

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NEW LOW PRICE

1 lb. 25c 2 lbs. 49c

Hot Shot Coffee
Roasted by Maxwell House Co.

1 lb. 17c 2 lbs. 45c

Oranges, full of juice, doz. 10c

Asparagus, tender stalks, 2 lb. 17c

Green Onions, 2 bunches 5c

Onion Sets, pound 3c

SALMON PRIZE GOES TO N. G. WILLIAMS

The Powell Hardware company prize for the first chinook salmon to be caught between the Empqua bridge and Winchester dam was awarded this morning to N. G. Williams of Ramona court, who took a large salmon this morning while fishing at the forks of the Empqua river. The fish weighed 32 pounds and two ounces, and was 41 inches in length. It was taken about 8 a. m., only a few minutes after Mr. Williams had started fishing. After making the catch he returned to Roseburg immediately to claim the \$10 salmon rod offered by the Powell company as a prize.

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