

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Uniforms First.

THE suggestion made by the Roseburg Kiwanis club to move the municipal band stand over to the city owned property in Laurewood is interesting and apparently entirely practical. It should have a most careful investigation and study.

But there is one point that must be surely settled even before any serious consideration is given to the idea of spending some money in moving the band stand. That point is the question: Are we going to continue to have a municipal band? Obviously the best bandstand in the world located in the finest possible amphitheatre will be of little use to the city if there is no band to play in it.

Nor is this merely a careless alarm. The members of the band are definitely discouraged at what they feel is lack of public support. This newspaper realizes that the people of Roseburg want a good city band but after the small audience at the recent band benefit entertainment in the Indian theatre, the band members have a right to be a bit cynical.

The simple fact is that if the band is to make public appearances (and how can a band be of service if it does not appear in public?) it simply must have new uniforms. The present equipment was purchased 15 years ago and although the men have done well in keeping their uniforms presentable, and they look really very well in concert, they are loath, and with reason, to march or appear on the street.

So, before we even give consideration to the proposal to move the bandstand, let's see that the band is outfitted and encouraged to continue. It can be done and it should be done—and done at once.

Fear Indifference, Not Knowledge.

SOME little panicky feeling developed a while ago when it was observed that in some of our Oregon Institutional Libraries, among books on Zoroastrianism, Confucianism, Fascism, Nihilism, Socialism, Methodism, Mormonism and all the rest there were books on Communism. Some time ago a valued correspondent of this paper viewed this fact with what we believe was needless alarm and quoted passages from the "Communist Manifesto" laying bare the communists' own statements of their methods and aims. If any more effective argument against communism than these quotations has been printed in Oregon we do not know it. Most of our ideas of what communism is are too hazy. But there is nothing hazy about the "Communist Manifesto." It puts into plain English the terrible program of wreck, ruin and later, rule of the world by "the proletariat" which the dictionary says means "the laboring classes." It is a program that to us Americans is an unbelievably cruel and destructive of all we hold most dear, the home, the state and religion, and all this by means of bloody revolution. It is best to have people, and especially young people, know what communism is. Forewarned is forearmed. What good old Ty Cobb, the ball player, said after his bat missed four hot balls in succession is to the point. He said, "You can't hit 'em if you can't see 'em." When Americans see communism as it really is they will hit it and hit it hard.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

McLean out of \$100,000 on the fraudulent plea that he could find the Lindbergh baby and who is now serving a sentence for obtaining

ing money under false pretenses. He, too, has confessed that he did the kidnapping. Nobody, however, seems to pay much attention to him.

ONE more question: Was Warden Kimbrell WRONG in granting the stay of execution?

For an answer to that question, put yourself in his place. Within his hands was the life of a condemned man, and a grand jury was deliberating whether or not to indict ANOTHER for the crime this man was condemned for.

Under such circumstances, what would you have done? The chances are, if it had been within your power, you would have stayed the death sentence a little longer to see what might happen.

IN THE entire handling of this Hauptmann case, there is much to be commended and little to be praised. But this unimportant writer, whose opinion counts for little, finds it hard to condemn Warden Kimbrell for waiting two more days to see what might happen.

He followed, at least, an exceedingly human impulse.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

I DON'T know why Fred Wolff, superintendent of Grant Park in South Milwaukie, had to pick me at this time of the year for just a couple of days before the opening of the trout season in Oregon, but that is just what he did. He sent me a picture of a big mouth bass, life size I take it as coming from Wisconsin waters, being about a foot long, and back of its gills were printed the following lines:

"Behold the fisherman! He riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household... might be his preparations... he goeth forth full of hope... and when the day is far spent he returneth, smelling of strong drink... and the truth is not in him." Golly, Fred, do you mean to tell me that you didn't see a truthful fisherman out here last summer? I can't understand it; we've got one here, somewhere.

Nate Fullerton and Earl Stewart were fishing at Tenmile last Sunday throwing plums at bass who proved to be very expert dodgers, finally winding up the day with shotgun, after shots. They examined three they killed, and in one found twelve perch, each several inches long, and in another about an equal number of small trout. They say the coast folks are having lots of sport shooting shags, and they must be doing a lot of good, if they kill off all these feathered fishers.

If anything would make a fellow mad, it would be to get skunked on a fishing trip only to find out a shag was a better fisherman. Maybe that is where our fish are going, flying away in the gullets of the countless cormorants infesting the lakes and streams of coast areas.

The students in some of our universities and colleges, who have formed the organization known as the Veterans of Future Wars, have done this for me—taken the sting clear out of my fear I might have been conquering another world war. Bless 'em, they could stop right up to the recruiting officer, and proceed to earn the prepaid bonus they are talking about, and I'd enjoy seeing them do it.

The twizzle-litz might need a little prodding from the rear with the point of a bayonet, before they consented to join the army, but volunteers for the prodding could easily be found, I judge.

ALBANY COLLEGE PAPER SUSPENDED

ALBANY, Ore., April 3.—(AP)—Albany college was without a campus newspaper today. Dr. Thomas W. Bibb, president, ordered the "Orange Peel" temporarily suspended.

No reason was ascribed. Dr. Bibb said the publication will be under the department of English "for the balance of the year" and will be used only "for the various classes." He said the present editors would not be retained.

The newspaper in a chapel talk several weeks ago. A censor was appointed at that time but he later resigned.

Earlier this week, Dr. Bibb ordered student writers to submit all stories for publication to Prof. T. P. Mandle of the English department before sending them to their newspapers. He said "flagrant" violations of the order would mean expulsion.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Trask, of Myrtle Creek, were in town yesterday attending to business.

Home, Sweet Home



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XX

Irene had blandly suggested she introduce Helen around and take her in hand, and to her amazement Walter, instead of being grateful burst out: "Oh, let her alone, will you? Let us both alone for a couple of weeks, at least. If I weren't so busy now, we'd go away somewhere, but we're having our honeymoon in New York and we don't want to trot out to any parties or dinner or anything else. We just want to be alone."

Irene relayed Walter's ultimatum to the girls.

"He's probably teaching her how to use a fork and how not to drink the water in the finger bowl," Agnes snickered.

"Then he'd better take a six months' honeymoon and send her to a good finishing school," Stella suggested, derisively.

"Oh, really?" This from Ethel, who for some reason not quite clear even to herself had constituted herself Helen's champion.

"And since when did you graduate from Miss Spencer's?"

"It's just as well," Irene declared briskly. "I don't particularly relish being mortified by her."

Force of habit made Helen wake up at seven. For the first few days she was startled to see Walter lying beside her, his thick hair tousled, his face half buried in the pillow and one of his arms holding her tightly. He never relaxed his hold upon her even in sleep as if he were afraid she might be snatched away from him. Helen, who had always slept alone, was uncomfortable at first in this caged-in position but she forced herself to lie perfectly still so as not to disturb him. But after a few nights she curled up in his enveloping arm and found therein a peace and contentment such as she had never dreamed of in her life before.

Once awake, Helen was unable to fall asleep again but spent the few minutes until he opened his eyes in luxurious contemplation of the charming room, the discreetly drawn curtains that fluttered in the open window and the never-ceasing roar of the city. The bedroom was tall and faintly blue in the morning light. Walter's trousers, neatly folded over a chair, his long, black shoes standing side by side with her gray kid pumps spoke volumes to her of delightful intimacies. She pressed against him and he awoke.

Watching him dress and shave, his efficient, brisk movements were a source of constant delight to Helen. Of course, he insisted on kissing her when his face was lathered with shaving soap. They had already shared his dressing so that when he finished shaving she arose and got under the shower. By the time he fastened his collar and adjusted his tie, Helen, fresh and rosy in a blue negligee, was ready to join him at breakfast.

To eat breakfast leisurely and not on the run! They were both ill at ease when the waiter, with his immaculate white coat and light fitting trousers, brought in the breakfast table and set it up in the living room. Helen felt curiously wicked and immoral in those moments. But once he bowed himself out they fell to enjoying the luxury of hot rolls and delicious coffee. Helen no longer felt like a courtesan! Now he was the competent young man, pouring coffee, selecting about cream and sugar and marmalade.

Breakfast over, Walter lit his

first cigarette of the day and opened the newspapers to read the headlines aloud to Helen, who curled up at his feet, her cheek against his knee—only to jump up when the waiter came in again to remove the table.

At ten o'clock he tore himself away until twelve, when they met again for lunch. As soon as he had gone Helen slowly and luxuriously began to dress. At eleven she stepped out of the hotel and then she started her queer wandering that was so fascinating to her. It was a combination of shopping and browsing. Helen discovered art galleries and exhibitions. She had no time for matinees nor did she miss them. After lunching with Walter and more shopping—he had to buy her a solitaire and a diamond wrist watch—Helen took a Fifth Avenue bus. Sometimes she went downtown to Washington Square and wandered fascinatedly about unfamiliar, narrow streets swarming with children.

At other times Helen went along Riverside drive. She went to Grant's tomb and the Museum of the American Indian and Billings' Castle. She blundered into the Cloisters and spent a breathless morning looking at the statues. (Later that day she took Walter there and he, as equally overwhelmed, Helen always got back from her jaunts in time to meet Walter for dinner and to tell him of her adventures. Then they went to the theatre, where they now had orchestra seats and could enjoy themselves without fear.)

Helen never met anyone she knew on her solitary rambles. She found she didn't miss anyone; would have, in fact, resented anyone's intrusion. To be alone with herself and her thoughts of Walter was a luxury she had never known and she revelled in it; it was a joy second only to being with Walter.

Two weeks to the day after their marriage, Irene phoned Helen.

"I'm giving a luncheon for you on Wednesday at the Vanderbilt. At one, if that's agreeable."

It was more a command than an invitation but Helen was too flustered to say anything beyond murmured assent and her thanks.

Walter was half pleased, half regretful that their idyll was being shattered by outsiders.

"Irene knows nice people," he assured her. "You'll enjoy it and you'll make some friends. Aren't you lonesome wandering about by yourself?"

"No, I'm never lonesome, Walter. I don't want anyone. I don't want any friends. I want only you!"

He kissed her. "You're a queer girl, Helen. I never knew anyone like you before. You're so... so different from other girls. But that's why I like you."

"Me too like that?" They were tired of kissing each other. Her lips drew him as irresistibly as a magnet draws steel. Reluctantly she pulled herself away to face the real problem at hand.

"What shall I wear, Walter?" she asked anxiously.

wonderful in it. Get yourself some flowers, or I'll get 'em for you. Sweetpeas?"

"Yes, I think sweet peas will be lovely."

"Okay, I might as well get the habit of sending flowers. No time like the present. I want to be an attentive husband," he grinned.

"You're a marvelous husband," she declared fervently.

Helen started to dress for the luncheon at ten o'clock, as soon, in fact, as Walter left. Although she already had had a shower, she now took a perfumed bath. Except for an occasional memory of that awful night when he took her there, Helen had scarcely thought about Walter's sisters. She wondered now whether they'd all be at Irene's luncheon. Helen's heart pounded loudly. The prospect of facing all four of them—possibly five of them if their mother were also there—was not a happy one.

She reached the Vanderbilt promptly at one and had to wait twenty minutes until Irene drove up in Anastasia's limousine with the liveried chauffeur, pressed in to service by each of the girls whenever they wanted to make an special impression, Irene was alone.

Helen breathed a sigh of relief only to be again thrown into a state of perturbation by Irene's friends, all of whom gathered in the next five minutes.

Irene presented her to Mrs. Tyrell, Miss Arden, Mrs. MacLean and Mrs. Reeves. Then chatting animatedly they went into the dining room, where a special table for six was laid. Helen sat between Irene and Mrs. Tyrell, and it wasn't five minutes before Helen perceived that her outfit was all wrong.

Irene wore a startling dress of black and white and a small turban hat that half covered one eye. She looked exotic, arresting. Not that Helen could have worn such a costume! The others all wore extreme clothes, drooping earrings, weird, unexpected color combinations that on women less superbly groomed would have been ridiculous and freakish.

Everyone was kind and yet Helen felt that same nameless misery creep over her at Irene's manner that she felt at the hands of the exquisite snobs in the swank shops. Helen groped for a word to describe it and even when she found it—"patronizing"—there was small comfort in the achievement.

"Your little sister-in-law. Well, well. A sweet child! Are you a New York girl?"

"Sort of," Helen fluttered. "I was born in Brooklyn."

"Brooklyn? Really? Do people actually live and begot children in Brooklyn?"

"How long are you married?" another asked. "Two weeks today! Oh, lord, how horribly new you must feel! I remember how I felt as a two-weeks' old bride!" she shuddered. "Do you remember, Ika?"

fusion finally identified as the lady's husband) wouldn't divorce her.

Mrs. MacLean ventured the opinion that Effie's lack of inhibitions was so refreshing. Ika dwelt on a terrible beating Rufe gave Effie when she got in one night with Larch (whoever that might be) and the others, it seemed to Helen, were not only thrilled but downright envious!

As they rose some two hours later, Helen, except for answering an occasional question, had spoken no word.

Irene drove Helen back to her hotel in the car. The sweet peas were wilted and drooping and Helen longed to get up to her room so that she could take them off. How she envied Irene's sure self-confidence.

"Thanks so much, Irene,"—even saying her name choked Helen—"I had a lovely time."

"Yes, they're amusing girls," Irene said brightly. She was in a good humor. Helen's embarrassment seemed grimly to please her. "Dink's parents are giving a dinner for you Friday night. Did you hear from them?"

"Yes, I told Walter to answer the letter."

"Oh, my dear, that's your job. You, as Walter's wife, must answer and acknowledge all invitations. It's very charming of my parents-in-law to give a dinner for you before they go away for the summer. They're so fond of Walter," she murmured. "I'll see you then on Friday."

"Yes, here's the hotel. Will you come in?"

"No, thanks. I must fly home and dress for dinner. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Irene, and thanks again."

Helen stumbled out of the car. Not until she was in her own suite, hidden from everyone, did she sink trembling into a chair.

She was in a panic. Oh, what a frost she was! She was tongue-tied, stupid. Everyone else was so smart, so blasé. She'd disgrace Walter. And now that dinner at the Terhune's!

Tears of misery and fright rose to her eyes. If only she could hide away somewhere. She felt so miserable that she sobbed and crawled under the covers in their big double bed. She cried softly into the pillow until, weary and exhausted, she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was six o'clock and with a bound she was out of bed. Walter would be home in half an hour. He must never know she was so socially failure—at least she wouldn't tell him. He'd find out soon enough from them. But she wouldn't answer. She'd just enjoyed it.

"I was a howling success," Helen said grimly aloud. "I was just the life of the party!"

Even a visit to Tante Freda Havemeyer's that night, where Walter was treated like a god and Helen only as something slightly less, couldn't restore Helen's equanimity. Every time she thought of the dinner Friday night she was panic-stricken.

(To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

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NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, APRIL 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.

9:00—Salon Music.

9:30—Famous Orchestras.

9:30—Album of Music.

10:00—Victor Concert Orchestra.

10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Gross & Hargis Music Box Program.

11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Roseburg School Band Presented Through Courtesy of Douglas County Creamery.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Enrico Caruso.

1:15—Victor Young and His Orchestra.

1:45—Saw Turns.

2:00—Spanish Mantilla.

2:30—Paul Campbell.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Evening Hours.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Songs Seldom Heard.

4:30—Douglas County Creamery Salon Program.

4:45—Rhythm Revue.

5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Pralines.

5:30—Airs From the Operas.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

6:15—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Program Dedicated to Vet's Facility.

9:30—Blackie Blue Feet.

10:00—Salon Program.

11:00—Sunday Request Hour.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Ward's Hour of Music With Wanda Armour.

1:00—Golden Voices.

1:30—The Roseburg Dairy Presents the Homer Trio.

2:00—Ballad Time, Harris Ellsworth, Florence Gros.

2:30—Sunday Afternoon Concert With Jessie McLehland Merritt.

2:45—Singing Troubadour.

3:00—Singing Strings.

4:00—Singing Parson.

4:30—Saw Turns.

4:45—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.

5:15—Dance Time With Popular Orchestras.

5:30—Sign Off.

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PEACHES
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2 Pint **25c**

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GINGER SNAPS—3 dozen 10c

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2 Pkgs. Kellogg's Corn Flakes
1 Pkg. Kellogg's Wheat Krispies
1 Pkg. Kellogg's PEP FREE
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Napkins Cello Wrapped, 100 Count Pkg. **9c**

SEASIDE LIMA BEANS—Can 9c