

Roseburg News-Review

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Maintain the Band.

THE Roseburg Municipal band has made a valiant effort to raise enough money to buy new uniforms. It has had the very sincere support of other local organizations, notably the Lion's club and the University club. But the uniform fund is still far below half enough.

When the band put on a splendid entertainment which all who attended thoroughly enjoyed, it was not given even decent public support. This, plus the fact that the fund from other efforts is growing slowly though the convention season and the need for the uniforms is nearly here, has caused the members of the band to be somewhat discouraged. And who can blame them? They practice each week faithfully. They put on summer concerts year after year. They appear when they are needed and give their services willingly—gladly. And yet Roseburg does not respond more than half-heartedly to the only appeal for funds the band has made in years.

We may as well face the fact that things are rapidly reaching a crisis with the band. If Roseburg is to have a band, this city must make up its mind to give the band adequate support.

The band is a public institution for the good and for the benefit of the entire city. It is to be properly outfitted and maintained, since voluntary efforts seem inadequate, it seems necessary to give consideration to providing public funds for the purpose of buying new uniforms—at least once every 15 years.

Queer Theories.

AMERICA'S most successful business man, Henry Ford, objects to the new deal policy of curbing production of farm products. "The minute you make produce cheap, someone will make new uses for it," he says, and he has a right to make that statement for he has proven it. "There is only one security," he said, "and that is in plenty."

Two things are being attempted now which apparently run contrary to all logic. We are trying to spend ourselves into prosperity and are attempting to provide abundant food for everyone by destroying food which has been produced and by limiting future production.

These two ideas, products of the super-intelligence of the vaunted brain trust, are entirely too queer for those of us with average minds to understand.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

than win. That is why gambling joints are profitable.

"BUT those who win," you will hear it said, "spend money freely, and spending money freely makes business good."

Sure.

But those who lose DON'T spend money freely, and so far as they are concerned that makes business bad.

Those who lose are more numerous than those who win.

BUSINESS is best, year in and year out, in those places where EVERYBODY has a reasonable amount to spend and nobody has too much. Gambling enriches the few—chiefly the owners of the gambling places—and impoverishes the many.

Because of that fact (and it certainly is a fact) gambling makes the general run of business worse, instead of better.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

I SAW a sight in Clarence Hilde's drug store in Glendale a few days ago which would gladden anyone's eyes—nearly fifty ounces of gold dust, and small nuggets. Just looking at this gold made my mouth water all over my shirt front. That's the most I have seen since the early days of 1933, when I used to

drop in G. R. Bates' bank in Myrtle Creek every so often and feast my eyes on a couple of thousand dollars worth of minted gold kept in a case there, just to accommodate people who liked to look at it. Clarence picks up a lot of dust and nuggets. Hundreds of miners are located in the vicinity of Glendale—over Reuben way, Upper and Lower Cow creek, Wolf creek, Grave creek and many other localities, and they all take at least SOME gold out of their diggings, which are mostly placer. In Glendale, Clarence weighs it accurately for them in his gold scales, and buys it from them, relaying it on to a government mint. This is an appreciated service, and is responsible for bringing considerable trade to his town.

The upper heights of the Canyon mountains are clothed with snow, and look mighty cold. In December or January this snow might be pretty, but during the last week in March it hasn't much to recommend it. The only good thing about it I can see, is that it is high up the mountains, instead of in the valleys.

The state highway commission has announced allotment of a large sum of money, with which yellow paint has been purchased for use in repainting the center strips along the paved highways. This practice is one of the finest safety measures ever taken by the commission, and keeps many a driver on his own side of the road who otherwise might be all over it. Its convenience is notable at all times, but particularly at night.

The trouble with the so-called under dog is, his tail is so easy to step on, and he howls in so many different keys.

SOIL CONSERVATION HELD IMPERATIVE

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—A discussion of the new federal soil conservation program, during which speakers cited the depletion of land as a national problem, climaxed a meeting of farmers and sportsmen here.

E. L. Potter, head of the agricultural economics department of Oregon State college, told the group \$40,000,000 will be paid this year to those conserving and building up soil which otherwise would be worn out or blown away. He envisioned the retirement of 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of land.

W. A. Schoenfeld, dean of agriculture at O. S. C., said "the nation is going to the dogs because of soil depletion. I'm not arguing for the federal program, but we've got to face the music."

E. C. Grehle of Portland said "it looks like a question of who gets the rap." He said apparently the best farmers would receive less benefit money, while discontinued areas, bad farming would draw returns.

Earlier sessions were taken up with a discussion of means to prevent game from ruining crops and methods to reimburse farmers for loss and inconvenience resulting from hunting on their lands.

RAIN, SNOW RIDE WIND IN OREGON

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—A 25-mile wind whip carrying rain and a trace of snow. Temperatures were higher than yesterday's cold marks but the weather bureau said Portland and vicinity could expect subnormal temperatures tonight and Saturday with rain and snow flurries.

The eastern portion of the state may expect snow flurries tonight and tomorrow with low temperatures, the bureau said and ships were warned of minimum temperatures of 32 degrees going north, 30 in the northeast, 24 in the east, 26 in the southeast and 30 in the south.

At 8 a. m., thermometer readings showed 36 degrees at Bend, 40 at Medford, 46 at Portland and Roseburg and 49 at the Siskiyou summit.

In the past 24 hours storm clouds piled another 12 inches of snow on Mt. Hood, bringing the depth to 72 inches.

I. Larson of Lookingglass was among Roseburg business visitors Thursday.

Were you the party who asked for Wilbur Conn's Drop in and let us fit you. We have just received a shipment at Goldie's Booterie.—Adv.

"I wonder where they'll send me next?"



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XIV

By the end of May, Irene's apartment on Park avenue, though far from complete in its furnishings, was already charming as she and Dirk sat at breakfast, in the breakfast nook that was just a shade too quaint, she looked about her with gratification.

"The apartment's beginning to look quite livable, don't you think so, Dirk darling?"

"Charming, dear. Frankly, I had doubts about the place, I don't particularly care for these boxlike rooms, but you have done wonders. I like irregular rooms, long halls, old-fashioned trappings like the place we saw on Gramercy park, but I must admit that you've contrived to make this place look almost as though we'd inherited it. Do you know, I think I actually hate new things. I resent them. I don't like them. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," she leaned over to kiss him. "Irene was still in the chameleon stage with Dirk. Since she had met him she had shed her personal love for new and glittering things—she even persuaded herself (after doing some exhaustive research on the subject) that she loved antiques, and had managed with her usual thoroughness to assemble a very creditable replica of an English gentleman's home."

Anastasia, when she saw her daughter's apartment for the first time, thought it very shabby and didn't hesitate to say so. When Dirk was away, Irene couldn't help thinking so, too, but the habit acquired during her courtship of Dirk—of appearing to share all his tastes—still had a grip on her.

Irene poured herself coffee from the silver urn. "Reverend to living on Park avenue, darling?"

He grinned. "According to fiction and the movies, I guess we're the only respectable family on Park avenue."

"Nonsense. Mamma's respectable. That makes two families."

"We're simply slaying the tradition."

"Oh, dear, Mamma's having trouble with her maid again?" She lowered her voice as her maid brought in a packet of mail and laid it on the table. "There's not a maid alive can work for her. She's the world's worst tyrant."

"Oh, I say, I like her. It seems to me you're always ragging her."

"None. I adore her. I always think of her as our very own commander-in-chief. Why, if I miss seeing her one day I begin to pine for her actually."

Dirk drained his cup. "I've got to fly, sweet. There's a social workers' conference at ten at the Russell Sage Foundation."

"Dirk, do you really like social workers?"

"They're not so bad. No more famous than any other group of people, although some of the intense females are a little trying."

She got to her feet. "If you had a decent job, you wouldn't have to rush off at nine like a clerk," she said pettily.

He patted her cheek. "Irene, please. Why haven't you looked at your mail?" he suggested to distract her.

She shrugged. "Oh, just congratulations and still more congratulations. Oh, I sent the Kayles a love letter thanking them for the tea service."

"Fine. It's a pretty weighty tea service, what?"

"Why, it's gorgeous. Dirk, must

have cost close to a thousand."

"Yep, pretty gorgeous. Typical of the Kayles. Always the grand manner."

"Don't be so snobbish, Dirk. Oh, here's a letter from Madame herself. I wonder what she wants."

She slit open the heavy creamy envelope with her fruit knife.

"Oh, how nice!" She was really delighted. "We're invited to a weekend at their place in Tuxedo park. Oh, oh, Dirk, Lolita and her lordship are here on a visit and she says she wants us to meet them, darling!"

"But I've met her lordship," Dirk observed dryly. "I assure you he's no treat."

"Oh, but we're going."

"You won't enjoy it, Irene. They're such vulgar people."

"Oh, Dirk, we must go!"

"I shouldn't like to, pet. Old Kayle is still dangle his damn job at me. Madame is the world's worst bore. She's the sort of good but misguided person who spits at one in her enthusiasm. And while I hate to be uncharitable, and I'm loath to confess, darling, that her lordship gives me a pain precisely where I sit."

"Dirk! And you call the Kayles vulgar?"

"Just trying to be light-headed, darling. I hope you don't insist on going."

"Dirk, but I do."

"Very well, darling, if you're really set on going, write and accept. Only please don't let's get involved with them in return invitations. But I'm sure you won't like them."

"I think to be exposed to them once is enough to cure one. Come, kiss me. I really must fly now. Going downtown."

"Yes, dear, a little later. Good-bye, my dearest dear. Oh, and thanks for being so sweet about the Kayles."

Irene hadn't expected the Terhunes to make any difficulties for her. She considered them charming, ineffectual people, whose only value was their social connections. She dismissed them from the active part of her mind. The Terhunes were harder to dispose of but even this she achieved. Since her marriage she had so encompassed herself in grandeur and formality that the women lived only four houses away from Anastasia, it might have been miles. She asked it so that there was no possibility of her sisters running in on her unless they phoned first or were invited. Mamma, of course, couldn't be held down by either grandeur or formality, but Irene determined to see less and less of her.

Her main worry, of course, was the salon. She yearned to give it up. From a source of pride, it became a sore spot with her that she was tied down to a business even though the new friends she was making as Dirk's wife said they envied her—actually seemed to envy her, in fact—having something vital to do. Irene's lip curled when the women told her this. It was getting to be quite the thing for society women to go into business; dress shops run by members of the Junior League were becoming as common as fleas. Interior decorating was considered very elite, even the stage and the movies, and Irene grimly told Walter, for a career and quite another matter to have to hold one's job in order to meet expenses.

Of course, so far as Dirk was concerned, he had wanted them to

live simply and inexpensively with-in his income. He had an additional small income from his investments and she would have been able to give up the salon. They had threshed the matter all out. But Irene had no desire to live simply and so she decided to keep on at the salon and pay her share of the maintenance of the elaborate manège on Park avenue.

Secretly Irene was amazed that Dirk had permitted it. She had thought he'd be too proud to let his wife work, but in this she had been mistaken. Her whole conception of aristocrats was shattered by Dirk's queer behavior. Sometimes she hated him for being so different from her ideals. For one, he seemed to have no pride such as she felt aristocrats should have. He talked to elevator men as politely, as cordially, in fact, as he did to bankers.

His family, too. She and Dirk dined with them once a week. They were very sweet to her, making no demands on her and always seemed glad to see her. But she couldn't quite get at them. They slipped through her fingers like sand. Mr. Terhune she considered an old fool, with his lengthy discourses on land. He was working on a book tracing the history of title to land, and he discussed it at great length with Dirk. Mrs. Terhune seemed terribly interested in this work and actually went to the library for him to look up things. Irene knew exquisite boredom until later in the evening when friends dropped in. Even then, these people faintly bored her, talking of dogs, horses and breeding stocks like so many farmers.

(To be continued)

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

HOOD RIVER, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—Mrs. William Munroe declared her intention to be a candidate for state representative from Hood River county. She is a democrat.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—Alex. Barry, former member of the state liquor control commission, announced he will seek the republican nomination for state senator from Multnomah county.

C. C. Chapman, Joseph E. Harvey, Thomas R. Mahoney and Samuel Sawal announced their candidacies for the republican nomination for state representative. Thomas F. Wold said he would seek the democratic nomination for the house.

OREGON CITY, March 26.—(AP)—Carpenters employed on the Astoria high school project returned to work today after walking out in protest against the asserted employment of non-union plumbers. Officials said the dispute had been settled, presumably with the employment of union plumbers.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—James L. Remensing, her timber, which means imports from the United States will increase sharply. S. Itoh of Tokyo, president of the Federated Foreign Lumber association of Japan said.

In ports last year from the Pacific coast were 50,000,000 feet, about half of which was in logs, he said. He and associates are making business calls on coast lumber firms.

Ill at Home—H. O. Pargeter is reported to be ill at his home on Claire street.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
It's Being Noised Around

Some of the noises broadcast by the radio companies in the winter of our discontented 1935-36:

The roar of Niagara. The works were frozen so the roar turned out to be a whimper.

Drum talk from Africa. Ethiopians claiming glorious victory by beating on a hollow log with a bed slat.

The sound of the propeller of the China Clipper. Made a chain store of Mount Olympus with the gods grinding coffee for the retail trade.

The clicking of cosmic rays landing in a box in the sub-cellar of the Empire State building. Sounded like celluloid cuffs on an orchestra leader.

A woodpecker in the Petrified Forest. The boss doing his own typewriting after hours.

A soup-eating contest in the high Himalayas. Sounded quite melodious until the shaggy Tibetan reached the bottoms of the plates.

The dignified squeaking of a glacier moving an inch a century in the Arctic. If that's how the Eskimos go to town it's the reason they never get there.

The breathing of master chess players in an international match. An example of what happens to the human voice when it is sandpapered on a rough tongue and filtered through tobacco-stained whiskers.

Surf dashing over the great ice barrier in the Antarctic. It could have been the swishing of cold coffee in a cafeteria.

What we really missed last winter was the mournful tooting of Jack Ruppert. That was supposed to be music in 1934. Its place in the world of melody was amply filled by the broadcast from the Dionne nursery. Five young coloratura sopranos all vocalizing on Doctor Dafe's amateur hour.

If our boy friend, Floyd Gibbons had picked up an African microphone, we would have heard the sounds of an Italian tank bombing an Ethiopian shammash laundry. A shammash is a masculine Mother Hubbard.

About time a patriotic congressman dished up a bill to protect American noises.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

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—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Orchestras.
9:30—Album of Music.
9:00—Royano Operatic Tenor.
10:15—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.

10:45—Melodies of Dreams.
11:00—Radio Music Store's Music Box Program.
11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Enrico Caruso.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Spanish Mantilla.
2:30—Paul Campbell Guest Artist.

3:00—World Book Mail.
3:15—Exonberg Airs.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop Amateur Program.
4:30—Douglas County Creamery Program.
4:45—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra.

5:00—Mills Bros.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Variations of Fractions.
5:30—United Artists and Vocal Ensemble.

5:45—Singing Strings.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29

Morning Hours
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Program for Vet's Facility with Blackies Racketeers.
10:00—Sunday Musicals.

Afternoon Hours
12:00—Montgomery Ward's Friendly Hour with Wanda Armore.
1:00—Fireside Melodies with Cecil Black.
1:30—Roseburg Dairy presents the Horner Trio.
2:00—Concert Matinee Guest Artists, Ralph Church and Florence Grow.
2:30—Singing Strings.
3:00—The Station Master.
3:15—Royano the Operatic Tenor.

Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY AND MONDAY



PILLSBURY'S
PANCAKE
FLOUR
LARGE PACKAGE
20c

Cane & Maple
SYRUP
SNOWSHOE

Quart 28c

MUSTARD French's "Ring Cross", Qt. Jar 17c

Sureset Gelatin Dessert Pkg. 9c

Pure Fruit Flavor—All Flavors.

Vegetables for Salad Giffi, Can 10c

MANNING'S COFFEE

Nothing so good as a cup of deliciously rich coffee such as Manning's. Sold exclusively at Piggly Wiggly.

Pound 25c 2 Pounds 49c

Peaberry Coffee, pound 21c

Hot Shot Coffee, pound 17c

3 lbs. 47c

Packed by Maxwell House People.

Flashlight Batteries 9c

RAZOR BLADES—For Gillette Razors, each 1c
MAYONNAISE—In the Trump Glass, 1/2 pint 15c
MAYONNAISE—Nalley's, Pint 25c
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE—Dromedary, 2 No. 2 cans 23c
PEAS—All Gold, Sweet Peas—No 1 tall can 14c

1 pkg. French's Birdseed Both for 20c

1 pkg. French's Song Restorer

WITH FRENCH'S 25c CANARY BOOK FREE

Dog Food Play Fair 2 Cans 11c

MISSOURI CHOCOLATES—Sure good, lb. 16c

SELOX WASHING POWDER—Large package 14c

FELDMAN'S NAPHA SOAP—2 bars 9c

SCOTT'S TOWELS—150 to roll, 2 rolls 19c

PAPER PLATES—9-inch, dozen 6c

Big Washington Oysters for stew or frying 8-oz. Can 18c

Clams Minc'd Butter Clams Tall Can 14c

GRAPEFRUIT—Heavy with juice, dozen 25c

ASPARAGUS—Tender green stalks, 2 lbs. 15c

BROCCOLI—Lge. heads, 2 for 15c

OREGON HOP AREA

ONLY SLIGHTLY CUT

SALEM, March 27.—Not more than 1,000 of the 26,000 acres planted in hops in Oregon will be out of the market for 1936, a preliminary survey revealed. A few hop yards have been dug up entirely, while others will lie idle.

The less than four per cent reduction, local hop men state, was surprising in view of the rock-bottom condition of the hop market. The decreased growing acreage will cut little figure in the final market analysis, veteran growers report.

A few growers in the Willamette

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—(AP)—Steadiness marked Pacific coast hop markets during the week, with moderate trading at unchanged prices. Sales totaled 1,108 bales at prices netting growers 7 1/2 to 9 cents per pound, the U. S. bureau of agricultural economics said.

The principal activity came from Oregon markets, sales totaling 711 bales of 1935 crop clusters at 9 cents. Demand continued to be limited to domestic consuming interests. Oregon growers, particularly those with best qualities, were not pressing their remaining supplies. Information on the 1936 acreage is not yet available.

3:30—Salon Music.
4:00—The Singing Parson.
4:15—Saw Turns.
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