

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Let the People Choose.

CITIZEN HERBERT HOOVER, speaking over a nation-wide radio hook-up from Fort Wayne, Indiana, last week made the statement that Federation of Labor statistics placed unemployment at slightly more than 11 millions at the beginning of 1933 when the present national administration took office, and that the same source estimates unemployment to be more than 12 millions now.

If that is correct, and it must be because the A. F. of L. is in position to get such facts and the ex-president would not have broadcast such figures if he had not been certain of them, then there must be something wrong with the "planned economy" designed to provide men with jobs.

There has been world-wide recovery from the depths of the depression. There has been marked recovery in this country. But in accomplishing the big task, the fundamental task, that of providing employment—the remedial methods seem not to have worked.

Efforts have been directed toward "priming the pump." But the pump priming has mostly been by means of creating jobs on public construction. This has naturally been reflected in business increase. The release of several billions of dollars of government money in a country most certainly improve business, and it has.

What has not happened to any important degree is business increase of its own volition. There is the feeling that should the prop of government money be removed, the business structure would collapse in a crash and depression worse than before. Business leaders are not ready to undertake expansion and the creation of new employment so long as there is uncertainty of future policy.

Such is a gloomy conception of the national picture as we approach a presidential election. Regardless of which party wins the forthcoming election, certain enormous problems remain to be solved. They have not been solved in the last three years. We have merely carried on with such emergency measures as would relieve the immediate pressure. Let the new deal administration, which seeks re-election, present a plan, chart a course for the future and tell us what it is. Let the republican party, which asks the country to reject the new deal and elect a republican president, offer its conception of the solution of the various problems. Then let the voters choose. On such a basis, and on no other, can the people of this country control their own destiny.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

at any cost.

We can't get justice that way—and without justice we can't have civilization.

IN THIS Hauptmann case, there was a disturbing loss of those fundamental values upon which sound administration of justice and permanent and useful organization of society must depend for existence.

Lawyers became NOT officials of the court, sworn to aid in every way in the establishment of truth, but PAID ADVOCATES, determined at any cost to win their case, regardless of its merits. The press forgot its high place as upholder of the truth and defender of our liberties and scrambled in the gutter for the pennies of the moribund curiosity who buy papers.

It was a disgusting spectacle, from beginning to end.

IF THERE is any lesson in the Hauptmann case, it is this: Let's say to ourselves that in all

its aspects it was so disgusting, so disturbing, so far from the vision of the founders of our nation that it must NEVER be permitted to happen again.

Then let's do our honest best, each in his own way, to see that it DOESN'T happen again.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

WEATHER like yesterday's is something even for Oregonians to brag about. It's too bad the folks back east can't have a few days like yesterday; there have been tough enough, 200 d-n-s knows, with floods and tornadoes.

If the year around climate of Oregon's Pacific slope regions were rightly appreciated and understood by the people in less favored sections, we wouldn't have standing room here before long.

"That's a smart young fellow that just passed us," Bill Lovelace, Reedport clothier, remarked to me yesterday. "He's a deputy assessor, and when he raises the ante on a republican he says 'too bad, ain't it, the new deal got us into this,' and when he is upping the assessment on a democrat he tells 'em he guesses they ought to be satisfied, they voted for it'."

The fellow may be smart, but I'll bet he isn't popular.

John Hodden and I sat in his store watching a cherry tree, in bloom, across the street. "See those blossoms falling like snow," he asked me. Sure enough, a remarkable number of them were sitting through the air, and the ground beneath the tree was white with them.

"It's a little bird no bigger than my finger that does it," John continued. "They are very destructive. I've got a small horn shotgun up at my place, and I shoot hell out of 'em. They scare easy, and don't come back much."

A friend of mine stood watching the takeoff and subsequent flight of one of the big blue sticklebacks which inhabit the shores of our lakes and rivers, marvelling greatly at the action of the characteristic projectile which this bird dispatches so frequently and so impartially at whoever or whatever happens to be below. "By Crackie," he exclaimed, "I'll bet that's where the idea of the modern rocketship originated from." Well, it does look like it.

The extra big eggs and the extra little eggs coming to this office are very interesting, but for coal spire and action the occasional extra hard boiled egg wandering this way is the thrill.

Lenten Devotions

By—

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The resurrection of Jesus. To the Apostle Paul the doctrine of the resurrection was an incontrovertible fact. Nothing was more firmly established by proof. There was so much of absolute actuality about it that every question was forever settled, every doubt completely silenced, every skepticism crushed. Its reality was so irrefutably demonstrated that the whole Christian system could be made to rest upon it. There is nothing more final than human evidence than corroborates itself. Paul refers to more than 600 persons ("many of them still alive") at the time of the writing of his epistle to the Corinthians, all bearing testimony to the incontrovertible fact to the living Christ, who for forty glorious days, went in and out among them, their victorious living Christ.

OLALLA CLUB GIVES TO RED CROSS FUND

A contribution of \$30 for the Red Cross flood relief fund was received yesterday by the Roseburg News-Review and turned over to Dr. C. A. Edwards, county chairman, from the Olalla Recreation club. This club recently held a community dance and the membership voted that the proceeds should be donated to the Red Cross instead of being retained for club purposes as had been planned. The dance was held Saturday and was a very enjoyable affair. Women of the community made and contributed lunches for the occasion.

GERMAN AIR FLEET ENTERS RHINELAND

BERLIN, April 7. (AP)—Adolph Hitler's newspaper, Völkischer Beobachter said today the "Reichswehr" air squadron has arrived at a new field at Dortmund, in the former demilitarized border zone, to which it was "ordered by Der Fuehrer."

Hitler, in his last memorandum to British foreign Secretary Anthony Eden April 1, suggested that in a plan for settlement of the Rhine, German's two militarization of this area in violation of the Locarno pact, neither side should increase its military forces along the border zone.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

Regular meeting Tuesday, April 7th, at 8 o'clock at armory. All members urged to attend. Sec.—

White-Lady-Out-of-Mud!



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXIII

"Lord, Helen, we've got everything to be happy about," Walter went on fervently. "And now my family has taken you into its heart. They're really the best girls in the world. They may have sharp tongues but at heart they're true blue. Loyal as the sun! Why, they way they've stuck to me in building up this business is remarkable. The sacrifices they made! The unswerving loyalty! We must ask Irene and Dirk to dinner. She's been great."

"Yes, hasn't she? I'll ask them for Friday. Dirk has been so nice too."

"Oh, he's the best in the world! I only wish, though, Irene was happier. She's at him all the time to go back to his old job. He's been thirty-five thousand a year."

"But he's happier."

"I know, but Irene isn't. Well, maybe they'll work things out. Irene's bound to. She's deucedly clever."

"Yes, she is," Helen yawned. "I'm so tired."

He gathered her up in his arms. "Let me put you to bed as if you were my child. My baby. My dearest, dearest, dear."

"My dearest, dearest, dear," she whispered in return.

"They were so friendly, so helpful. They were in and out of the apartment every night. They phoned during the day and invited Helen to luncheon and to tea. Helen couldn't refuse, with the result that she had no more glorious hours in which to wander about New York."

In a general conversation about books or plays or current events, Helen, while not a great talker, not nearly so bristlingly on things as the Riley girls, had an intelligent opinion and she was, as Stella said, "quite well informed."

But as soon as Helen took part in a discussion, one or the other abruptly changed the subject until they came to their favorite topic, the saloon. And here again if Helen ventured an opinion—after all, she had spent three years at Amastasia's—they would charmingly pat her head and imply that the little woman at home should never say her jawline and should never bother her pretty little head with the sordid details of the business.

By midwinter, she was at her wit's end. But even before Walter had found these evenings irksome, Helen sensed he was not satisfied and she took heart. Perhaps he would find a way to stop this avalanche of friendliness and cordiality that was like a rope around her neck.

They were at Irene's on New Year's eve for a formal dinner party.

Helen had since fought to long when she was not in range of Irene's cool critical eye. Helen's success with the Terhunes (she was there at least once a week and often she went down just to spend an afternoon with the old lady) was a surprise and a source of annoyance to Irene. She knew—because Cecily told her—that Cecily and Helen had subscribed to a series of orchestral concerts on Tuesday afternoons. Irene found out too that Helen went to tea at the Terhunes and even spent the night there once when it rained so hard that Mrs. Terhune wouldn't let them go home.

Tonight Helen wore a green velvet evening gown, very dark and simple. She wasn't quite sure of the dress, but Marian had adored it. Walter, accustomed to the ex-

FLOOD RECOVERY

© 1936 King Features Syndicate, Inc. One of the signs of recovery.

One of our better class of unemployed scientists has gone and invented himself a glass frying pan. Nobody knows why he did this nimbly little trick.

He may claim it is all for research. But we suspect he wanted to be a war correspondent for the south side of frying eggs.

People who live in glass houses should use plenty of windshield wipers.

We are going in for so much light and sunshine these days that it would be no surprise if the Scotch highlanders made their kilts out of cellophane.

The sight of a frying egg is a beautiful vista in any sort of receptacle. We could eat them out of a rubber boot. And use a grave-digger's shovel for a spoon.

When you combine those eggs with ham, chicken livers or bacon, then you are approaching the apex of culinary traffic.

The only finer dish than ham and eggs is a double order of both. But there was a time when an egg had some privacy. Now that's all been switched, like an empty freight car. Hot coals are heated by electricity so the fool hens will lay eggs at night.

When the egg is laid the man holds it up to a candle so he can see what's inside. If he sees anything inside the egg he condemns it as strictly fresh, grade "A," and country best. Then, to finish a widely publicized life, they fry the poor old egg in a glass pan.

The glass frying pan will not finish the argument as to who got there first, the egg or the hen. And the glass in the pan will never take the place of the glass in a window that has been opened by request.

The variegated colors of an egg aer gold and white. But, if it stays in college too long those colors will change. The best way to tell a good egg from a

right."

"Most of the stuff can be picked up by careful shopping."

"But I've never bought a thing. I mean, like furniture. . . . I wouldn't know how, Dirk."

"Nonsense. Of course you would. You have good taste. You couldn't go wrong. Just you follow your instincts and not the fashion of the moment and you're bound to achieve a comfortable and charming home which is all that matters. I will help you. I know some of the shops that specialize in furniture for country homes. I have a raft of interior decoration magazines at mother's. I'll dig them out for you—when you're ready and you can browse through them to pick up some ideas."

"That would be grand, Dirk."

"I think it's the only solution for you, Nellie. It will be a painless and effective method of breaking away. You want to live your own life."

"Oh, Dirk, I've been avoiding admitting the true state of affairs even to myself. Oh, how well you know! Yes, I want to be alone with Walter. We have so little time together and we love each other so. We want to be alone."

"I know just what you mean. This may be a way out for you. Call me up tomorrow. We can discuss it then."

(To be continued)

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 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose name and address must accompany the contribution.

URGES ATTENDANCE AT BIBLE STUDY CLASS

Editor News-Review: Dr. R. L. Dunn's Bible Study class met as usual Monday evening in the dining room of the Douglas hotel. Besides the regular members of the class, ten new ones were counted.

Everyone interested in Bible study should attend for simply the Bible is taught and no church doctrine. Few people realize that the Bible prophecies are being fulfilled now in detail and the best way to understand it is to study with a teacher, such as Dr. Dunn.

Every church of orthodox belief in the Bible is represented in the class, but the writer wishes to express appreciation in behalf of the Baptist members of the class and we are well represented therein.

EMMA P. WOODS.

PREDICTS 10,000 TO GET PENSIONS

SALEM, April 7. (AP)—Ten thousand people will be on the old age pension rolls in Oregon before the end of 1936, Governor Martin predicted here, but the state, with federal and county assistance, will be able to care for them until the next legislature makes additional provisions.

There are 35,000 persons over the age of 70 in the state, the executive announced, of which there are now 7,500 eligible for old age pensions. This number will grow to 10,000 by the end of the year, he estimated.

"As for direct relief," Martin said, "receipts from the state liquor business must handle all of that. We now have available about \$150,000 a month for relief from that source and that will have to take care of that situation."

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



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The Egg Cracks the Pan

One of our better class of unemployed scientists has gone and invented himself a glass frying pan. Nobody knows why he did this nimbly little trick.

He may claim it is all for research. But we suspect he wanted to be a war correspondent for the south side of frying eggs.

People who live in glass houses should use plenty of windshield wipers.

We are going in for so much light and sunshine these days that it would be no surprise if the Scotch highlanders made their kilts out of cellophane.

The sight of a frying egg is a beautiful vista in any sort of receptacle. We could eat them out of a rubber boot. And use a grave-digger's shovel for a spoon.

When you combine those eggs with ham, chicken livers or bacon, then you are approaching the apex of culinary traffic.

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The glass frying pan will not finish the argument as to who got there first, the egg or the hen. And the glass in the pan will never take the place of the glass in a window that has been opened by request.

The variegated colors of an egg aer gold and white. But, if it stays in college too long those colors will change. The best way to tell a good egg from a

bad one is by television. Frying it in a glass pan will not change the betting. There has never been a certified case of a bad egg reforming.

The only way to repair cracked glass is with putty, which isn't going to taste so good in an omelet.

Putty and eggs don't mix. At least we have never found them together in the Bartenders' Guide. So we will stick to our faithful old iron skillet until it wears out. We would just as soon taste a rusty omelet as eat an egg infected with painter's colic.

An egg ain't so historical that it must be fried in a memorial window with a handle.

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

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8

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—Mountain Music.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Salon Music.

9:00—Ray Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

9:30—Tango Time.

10:00—Singing Strings.

10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Famous Music.

11:30—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

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

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Lawrence Tibbets.

1:15—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailans.

1:30—Mills Bros.

2:00—Muscle of Other Lances.

2:30—Heart Songs.

2:50—World Book Man.

3:15—Musical Picture Gallery.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—United Artists.

4:30—Dance Time with Speed Rober.

4:45—Matinee Reveries.

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

5:30—Singing Troubadour.

5:45—Ambrose and His Orchestra.

6:00—The Right That Nailed.

6:15—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Devotional.

8:15—Sacred Music.

9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.

9:30—Old Favorites.

10:00—Melody Moods.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Tango Tunes.
11:15—Song Hit Revue.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Dillard Motor Company's Dodge Program.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hanson Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Feodor Challapan.
1:15—Waltz Time.
2:00—On the Emerald Isle.
2:30—Garden of Music.
2:45—Three Rhythm Kings.
3:00—World Bookman.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Westerners.
4:30—Singing Strings.
5:00—Ted Lewis and His Band.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Popular Dance Numbers.
6:00—Chevrolet Musical Moments.
6:15—Friendship Circle.
7:00—Sign Off.

"DRUNKS" JAILED TO SERVE OUT FINES

Fines of \$10 each were imposed in the city court today upon Bernard Droney and Francis McHugh of the veterans facility, who entered pleas of guilty to charges of drunkenness. Both lacked money to pay the fines and were committed to the city jail.

Schilling

rich in flavor

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