

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Farm Hands In Demand.

RISING wages and a scarcity of
trained farm hands seems to
be providing an answer to the old
question "How you gonna keep
him down on the farm?"

In other words, that typically
American institution known as the
hired man is enjoying a wave of
prosperity.

It was not long ago that there
was a general exodus from the
country to the city. Thousands of
young men, some of them sons of
farmers and others hired men,
were lured away from the dairy,
grain and livestock belts by the
shorter hours and higher wages of-
fered by industry.

But now there is a reversal of
this trend under way. Many who
found life in the city a pretty
tough proposition during the de-
pression years are returning to the
rural life. This "resettlement" of
the farm regions by many urban-
ites also includes thousands of
families who have purchased small
fruit or chicken farms, or enough
land for a sizable garden, located
just outside the town or city where
they work and yet near enough so
they can commute and enjoy the
advantages of the country while
keeping their city jobs.

Recent federal surveys have
shown a considerable shortage of
skilled farm hands, men with ex-
perience and knowledge com-
parable to that of the hired man
who was such an important part
of the agricultural picture in the
eighties and the nineties.

There is usually an available
supply of farm labor which can be
drafted from the army of "drif-
ters" who travel with the sun and
plan their wanderings so as to ar-
rive in the right sector for the
harvest season. But the depend-
able "all-around" hired man whom
the farmer of yesterday considered
one of the family and a person of
ability and importance has dimin-
ished in numbers to a point where
his services are again much in
demand.

Rising prices of produce and
crops have made it increasingly
profitable for the farmer to make
the most of his acreage and has
also made it possible for him to
meet the salary schedules offered
by industry. As a result, trained
farm hands today are at a
premium.

Happily Out of Step.

A FAVORITE pastime of some
American prophets is to point
at other countries as examples of
progressive economic thinking.
Implied in their remarks is a de-
nunciation of the past in America
and a warning to this country to
do an about-face. The past, they
tell us, is dead. Look at these other
countries for a hint of what
the future holds.

In substance, this means that
the United States is out of step
with England, France, Germany,
Spain, Italy, Russia, China and the
Fiji Islands. In a word it means
that anything peculiar to the United
States in the dead past such as
the world's highest standard of liv-
ing, such as an automobile to every
four families, such as three radios
to every four families—anything
peculiar to the American past as
this is to be condemned.

There can be no doubt that these
prophets are absolutely right on
one point. Politically, socially and
in the field of economics, the United
States has been out of step with
the rest of the world, all right.

What's more, the United States
has been out of step with the rest
of the world for a hundred and
fifty years. We must be something
apart because we have fed upon a

brand of fodder not grown beyond
our borders.

Out of step with the rest of the
world! What American will not
proudly admit this fact! And yet,
wouldn't it perhaps be a bit near-
er the truth to phrase it this way:
"The rest of the world is out of
step with the United States?"

One hundred years ago an ob-
scure teacher named Froebel was
causing comment among educators
in Switzerland and Germany by
propounding the "quaint" theory
that the most important time for
educating children was during the
formative years from one to seven
and that play hours provided the
best schooling. No toy makers and
hardly anyone else paid attention
to this novel theory of play for
many generations. Yet this doc-
trine, first championed by Froebel,
eventually laid the ground work of
the rapid growth of the American
toy industry from a retail volume
of around \$50,000,000 in 1914 to an
estimated \$215,000,000 retail vol-
ume in 1936.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

will retort: "My father can lick
your father any day in the week."
And so on, at great length.

THE point is this:

The longer the kids go on
licking and quarrelling and mak-
ing smart cracks without HITTING
EACH OTHER, the less likelihood
there is of a fight, and if the ex-
change of doubtful compliments
continues LONG ENOUGH it's a
practical certainty that no noses
will be bloodied.

It's much the same with two
dogs that meet and growl and ruf-
fle up the hair on the backs of
their neck and make a noisy dis-
turbance generally. Such a demon-
stration is seldom followed by a
dog fight.

THE hopeful thought contained
in all this is that the longer
the nations of Europe quarrel and
spat and talk mean but refrain
from definitely and irrevocably
going to war, the more hopeful
the situation appears. The fact that
nobody has actually gone to war
(except the Spaniards themselves)
in spite of all the provocation
that has been offered indicates
that nobody really WANTS to
fight.

TEACHERS CHOSEN AT DAYS CREEK

DAYS CREEK, Jan. 6.—At meet-
ings of the school boards of Union
High School District No. 10, and
consolidated grade school district
No. 15 the following were hired as
members of the faculty for the
1937-38 school year: High school,
principal, G. E. Hill; assistant,
Margaret Suganaw; grade school,
principal and 7th grade, David
Adams; 8-9 grades, Glorinda
Rhoads; 3-4 grades, Gem Hutchin-
son; 1-2 grades, May Gross.

An increase in salary was given
in all cases, showing a tendency
toward the pre-depression standards.

Nine students of the local high
school are listed on the honor roll
for the second six weeks' term.
Those placing were: Freshmen,
Wilhelm Hutchinson, Irene Rich-
son, Sue Crispin; sophomores, Nettie
Moore, Victor DeWitt, Juniors,
Florence Moore, Florence Thum;
seniors, Grace Booth, Ira Sutton.

NEW OFFICERS OF KIWANIS INSTALLED

Newly-elected officers of the
Roseburg Kiwanis club were in-
stalled at a ladies' night banquet
meeting at the Umpqua hotel Tues-
day evening. E. J. Walcott, pas-
sant, lieutenant governor, presided.

A program of club songs was en-
joyed, with special entertainment
being afforded by Vera McClint-
ock Jones, who gave two vocal se-
lections, and Jack Jones, accompanist.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Marsh, of
Savannah, Ga., bicycled 800 miles
to East Pittsburg, where Marsh
entered an electric welding school.
The trip required 12 days and cost
the couple \$10 for food, tourist
cans and bicycle repairs. Marsh
will complete his course shortly
and then the couple will return to
Savannah and their three children
—on their bicycles.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

It is too bad when in our
stupidity and folly and short-
sightedness we miss our way
in life, and turn what was
meant for happiness and satis-
faction into disappointment and
tragedy. We do crumble a good
deal at life, and yet, when we
look at it with understanding it
has been filled for every one of
us with many very fine oppor-
tunities that we have not ap-
preciated in the best
and most intelligent way. Why
not let us make a fine and
rock-ribbed determination this
day to let our lives be guided
by wisdom and inspired by the
gracious spirit of God to finer
achievement than any past has
known? Will you lead us into
the paths of truth and right-
eousness? Will you guide us
by Thy counsel? Amen.

"Woodman, spare my tree!"

HUGE GOVT EXPENDITURES



GLITTERING GIRL

by May Christie

CHAPTER XXXIII
But even though he stayed by
her, Terry remained distressingly
placid. There was no time to
lose, because he had just sprung
the bad news to her—quite casual-
ly—that at her moment now he
might have to go to Arizona.
"The clock on that big church on
upper Park avenue was striking
midnight as Nan sat with Terry in
a secluded corner of the conserva-
tory."
"Good heavens! It's twelve
o'clock! And you haven't even at-
tempted to try on the glass slip-
per!"
That would fetch him, she
thought. It was a broad hint.
Princess charming and Cinderella.
Terry leaned lazily back in his
chair. Was it her fancy or did he
almost yawn as he remarked, lack-
adastrially: "It must have been an
uncomfortable piece of footwear."
Nan snuggled against him, pur-
ring: "To me you're a regular
prince, anyhow, Terry!"
"Come now, Nan. Admit that
heart of yours is a house of many
mansions?"
"It's nothing of the sort. Not
now—not when I know a real he-
roin like yourself! (Most he held
like this. There was no time to
lose. After all, in this day and
age, wasn't it really up to the girl
to do the proposing...?)
"Your 'Foggy's' looking for you.
Let's take pity on him. Let's get
back to the dance floor."
"Foggy? Fought! That shrimp?
Why, Terry, don't be so blind, like
an old owl. Can't you see it's you
I'm fond of?"
Before he could head her off, or
rise to go, she caught his hand in
both of her own. "Terry—Terry,
darling—don't you think you and I
would make a grand go of it out
in Arizona? Take me with you,
Terry. I'm sick of all the parties,
and the false, and the drinking,
and the rotters. Every morning
when I wake up, I ask myself what
the whole show's about, anyhow?"
Now this last remark was per-
haps the most sensible that Nan
had ever given utterance to. Terry
seized on it.
"Then cut out the rough stuff—
the too swift gang—and make
something worthwhile out of your-
self, my dear girl. Take a course
at Columbia—do some settlement
work—go abroad and study for a
year. You're very young. You've
all your life in front of you. De-
velop your brains. Widen your in-
terests."
Nan felt as though a bucket of
cold water had been flung into her
face.
"Then you—you don't care for
me at all? That isn't true, Terry!
You're just bashful—shut up inside
yourself—afraid to loosen up. We'll
make a marvelous team. Let's cut
everything and get married,
Terry!" And Nan flung her arms
about his neck and clung to him
tightly.
"Let go! People are coming in!
This is insanity!"
He rose, Nan still clatching him.
He tried to disentangle her fingers.
"People? Who cares? I want you
and I'm going to have you! Let
'em all come in and I'll tell 'em!"
Before he could get free of her,
the son of the house was upon
them, with Vernon—pale and love-
ly—on his arm.
Fifteen minutes later on the
dance floor at the Van Tyles' party,
... Nan Washington dancing in an

She regarded the ceiling ab-
stractedly. "Whose fault is that?"
"Yours."
"There you go again, blaming
the woman! My fault indeed?
Hark to the prize squire of dam-
sels talking!"
"I'm no squire of damsels, as you
call it. I liked one girl—awfully.
But she preferred somebody else.
What's the use of talking about it?"
"Then don't. Only your surmise
is wrong. I'm as heart-whole and
fancy-free as the day I hit this city."

"Were you entirely heart-whole
then? Remember that wonderful
evening on the train, in the obser-
vation car, when we looked at the
new moon, and talked of life and
love, Vernon...?"

"Like moon-struck owls! Of
course I was heart-whole. Did you
think I'd fall for your charms like
a silly schoolgirl, Terry?"
He touched her white hand as it
hung by her side. "You're trying
to tear down another shrine—a
beautiful memory."

Her eyes flashed fire. "You talk
like that... a bare half-hour after
I saw you kissing my cousin."

"I didn't kiss her, Vernon," he
said quietly. "I have kissed no other
woman since I kissed you, that
wonderful first night in town at
the Sydams' party. I thought
then that we meant something to
each other—that it wasn't dis-
flirting on your part—that you
were different."

"I'm not—I am—Oh, I hate you!
You're so self-righteous."
His grip on her hand tightened.
"You don't hate me. That's just
pretense. When I was dancing with
you just now, I could feel your
heart beating like a wild little
bird—afraid, Vernon, of capture!"
Her breath caught. Pulses raced.
This wonderful moment!

She stammered: "When you like
anybody, you don't stay away. You
don't deliberately take other peo-
ple."

"Hain't it occurred to you that
might be to cover up a disappoint-
ment?"

"In the goddess with the feet of
clay? In the castle in Spain that
fell to earth? You misjudge me
hatefully, Terry!"

She withdrew her hand from his.
His eyes never left her flushed
face as he said: "When it comes to
accepting a diamond necklace from
another man—and other things—
that leaves me out. Could anyone
blame me?"

"I didn't accept it. I borrowed
it for the pageant only. He's got it
back. Whatever you think, you're
wrong!" She broke off as shrill
voices were heard in the passage,
and Nan Washington, with one arm
linked to "Foggy" Henson and the
other to Jimmy Sydams, entered
the little sanctum.

"I thought Vernon would be in-
terested in the latest news!" Nan
hiccapped. "Tehehe! Tehehe! Tell
him, Jimmy!" It was evident
she had refreshed herself consid-
erably since her unhappy passage
with Terry Shannon half an hour
ago. There was malicious triumph
in her eyes as she regarded the
flushed and lovely vision that was
Vernon.

"It isn't anything much," depre-
cated Jimmy. "I was down to the
docks an hour ago for the sailing
of the 'Gigantic' on her Mediter-
anean cruise—my mother's been
sick, and was going on the boat
with friends—and who should I
see aboard among the passengers
but that de Bray woman and
Prince Karloff!"

Nan shrilled: "But you're miss-
ing the best bit! They were shar-
ing the same stateroom—traveling
together!"

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS

Turning east on Commercial
street, upon the occasion of a re-
cent walk I took in town, and
eventually crossing through the
grounds of the Benson school, I
came upon a most interesting
sight—it was nothing more, I saw
at once, than a pile of sawdust. But
what a pile! A block or more in
length, over a hundred feet wide,
and at least twenty feet deep in
places—a regular mountain range
of sawdust, waste from the mill at
Fifth and East Second avenue,
South.

If that sawdust could be pressed
back into logs, of the same size as
those from which it came, I'll bet
it would make hundreds of them.

There is more sawdust in this
spot, below the Benson school,
than I have ever seen before in
one place. It's extent is increasing
right along, too. Pretty soon it
will outgrow Mount Nobo, at its
rate of growth, and if its ambitions
aren't checked, it soon will rival
Mount Scott.

Right now, it would interest the
mountain climbing Crag Rats of
Bend, or the Obsidians of Eugene.
It's the Everest of the East Side.

There used to be a big seepy
hole, or swamp, below the Benson
school, overgrown with brush and
tules and cat-tails, its waters ac-
cumulated over with filth, and a burial
ground for dead dogs and cats, and
old automobile bodies. The Benson
people tried to get that noisome
hole filled up for a long time.
They've sure got their wish now.
It's filled up with sawdust, and up,
and up.

This mountain range of sawdust
really is a rather marvelous sight,
and is a credit to Roseburg. I don't
suppose there are many towns that
have a sawdust pile that could hold
a candle to it. We ought to be
proud of it. You ought to drive out
and see it. You won't have any

trouble locating it—it's just below
the Benson school. Although you
may not be able to find the school
for the sawdust.

Congress convened yesterday
and, for no reason at all, I reckon,
I thought of the remark made by
one of the characters in T. S.
Stribling's book, *The Sound Wagon*.

A new member of congress was
flagged by his floor leader. "Say,"
the latter shouted to him. "Come
on in and vote for this bill. The
clock is just now reading it."

"But," the M. C. said, after lis-
tening for a moment, "I can't vote
for that bill. It's a bad bill, and
should be voted down."

"Sure," the floor leader return-
ed, "we all know that. But let the
senate kill it. The house repre-
sents the will of the people, not
the brains."

Read the News-Review's reports
of the sessions held in Washington
—or those of the legislature here
in Oregon, for that matter—and see
if you agree with Mr. Stribling.

Glancing over last week's edition
of the Myrtle Creek Mail, I came
upon the following paragraph culled
from Charley Rice's editorial col-
umn on the front page. Here's the
paragraph:

"It will be a long time yet be-
fore travel by airplane will be as
safe and certain as the old primi-
tive method employed by Adam
when he moved his family and
stock of fig leaves out of Eden."

Well, Charley, I don't believe I
have studied my Biblical history as
you must have. But I think I have
a faint conception of the appear-
ance of the little animal whose
safety and certainty have im-
pressed you so greatly. But
Charley, it's really time you got off
yours, the rest of the world is mov-
ing too fast.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Tea Damsel.
5:00—The Llanes Joys.
5:15—Marimba Concert.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Julius Allen, "The Singing
Cowboy."
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Organ Revue.
6:45—Dillard Motor Co.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service
Laundry.
7:05—Accordion Capers.
7:30—The American Family Rob-
inson.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7

6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Sacred Hymns, Prelude.
8:30—Pentecostal Service, Rev.
Persing.
8:45—Patsy Montana.
9:00—Canyonville Community
Program.
9:30—Dorsey Bros. Orch.
10:00—The Castillans.
10:15—Morning Melodies.
10:30—Belle & Martha—Coppo.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Victor Salon Organ.
1:30—Dorena Concert.
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudson's.
12:00—Boswell Sisters & Bing
Crosby.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Music of Other Lands.
1:15—Jack Shilkert & Orch.
1:45—New York Festival Orch.
2:00—Travel Review.
2:15—Songs We All Remember.
2:30—What's the Name of That
Song?
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—"World Book Man."
3:05—Viking Accordion Band.
3:30—Kiddies Request Program.
3:55—"Hot Shots," Cellars Radio.
4:00—The Editor Views the
News.

4:15—Violin Concert.
Evening Hours Thursday
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Melo Mail Revue.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Victor Young and Orches-
tra.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service
Laundry.
7:05—Richard Crooks.
7:15—Los Angeles Symphony.
7:30—Dixie Memories.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8

6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Accordion Airs.
8:15—Sacred Hymns.
8:45—Victor Young and Orches-
tra.
9:15—Manhattan Concert Band.
9:30—Ted Weems.
9:45—Golden Voices.
10:00—South Sea Serenade.
10:30—"Belle and Martha," Coppo.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—"Your Highway to Happi-
ness," Dairies of Roseburg.
11:15—Girls of the Golden West.
11:30—Modern Melodies.
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudson's.
12:00—"Chrysler Tops 'Em All."

COMING SOON

THE DIONNE
QUINTUPLETS
"REUNION"

NEW POLITICAL UNIT ASTIR AT CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—(AP)—
House progressives and farmer-
laborites, through their candidate
for speaker, Rep. Schneider (Prog.
Wis.), today invited a new politi-
cal realignment which they said
they hoped would be a potent fac-
tor in national politics by 1940.

"In the years ahead, in 1938 and
1940," Schneider said in a state-
ment, "we believe the new politi-
cal alignment will go forward at
a rapid pace."

The statement was issued after
a caucus with farmer-laborites
from Minnesota who pledged him
their support for the speakership.

"The progressive and farmer-la-
bor group realizes," Schneider
said, "that the supreme court and
its interpretation of certain phases
of the constitution is an obstacle
in the path of the realization of
our program."

"We progressives and farmer-la-
borites demand the wage earner
and the salaried worker shall have
in tact the right and opportunity
to organize for collective bargain-
ing."

"We demand those able to work
shall be given work, and some of
the means for supplying opportuni-
ties are to shorten the work week
to 30 hours and abolish child labor.

"We take our stand for pro-
gress, for peace, for plenty, and
we wish to join hands with all
those who are going our way."

It was a big night at the Ralph
Gugler farm, near Ellis, Kans.
First drillers struck oil in a well
on the Gugler property, and a few
hours later in the evening Mrs.
Gugler gave birth to a daughter.
Oil men said the well was a sure
producer. The doctor said mother
and baby were doing fine.

A "social service bureau" on the
University of Oklahoma campus
offers to supply male escorts for
co-eds on request. The "rigolo"
fee is 50 cents for two hours.

WHAT TO DO FOR
ECZEMA ITCHING
AND BURNING

Wash the affected parts with
Resinol Soap and warm water to
soften scales and crusts. Resinol
Soap is suggested because it con-
tains no excess of free alkali, and
is especially suited to tender skin.
Dry by patting with a soft cloth—
do not rub.

Doctors recommend an oily oint-
ment because it penetrates the out-
er layers of the skin more effec-
tively. Resinol Ointment meets this
requirement, and does even more.
For over 40 years it has been—and
still is—successfully used to relieve
quickly the itching and burning of
eczema. It contains soothing in-
gredients that aid healing.

Use Resinol Ointment today and
enjoy comfort tomorrow. Get a jar,
also a cake of Resinol Soap, at any
drug store. For free sample, write to
Resinol, Dept. 1, Baltimore, Md.

THE DIRTIEST GUY WE KNOW

American women as a group
are among the nation's heaviest
taxpayers. In addition to the re-
venues from hidden taxes on most
of the everyday necessities of life,
it has been estimated that women
contribute each year \$80,000,000 in
taxes on life insurance, \$23,000,000
in inheritance taxes, and \$2,000,000
in real estate taxes.

NOTICE
Notice is hereby given that all
outstanding warrants of School
District No. 4, Douglas County,
Oregon, are called for payment,
and all interest thereon ceases
this date, January 5, 1937.

A. J. GEDDES, Clerk.

WHO IS HE?

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1937 this way

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