

Roseburg News-Review

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MARRIA ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Last Straw.

IT IS a legend and proverb that the last straw breaks the camel's back. The patient beast bears its increasing burden until it can bear no more and then collapses completely. Among the treasures of American literature there is also the story of the one-hoss shay, which wore out so uniformly that it "went to pieces all at once."

It is not on record that a camel was ever loaded, straw by straw, to the tragic breaking point. But there are problems in engineering which must be solved in that fashion.

An unusual series of experiments will be conducted by the British ministry of transport and department of scientific and industrial research. There are ancient bridges in England which are of doubtful strength for modern traffic. Theory alone cannot decide whether they can take it. Perhaps, like the one-hoss shay, they may go to pieces all at once when overloaded. The way to find out is to try it.

A dozen bridges are to be sacrificed in the quest of the last straw which breaks a bridge's back. At some point in the experiment, presumably, the bridge will be sound and stand bravely under its burden. One more pound of weight or another turn of a jack will crack and wreck it. This is what happens, anyway, when too much weight tries to cross a bridge. It is not the tonnage but the extra poundage which does the damage.

There are more serious intentions in these experiments, of course, than identification of the legendary last straw. England's whole highway system is under reconstruction to meet the rapidly increasing needs of motor traffic. Bridges which were built centuries ago have very recently become dangerous. One more passenger in a charabanc, one more package of freight on a lorry may be the last straw which proves it.

Rejoice With the Dutch.

THERE IS not a great deal in the European situation at present to lift the heart or inspire a glow of genuine delight. Most of the news has to do with bloodshed, armaments, threats and the boasts of egomaniac dictators who pour forth the stuff that nightmares are made of.

It is a pleasant relief, under the circumstances, to read the news from Amsterdam. It concerns Princess Juliana, heiress in the throne of her beloved mother, Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, and Prince Bernhard von Lippe-Biesterfeld, of Germany. The two young people will be married in the fall.

Naturally, the people of Holland, among the sanest and most enlightened in Europe, are in a holiday mood over the announcement. The queen and the princess stand high in their affections. The outside world also is delighted with the news.

It is indeed a pleasant novelty to find a touch of romance and of happiness on a continent occupied so largely with extremely grim business.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

stabilize world trade, and thus will be beneficial to the world as a whole.

Immediately you ask: "Why is that?"

WELL, it's something like this: Devalued currency is essentially similar to WATERED milk. If everybody is watering his milk

EXACTLY the same, the dairy business can go forward on a fairly stable basis, for buyers will know what they are getting. But if one fellow puts a pint of water in each gallon of milk and another puts in a quart while still another sells HONEST MILK just as it came from the cow, there will be confusion in the dairy business and trade will suffer.

That, in effect, is the condition that has existed in world trade. One nation has watered its money a little, another has watered it more, while France (and a few minor nations, such as Holland and Switzerland) has been putting in no water at all.

The result has been confusion in international money values, and this confusion has hindered world trade.

FOR some time past, you see, the world has been exchanging milk watered in varying degrees, including that from France which hasn't been watered at all. But now France decides to WATER HER MILK in about the same proportion as others.

That is about all there is to it, and the result (oddly enough) is expected to be beneficial to world trade through removing some of the confusion that has existed.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
4:30—Rosenberg Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Heart Songs.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Ranch Boys.
6:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:00—Jack Demarechaut.
8:15—Concert Selections.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Salon Selections.
9:00—The Sonneters.
9:30—Famous Love Songs.
10:00—Rock Royale.
10:15—Raymond the Operatic Tenor.
10:30—Della & Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Dream Melodies.
11:15—Rhythm Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Frank Luther Trio.
12:15—Jack Elington.
12:30—Dren G. Gerretsen Presents the Stationmaster.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:30—Dean Rhodes "The Rhythm Man."

Evening Hours

1:45—Waltz Time.
2:00—Popular Band Selections.
2:30—The Max Bendix Ensemble.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Bill Billies.
3:30—Storyland.
3:40—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Oakland Community Program.
4:45—Ted Lewis and His Band.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Excerpts From Bach.
6:15—The Ford VS. Revue.
6:30—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 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—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Italian National Band.
9:15—Jack Demarechaut.
9:30—Save Tunes.
9:45—Richard Crooke.
10:00—Class Harmony Four.
10:15—Municipal Dance Band.
10:30—Della and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Southern Oregon Gas Co. presents The Mystery Chief.
11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Viking Accordion Band.
12:15—Frank Luther Trio.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.

Evening Hours

1:00—The Singing Troubadour.
1:15—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
1:30—Dean Rhodes, "The Rhythm Man."
1:45—Mille Blue.
2:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
2:15—Afternoon Melodies.
2:30—The World Book Man.
3:15—Famous Music.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Canyonville Community Program.
4:45—The Umpqua Park Amateur Hour.
5:15—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:30—Sign Off.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIAGE LICENSES

FLOST-JONES—Arthur Lewis Frost, Elton, and Esther Jones, Oakland.

BORN

MINTONYE—To Mr. and Mrs. Guy Mintonye, of Hamilton street, at Mercy hospital last night, September 28, a daughter, Delia Lee, weight six pounds, three and a half ounces.

The Oldest Master



BANDON PAPER ONLY LIGHT SUFFERER

There is at least one happy Bandon business man today—happy, that is because he found himself better than he thought they would be, so far as his own business is concerned. L. D. Felsheim, publisher of the Bandon Western World, Bandon weekly newspaper, spent Sunday night at the home of friends in Roseburg, unable to get through to Bandon that evening. Talking with eye witnesses of the fire, he learned that the building in which his plant was located had been gutted by the fire. Although the building was one of the few concrete structures in the town, Felsheim assumed his plant had been ruined or destroyed by the blaze which ran through the building.

Garage Fire Laid TO COMBUSTION

Spontaneous combustion caused a fire late yesterday evening in the garage at the Harrio Booth home. The Roseburg fire department was called, but the blaze was extinguished before the arrival of the department. No damage was done.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

MELROSE—The Melrose Townsend club will hold a public meeting Friday, October 2. A chicken noodle supper will be enjoyed at 7 p. m. at the Elks lodge. All persons attending are requested to bring dishes and a pot of chicken and noodles. There will be no charge.

OAKLAND—The Oakland Townsend club will hold its regular meeting Wednesday, September 30, with Mayor C. W. Clark of Roseburg as the principal speaker. Several musical numbers and readings will be presented as a part of the program. The meetings will be open to the general public.

MARKETS

WHEAT

PORTLAND, Sept. 29.—(AP)—Holland is buying wheat in Portland and other north European ports are reported as bidding for supplies. Only the prospective waterfront strike is keeping the trade from making and accepting firm offers. A parcel of 1000 tons was reported sold to Copenhagen to move out of Portland.

There was no trading on the Portland futures market with Oct. 1 on December and May contracts. Cash wheat was also unchanged.

Wheat, Open High Low Close
May—97 1/2 97 1/2 97 1/2 97 1/2
Dec—96 96 96 96

Cash wheat: Big Bend bluestem

low, 12 pct. 1.03; dark hard winter 15 pct. 1.17; 12 pct. 1.31; 11 pct. 1.05; soft white and western red 95; hard winter 90; western red 96.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

THE Red Demon of the forest stalked from his hidden lair in the dry timber of the coast to the west of us and descended wrathfully and devastatingly upon the fair little town of Bandon, scattering death and destruction with a terrible breath. The town is dead, lying in its ashes, with here and there a whiteened rib exposed to the dull eye of the sun, faintly glowing behind a pall of acid smoke.



Bandon simply has ceased to exist. It is burned bare, with the exception of a very few buildings indeed. The stone walls and masonry of others, damaged beyond repair, stand like lonely tombstones, guarding the dead. Seen at a late hour yesterday evening, the only signs of life were a detachment of national guardsmen erecting temporary quarters for themselves in a flat beside the river; a patrol of state police, guarding the highway intersection in what once was the heart of the town; and an occasional furtive figure slinking along a ruined wall, in quest of God knows what. A lost child, perhaps.

The homes and cabins in the resort above the beach, where Roseburg people were wont to join friends from everywhere for a joyous vacation beside the sea, are gone. Everything that fire could burn, was destroyed. Few things in this world are sadder to behold.

However, I never saw as few men loitering about the streets of the various towns I passed through; they had something else to do. They were out fighting fire. The people one saw, didn't appear very happy, you may be sure. No one knew, yesterday, when their own town might go up in smoke.

COPCO WILL AGAIN PAY ON ACCRUALS

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—(AP)—California Oregon Power Co. will pay regular dividends, but applying on accruals of previously unpaid dividends, on preferred stocks Oct. 15.

Payments of \$1.20 a share on 6 per cent preferred and \$1.75 on the 7 1/2 will go to stockholders of record Sept. 30.

SCOTT WILLIAMS EARNS U.O. DEGREE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Sept. 28.—Scott Williams of Roseburg has completed all his requirements for the degree of master of education from the University of Oregon. It was announced here today by Dr. E. M. Pallett, registrar. Mr. Williams is one of 102 students who became eligible for degrees during the summer.

The list of students who earned their degrees during the summer was approved by the university faculty at its first meeting this fall and names were sent to the board of higher education. Diplomas will be issued to the students and degrees will be conferred formally at commencement next June.

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

Chapter 35

It was time, finally, to meet Margery's mother. There was no change, Dr. Howard assured them; nothing unnecessarily alarming. They could do nothing here; he suggested supper and bed and a sedative for them all. He would call them instantly if there was any change.

Harry nodded. "I guess you're right. Well—thanks, doctor."

Dr. Howard's fine tired eyes smiled. "Nonsense. Go home and get some sleep." He disappeared.

Blake was there in less than fifteen minutes after Carol telephoned. She saw him from the waiting-room and stumbled down the steps to the sidewalk.

He sprang from the car and put a steady hand under her elbow, eyed her with a quick, ravenous look. "Are you exhausted?" he asked unevenly.

"Not quite." She smiled at him. "I'll be all right as soon as I get home."

He asked about Harry, and she told him what the doctor had said. He had, she realized, no intention of leaving her at the Sherwood. He swung the car into a parking space and helped her carefully out, then went with her to her own doorway. She handed him her key with a tired gesture that shook him from head to foot.

He was coming in with her and she had neither strength nor will to stop him. Thank heaven, she thought irrelevantly, I took time to make the bed and put it away.

He closed the door softly and led her to the couch and took off her hat.

"Lie down," he ordered, "and I'll fix you a drink."

She said, "Fix two," and closed her eyes and listened to him moving about in the kitchen. This might be disaster, she knew, and could make no move to prevent it. The apartment was warm and still, and sleep dragged at her eyes and her mind. Sleep, and the intimate sound of Blake moving about in her kitchen.

He came back with two tall glasses and bent over the couch. She opened her eyes and sat up to take the glass.

"You're a life saver," she said inadequately, in an effort to push back the impending crisis. "I'm not used to being up at five o'clock."

"Don't get up," he said roughly. "Here," and slipped another pillow beneath her head. She lay back and sipped her drink, and he sat in a chair and devoured her with his eyes.

She shivered suddenly, as if a cold wind had lashed her. "Being rather alone has its compensations, hasn't it?" she whispered. "To care—that much—for someone is frightening. The more things you love, the greater your hostage to fortune."

His eyes were on her face. She looked white and tired and lifeless, a stranger who would have thought her without charm or color. But her very exhaustion aroused in him an uncontrollable tenderness.

"No," he said harshly. "Just being able to love that way—even if you lose the thing you love; even if you never possess it—worth all the suffering it entails."

The air was vibrant, and the thing that filled them was a physical force, drawing them together. He thought desperately: You can't say it—you can't! And tried to.

Carol followed him with her eyes, and when she spoke her voice trembled between laughter and tears.

"Blake, my darling, think. What has Irma ever done to make you think she can be generous? I don't know much about her, but I'm afraid I know that much."

He said hotly: "Of course I'm willing to insist, if that's the only way. But I still don't believe it will be."

He made an impatient gesture and came to her again. "Don't think about it tonight; give me a chance to believe this."

He smiled at her, and saw the

light and color in her face that had been drawn and tired. He felt a passionate longing to cherish and protect her; to put his own body and strength between her and the world. He felt back upon the only concrete gesture that occurred to him at the moment.

"It must be late," he said gently. "Hungry?"

"I hadn't thought." She felt a pang of shame that she had so completely forgotten Margery and Harry in the blinding light of her own happiness. "I believe I am."

"Fine. Let's go eat our way through a big dinner."

The knowledge of being thus loved and cherished was almost too much to bear. She laughed brokenly.

"I'll have to change clothes. These are a little the worse for wear."

His eyes were wistful. "May I wait, or shall I go away and come back?" He confessed with a smile, "I'm afraid to get far from you for fear I'll wake up."

She hesitated only an instant. "Then stay, I won't be long." This was too much to ask of life, she thought. It's dangerous to be so happy as this: the gods will be jealous.

She came back in a very few minutes, glowing and immaculate, with her short dark hair once more in order.

"Your turn next," she said simply, and smiled. "As the boy told the visiting bishop, 'you may use any of the towels.'"

When they were in the car he turned inquiringly. "Where to, lady?"

"The Merrimac grill?"

His hand closed over hers. "What made you suggest that?"

"Idiot!" She laughed gently. "Don't you know, or do you just want to hear me say it?"

"I want to hear you say it."

"All right. Because the first meal I ever ate with you was at the Merrimac."

(To be continued)

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