

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 to this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of reproduction 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—113 South Spring Street.
Seattle—103 Stewart Street.
Chicago—260 North Michigan Ave.
Detroit—127 Stephenson Bldg.
New York—121 East 40th Street.
Portland—1000 Bldg.

MEMBER
OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF PUBLISHERS

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$1.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, .50
Daily, 3 months by mail, .25
Daily, single month by mail, .10
Daily, by carrier per month, .15

Hope is to Blame.

SOMETIMES we who think we know what is wrong with the country and what will right the wrong become a little impatient with what we believe to be foolish ideas which at the moment are attracting popular fancy. It is hard to become reconciled to the fact that so many people should cling to what seem to us such ridiculous fallacies as at times sweep the country, so illogical, so unreasonable and so fantastic are these schemes, and so glibly are their adherents in the face of obvious exploitation by their protagonists.

And yet there is one thing which mitigates this feeling of contempt and disgust which we feel when we see literally millions of people devoting their time, efforts and funds in behalf of what we know in our own minds to be impossible causes. This thing is hope. It is hope which impels people to subscribe to this and that untried or disguised doctrine.

This is an era of hope, of high hopes, some of them, held by people in all classes of society. The course that our society will take in the next generation may easily depend very largely on the extent to which these hopes can be satisfied.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Hoover to say that the final year of his administration was a time of discouragement. That happened because of the inexorable march of events. Everything seemed to be sliding down hill.

We actually got so that we took a kind of morbid delight in pessimistic forecasts. No one dared look to the future with true confidence.

Then, for one reason or another, our mental attitude changed. The greatest gain made in the last two years has been based on that change. We became hopeful again.

We stopped expecting everything to go to pieces day after tomorrow, and started to comfort ourselves with the dreams in the old American tradition—dreams about the great things that were about to be done in our country.

But if this has been a great gain, it has also carried with it the seeds of great risk. When many hopes are aroused, it is inevitable that some of them must be false ones. Not everything can be set right overnight. Albany Democrat-Union.

A Growing Tendency.

THERE is a growing tendency in this country to consider anything perfectly all right so long as you can get away with it. Law violations are not considered serious unless the violator gets caught. Very little public indignation for justice is found over violation of the ordinary laws of traffic. Too many people look upon violation of the law as a "sporting proposition." United States Attorney Carl C. Donaghy told a civic club in Portland recently.

"If we got our friend out of trouble, we laugh up our sleeves at the officer," said the prosecutor. "And if anyone is to blame, we never think of ourselves as having any responsibility—it's still the officer."

Mr. Donaghy is right, of course, but the shame of it is that what he says is true.

Mrs. T. M. Winwood, of Garden valley, stopped and visited friends here yesterday.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

a mental picture of him. Well, the mental picture this writer had formed of Clint was of a little fat fellow, with a bald head and not too careful of his clothes—pipe ashen all over his vest, probably.

So you can imagine the shock when a tall, lean-faced, good-looking cuss, wearing well-cut clothes with the easy manner of a Wall Street broker, walked into this office and introduced himself as Clint Haight, of Canyon City!

CLINT is another good newspaper man who has gone wrong. That is to say, he's running for office. Never having been used to halfway measures, he went in off the deep end when he did go in, and is now opposing Walter Pierce for the Democratic nomination for congress from the Eastern Oregon district.

"Walter has been putting down all comers for about a half century," Clint says, "and I suppose he'll take me to a cleaning along with the rest, but he can't stop me from having the time of my life up to election day."

"The children are all gone, looking out for themselves, and for the first time in our lives Mrs. Haight and I are footloose and free. We're traveling this district, meeting old friends, staying in auto camps and just all-around having a dicken of a good time."

CLINT is a lack of a campaigner. Instead of talking politics, and getting long-winded about what the country needs but isn't getting, and won't get till he arrives, he just sits down and visits and tells how fine the country is looking and comments shrewdly on men and events.

The other day he gathered up a pocketful of an opponent's (not Walter's) cards and took them along and passed them out and remarked that this fellow looks like a nice sort. A few days later, this candidate came along and was floored when he learned that somebody had been out ahead doing work for him.

Clint is that kind of a campaigner. At least, he's refreshingly different.

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

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.

8:45—Sacred Selections.

9:00—Louis Kazman and His Orchestra.

9:30—Old Favorites.

10:00—Melody Mood.

10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Theatre of Romance.

11:35—Song Hit Review.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Dillard Motor Co. Presents the Dodge Program.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Feodor Chaltapan.

1:15—Close Harmony Four.

1:45—Band Selections.

2:00—On the Emerald Isle.

2:30—Garden of Music.

2:45—Vocal Ensemble.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Southern Serenade.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Westerners.

4:30—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.

4:45—Singing Strings.

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

5:30—The Motor Shop Garage Presents the Hawk.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

6:15—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, MAY 1

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—Devotional.

8:30—Organ Selections.

9:00—Dancey Bros. Orchestra.

9:30—Morning Musicals.

10:00—Women's Exchange.

10:30—Love Songs of Yesterday.

11:00—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Copper's Agricultural Farm Talks.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Philosophy Program with Lyndon Spencer.

1:00—Fritz Kinsky.

1:15—Judea Crawford at the Organ.

1:45—Quartet Selections.

2:00—Music of Other Lands.

2:30—Songs of the Heart.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Novelty Tunes.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Westerners.

4:30—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.

4:45—Singing Strings.

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

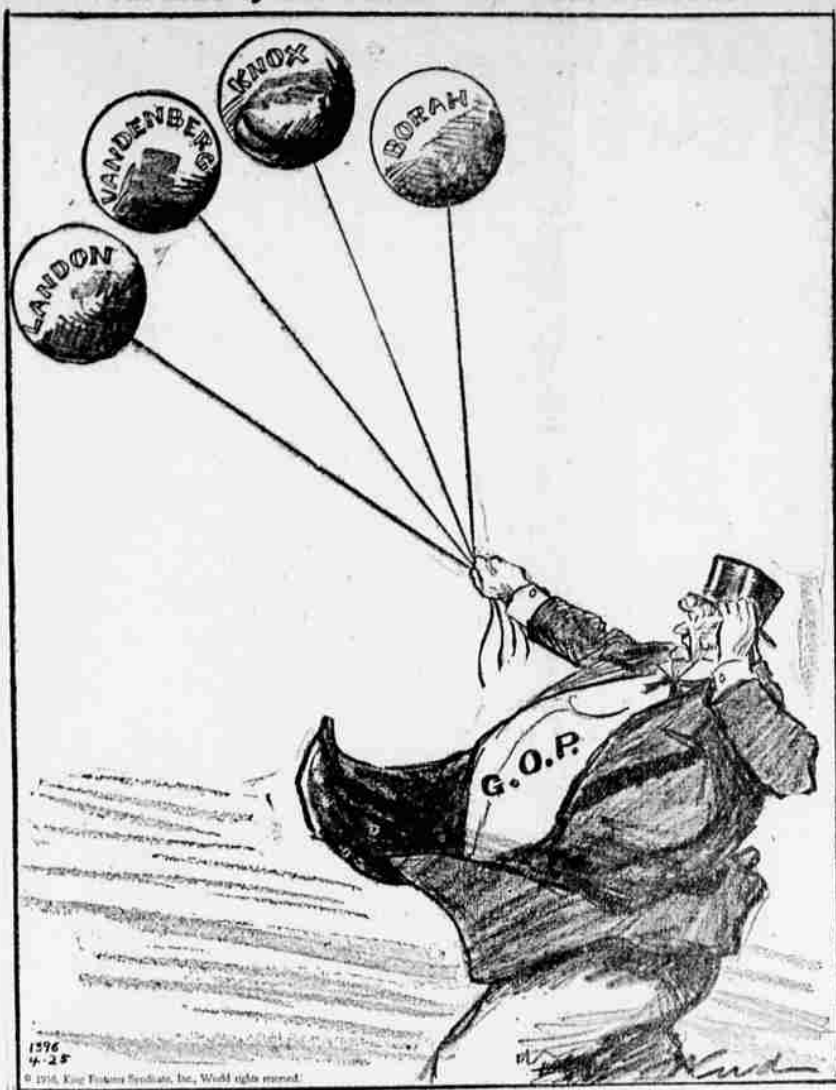
5:30—The Motor Shop Garage Presents The Hawk.

6:00—The Hawk That Nailed.

6:15—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

An Elderly Gentleman With Four Balloons



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XLII

"Where did they go?"
"Don't you know?"
Walter felt his blood freeze in his veins. "No," he managed to say.

"Mrs. Riley said she was going away."
"Did she leave any message for me?"
"Yes, she said to tell you she and the children had gone to... to... Wait, I wrote it down." She found a scrap of paper in the cupboard. "She's going to the Territories at New Canaan."

It didn't take the Rileys long to find out that Helen had left Walter and had gone to New Canaan with the children to stay with the Terhouns. When Agnes heard from Carl what had happened, she was consumed with righteousness.

To escape from them and from the despair of his impotence to get in touch with Helen, Walter sailed for Europe two days later with Irene. She, at least, needed him. "Why don't you get some sort of job, Helen?" Belle asked earnestly. "You look awful."

Helen smiled listlessly. The two were having lunch in Schrafft's on the Saturday before Christmas. "Everyone tells me to get a job! What good will that do? It isn't money I need."

"It will give you something to do, Helen. Something to think about." This brooding act is taking too long. I'm not kidding, Helen, but that pallor of yours and that sort of dull apathy—you look like a cross between Naztova and the ex-terminator—a blond edition, of course.

"Do I really look bad?" Helen asked wistfully.
"Darling, you may be suffering from shattered ideals but I think frankly it's mostly inertia. The shattered ideals aren't so easy to cure, I know, although I should think you'd be so happy at being free from those Rileys that your ideals would mend themselves very nicely tomorrow again. But the inertia is ineradicable. If you did something—get out, get interested in something, you'd be able to forget much more easily. And you're not eating your lunch!"

Helen dutifully took a mouthful. "What could I do?" she asked finally. "Go back to manhandling? It would be a grand finale to my little tragedy. From runs to riches and then back to buffers. Her lips twitched.

"But I wish you'd snap out of it and get interested in something. It isn't normal for a beautiful, young woman to be so... so... and so still."

I feel so old, Belle. I've had a whole lifetime of living. It seems to me I've had love, passion, hatred, struggle, divorce... I pretend to myself that I'm old and ugly. It brings me calm at least. I suppose that's the compensation of age—to be free of turbulence; to be nice and calm and resigned."

Gay came to meet Belle after the matinee. They begged Helen to go with them to dinner and to the philharmonic concert that night. Helen was adamant.

"My dears, I can't. I've got an appointment with the Lockwoods tonight."

But she didn't have an appointment. She left Belle and Gay at Broadway and Fortieth street and took a taxi while they watched. As soon as the taxi reached Fifth avenue, she disembarked and started to walk slowly downtown. The shop windows were rich with Christmas cheer and the crowds that surged by were gay and lusty and carried many bundles. Helen walked on the inside, smiling at the windows and the people who passed her. She had completed all her shopping. She had bought gifts for everyone. Of course, this year she didn't have the Rileys—what a chore it had been to buy them gifts!

Helen increased her pace as the cold wind whipped against her slim ankles. She hurried her chin in the warm fur collar of her mink coat; the coat that had been Walter's Christmas present to her last year—just twelve months ago.

During the month of the millennium when she was, when she went out with Belle or Cecily or the Craveas she was in constant terror lest she meet him or one of the others. She had schooled herself rigidly on how she would act—but she never met anyone.

She was at Twenty-third street. Now would come the dreaded stretch of Fifth avenue until she reached Fourteenth street. Then Fifth avenue would become charming and homelike. Fans of Fifth Avenue up the stoops of brownstone residences and at the Brevinets there were always people rushing in and out of taxis or waiting for buses. She plodded onward. She was tired. She was pant the Brevinets. She was at the park. Helen crossed the street and walked west to their apartment house facing the square.

It was after six. She'd be in time to see the children have their supper. The long evening stretched interminably ahead of her.

She was tired. She was free? Free—to do what?

Although Cecily saw Irene's lawyer frequently—she never mentioned either Irene or Walter to Helen. Sometimes Helen wondered whether Cecily had seen Irene, but so completely did each respect the other's feelings that neither said a word.

Helen had poured into Cecily's ears the whole story on that dreadful night in August when she had arrived at the Terhouns. She had driven from Long Beach to New Canaan with both children sleeping in the back of the car. The Terhouns took them home, made them comfortable in Cecily's room, her face buried in Cecily's capacious lap. Helen had sobbed out his life by the whole wretched tragedy of Dick's death and Walter's accusation.

Cecily never mentioned any part of it again to Helen. Gossip, strong, steadfast, she stood beside Helen, introduced her to Lester Maly, nee, one of Dick's friends who was a successful lawyer. Maly, nee, arranged the case with lawyers in Reno, and the divorce had proceeded without a hitch. The only time Cecily interfered was when Helen refused alimony. Cecily heard from Molyneux who in turn had heard from Powell.

"He's got to support his children," Cecily wired Helen. The telegram covered two telegraph blanks. All her bitterness against the Rileys crept out in this telegram. The closing words, "I insist upon your accepting a decent sum for the comfort of your children" was so unlike Cecily, who never insisted upon anything, that Helen obeyed and accepted one hundred dollars a week for the children's maintenance.

BRADFORD CCC MADE

'ARCTIC TERN' HEAD

Camp Bradford has been signally honored by being made the mother chapter of the "Order of the Arctic Tern" for the Medford district CCC. Dr. Albert Cookman, famous naturalist from Glendale, California, organized the chapter in Camp Bradford April 27th.

The emblem of the organization is the Arctic tern, the world's champion migrant among the bird life of the world. This marvelous migrant nests within seven and one-half degrees of the North pole and winters in the Antarctic on the most southerly islands. Admiral Byrd, when flying over the South pole, dropped the American flag, with a weight attached, and almost instantly a flock of terns arose in the air, their midnight revels disturbed by Old Glory floating down to their resting place.

The annual round trip of the Arctic tern is approximately 25,000 miles.

The name, "The Order of the Arctic Tern" was adopted at a meeting of the Warm Springs CCC camp No. 1551 in southern California, March 22nd, 1935. Captain Clyde Leasure, commanding officer of Warm Springs, is the royal flight commander.

To become eligible for membership at Camp Bradford, enrollees must be one of the 25 outstanding members of the company. These men are selected by the commanding officer, project superintendent and educational adviser monthly.

Chapters of the Arctic Tern have been established in Alaska, Honolulu, Philippines, Samoa, and throughout different sections of the United States.

May 15th next, installation of officers will be made. At that time many notables from the ninth corps area, San Francisco, Medford district CCC and outstanding citizens of this area will be present.

NET INCOME OF COPCO INCREASES

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—(AP)—California Oregon Power company today reported net income of \$496,214, after all charges, for the year ended December 31, compared with \$364,997 for 1934. Total operating revenues increased to \$4,012,000 from \$3,768,848.

NOTICE

The Annual Clean Up will be held on Monday and Tuesday, May 4th and 5th, 1936. Any person having rubbish for disposal will place same in tight boxes or sacks and place them on parking strip on paved streets not later than May 3th. By order of Council, A. J. Goides, City Recorder—Adv.

Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Adv.

Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.—Adv.

BIG DAYS FOR PENNIES
LISTEN TO THE RADIO
1c
ORIGINAL RADIO
ONE CENT SALE

4 Big Days
April 29th to May 2
Fullerton's
127 N. Jackson St.
SAVE with SAFETY at
The Rexall DRUG STORE

TODAY'S the DAY!

To get the refrigerator that has made millions of refrigerators out-of-date



● If you've waited until now—wait no longer. Come in to our store today and see the 1936 Kelvinator. We assure you that never before have we seen an electric refrigerator which in one year has stepped out so far ahead.

Visible Cold—Kelvinator gives you a Built-In Thermometer so you can see how cold it is... Visible Economy—Kelvinator gives you in advance a signed Certificate of an amazingly Low Cost of Operation... Visible Economy—Kelvinator gives you a Five-Year Protection Plan.

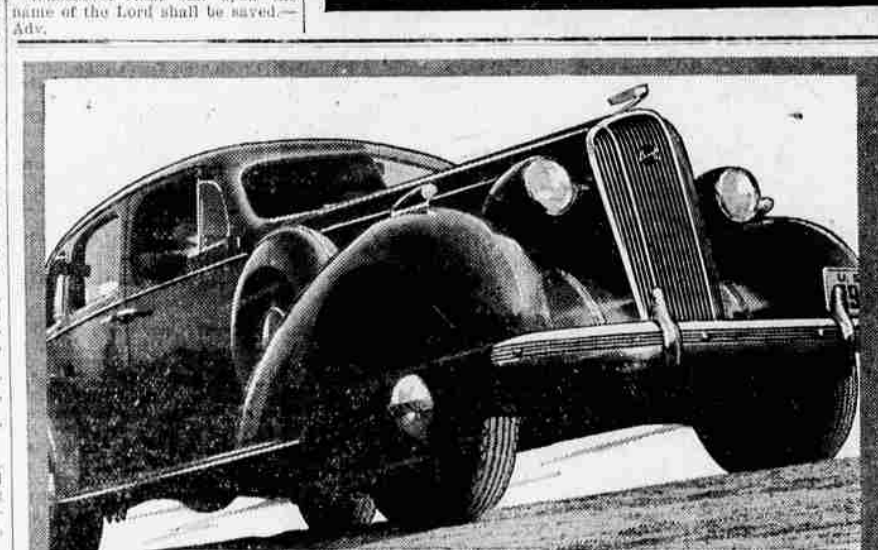
In addition—a rubber grid in every ice tray of this most beautiful, most convenient, most usable Kelvinator ever built.

See it for yourself. You'll be glad to find out it's no higher in price than ordinary refrigerators, and that buying terms are easier than ever and even better than that.

Judd's Furniture Store

Phone 26 321 North Jackson St

KELVINATOR



You may doubt this but—
YOU'LL BE A BETTER DRIVER IN A BUICK!

YOU'VE never had such control over power as you've got in this action car with its quiet, trigger-quick valve-in-head straight-eight engine.

You've never had brakes so smooth and sure, yet so light and easy in their action.

You've never had a wheel so feathery light to guide, or a car that holds itself on the track like this one.

Its very steadiness keeps you relaxed behind the wheel—and that itself makes you a better driver.

Why not let us bring around a Series 40 Buick Special and let you see how a good car can make you an even better driver than you think you are?

MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO FIT YOUR PURSE
Ask about the General Motors installment plan

\$765 is \$1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment.

"Buick's the Buy"
A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

ROSEBURG MOTOR CO.
111 N. ROSE ST. ROSEBURG, ORE.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM