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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Why?

WHAT is wrong with America
that such crimes as the one
in Tacoma, the slaying of the
Lindbergh boy and the slaying of
the Hart boy in San Jose continue
to occur?

Such things may happen in
China where life is cheap but even
there children are not victims. It
seems that only in this country,
of the entire western world do
such things happen.

And yet we proudly boast the
best of everything for our people.
We have the highest standard of
living in the world. Our working
people are the best paid. Our
school system is universal and
good. Our system of higher educa-
tion is not only much more ex-
tensive but is more available to
all of the people than is the case
in any other nation on earth.

But in spite of all this we seem
to excel in producing arch fiends.
It is inconceivable but it is true.

The hunt is on—nation-wide—
for the kidnaper and slayer of the
Maltson boy. A fiend is abroad
and an entire country is aroused.
It seems that the mere capture and
hanging of such a person is not
enough to completely discourage
this sort of crime—it is a form of
dementia—but it will help.

Testimonial.

TO THE News-Review this week
comes a comment from one of
the largest advertising agency or-
ganizations in the world which is
decidedly significant—and, of
course, very pleasing to newspa-
per publishers. Over the signature
of H. T. Ewald, president of the
Campbell-Ewald company which
handles the advertising for the
Chevrolet Motor company as one
of its several nationally famous
accounts, appears the following para-
graph:

"All advertising media are im-
portant, of course, but the Camp-
bell-Ewald company has always
considered the newspaper the
most vital factor in influencing the
local market for a national prod-
ucer, and we and our clients con-
tinue to hold this same conviction
today."

No better testimonial as to the
value of newspaper advertising
could be offered. It comes from
the very top of the advertising
business and the reference is to
the experience of the Chevrolet
Motor company which, in 1936 for
the seventh time in 10 years took
first place in both passenger car
and truck sales. Newspaper ad-
vertising has played a major part
in this outstanding sales success
story.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Isn't expected to, for a consider-
able part of its work is correcting
the mistakes of past legislatures.
But at least it can profit by the
example set for it by the voters.

If nobody rocks the boat, Govern-
ment Martin says, Oregon can pay
all its debts by 1960, and there-
after can eliminate the state tax on
real and personal property.

In the long run, that would help
the people of this state more than
all the so-called "helpful" laws
that could be passed.

It's rather interesting, by the
way, to note that it will take us
21 years more, even with good
judgment and careful economy, to
pay off the debts we've accumulated
in the past 24 years.

MAKING debts is easy and pain-
less, but paying them off is slow
and hard.

KRRR PROGRAM
(5,000 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY
NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:00—The Editor Views the
News.
4:15—Tea Dancers.
5:00—The Ranch Boys.
5:15—Marimba Concert.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:40—Morton Downey.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Organ Foyer.
6:45—Dillard Motor Co.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service
Laundry.
7:05—Accordion Capers.
7:15—Memory Teasers.
7:30—The American Family Rob-
inson.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14

- 6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Sacred Hymns.
8:30—Pentecostal Service, Rev.
Peters.
8:45—Lionel Symphonic.
9:00—Canyowille Community
Program.
9:30—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:00—"The Castillians."
10:15—Morning Melodies.
10:30—Selle and Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Victor Salon Orchestra.
11:30—Dorena Concert.
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudson's.
12:00—Bevvel Sisters and Bing
Cresby.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Odds and Ends.
1:30—Jaek Shikret and Orches-
tra.
1:45—New York Festival Orches-
tra.
2:00—Radio's Travel Review.
2:15—Songs We All Remember.
2:30—Little of Your Years.
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—"World Bookman."
3:05—Viking Accordion Band.
3:20—Kiddies' Request Program.
3:55—"Hot Shots," Cellars.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Violin Concert.
4:30—Municipal Dance Band.
4:45—Instrumental Revue.
5:00—Hawaiian Shadows.
5:30—Lola's Dance.
5:45—Melo Maid Ensemble.
6:00—Sports Question Box.
6:15—Dinner Concert.
6:50—News.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service
Laundry.
7:05—Cecil Black.
7:25—Basketball, Roseburg High
School vs. Salem High
School.
7:30—Dixie Memories.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15

- 6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Don Orlando & His Accor-
dion.
8:15—Sacred Hymns.
8:45—Memories in Melody.
9:15—Manhattan Concert Band.
9:30—Ted Weems.
9:45—Golden Voices.
10:00—South Sea Serenade.
10:30—"Belle & Martha," Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—"Your High Road 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,"
Motor Shop Garage.
12:15—Roy Eldridge & His Swing
Band.
12:30—Hits From the Shows.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Odds & Ends.
1:30—Songs of the Range.
2:00—Duke Ellington & Orch.
2:30—Orville Knapp.
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—"The World Book Man."
3:05—Gus Arnheim & Orch.
3:15—Novelty Times.
3:30—Kiddies' Request Program.
3:55—"Hot Shots," Cellar's Radio.
4:00—The Editor Views the
News.
4:15—Louis Katzman & Orch.
4:30—Melodies at Eventide.
5:00—Cole McElroy & Orch.
5:15—Mountain Music.
5:30—Leo Reisman & Orch.
5:45—"Hansen Memories."
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Charles Hamp.
6:45—Dillard Motor Co.
6:50—News.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service
Laundry.
7:05—Jaek Hylton & Orch.
7:15—Memory Teasers.
7:30—The American Family Rob-
inson.
7:45—Basketball, Oregon vs. Ore-
gon State, Associated Oil.

Undergoes Major Operation—
Mrs. F. G. Barr, of this city, under-
went a major operation at Mercy
hospital with Dr. George E. Houck
in charge. Her condition is report-
ed to be satisfactory.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

It is easier for insincerity to
creep into our hearts when we
are criticizing other people
than it is at any other time.
Criticizing is a serious business
anyway, for it is not easy to do
it only for the best and the
quite satisfactory reasons. We
do not always do it conscientiously,
but sometimes it is to be fear-
ed. We criticize other people
that attention may be diverted
from ourselves. It cannot be
wrong to develop our critical
faculty and to use it on oc-
casion, kindly, but there is some
safeguard in turning our criti-
cal eye men ourselves occa-
sionally and not making our
neighbor the target always.
Teach us, O God, lessons of
charity and kindness, and un-
derstanding. May we be more
ready to bear our brother's mis-
takes than to find fault with
him for making them. Amen.

Times Have Changed



Blind to Love
By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
Mary Shannon had been pam-
pered all her life. She would have
gone on that way had not the sight
of her father's worn collar awak-
ened Mary to her selfishness with
the result that she felt courage and
obtained work in the San Fran-
cisco office of the A. A. Healey
seamanip company. Mary was in
love with the socially prominent
James ("Jamie") Todd, Jr. Al-
though he never said he loved her,
he implied that some day they
would marry. Mary's superior,
Stephan Bennett, rings for her just
as she is ready to leave for the day.
CHAPTER II
She slipped into her coat, went
to the door of the manager's office.
"Ten, Mr. Bennett?"
"Oo, you're ready to go?" He
slid his long legs out the desk,
pulled a fat white gold watch from
his pocket. "Five two—well, never
mind."
"it's anything important—"
She hadn't meant to say that. A
certain disappointment in his face,
in the way he laid down the little
sheaf of papers in his hand, drew
it from her. Of course, if it was
really important. . . . She hesitated,
lips still parted.
"Oo, it's important—to me,
and, I thought, perhaps to you. . . .
No, don't get your notebook. We'll
do the report tomorrow. It's that
wire I got this afternoon from
Seattle. I'm ordered up to the home
office. Going to be manager there.
It's a big thing for me—"
She saw he was awfully proud.
Well, good for him. Good for Ben-
net! He wasn't so bad, really. Not
bad looking, either, and not so old.
. . . Now if he'd just hurry with it,
and not make her lose the boat. . . .
He was floundering around.
Something in his eye. . . . some-
thing for her. . . .
"Oo, you mean, the new man won't
want me?" She tried to keep her
voice steady, but the idea was fright-
ening. Losing a job now,
when there weren't any. . . . being
out of work. . . .
"Oo, no!"
She breathed again.
"it isn't that." He cleared his
throat. "It's a promotion for me,
you see. They said I could bring
my assistant with me. Mr.
Samson, the Seattle man who's
coming down here, thought of
bringing his stenographer with
him, so a complete exchange—"
"Oo, you mean for me to go to Seat-
tle?" To leave here!
"Well, I thought. . . . It would be
a promotion for you, too—the
larger office, right in the harbor
country where our business origi-
nates. I feel sure I could get you
more money. If you would like to
make the change—"
"Oo, Mr. Bennett, I couldn't. I
have my family here—all my
friends. I couldn't leave. I really
don't see. . . . couldn't I stay here?"
Would Mr. Samson keep me?"
"Oo, yes. It can be arranged
some way. I'll fix it for you. . . . I
just thought—the large opportu-
nity—"
Mr. Bennett reached for his hat.
He looked rather tired.
He walked out ahead of her,
leaving her to lock the office—
He never thought of anything like
that!—and she with less than five
minutes to make the ferry!
She hated commuting. Hated it
most of all on rainy nights. The
little California street cable car
was a life saver when you were
late, but it cost a nickel to ride,
and when every nickel counts. . . .
Besides, you had to run the last
long block anyway, for the Califor-
nia street cable stops at Market.
People got in her way. Old girls
with umbrellas, stepping gingerly
on the wet pavements. People pok-
ing along from the other direction.
Coming out of the markets and
fruit stands laden with paper bags
—walking slowly. Just because
THEIR boat wasn't it, they'd take
their time, and you could miss
yours.
A big man with flapping over-
coat and a bag of golf clubs was
running just ahead. What does
anyone want with golf sticks on a
rainy day? But she somehow rose
second aim, and with his running
interference got through the news-
boys, the taxi men, the jam at the
embarkadero.
Automatically, her eyes sought
the clock over the gate. Half a
minute to spare.
She stopped, panting a little,
reached in her bag for her "com-
mittee," saw that the new movie
magazines were on the stands.
Hesitated. A movie magazine, or
caramels?
The flower stand, the familiar
flower stand, so thrilling to tour-
ists, almost invisible to her who
passed it every morning and night,
apparently to catch her eye. Though
she liked flowers, she seldom had
time for these. The clock above
the counter was about the only
thing she ever consciously looked
at, except the panel of mirror in
which you could examine your feet,
your legs, your skirt, and finally
the whole of you, as you came
down the stairs from the upper
gangway in the mornings.
It was the daffodils, planted in
pots with pussy willows, that
caught her eye tonight. Care! Ma-
ry would go crazy over a thing like
that. But they'd be expensive and
you'd look goofy, lugging one
home.
Roses and violets and pansies
heaped high on the counter. Gar-
denias, specials today, 15 cents.
"A gardenia, please."
It looked darling—on her blue
coat. She looked down at it fondly
as she walked unhurriedly through
the gate, to the Oakland ferryboat,
a matter of several seconds left.
But after she had dodged the
talky Johnson girls, and made up
her mind that Earlyn Piper had
missed the boat, she wished she
hadn't bought the flower. No tell-
ing what the new manager would
be like. Bennett hadn't cut her, but
the new one might be an economy
hound. She was too devilish ex-
travagant, anyway. . . .
Her fingers twitched on the lit-
tle package she had in her hands.
Such a little package. Yet it had
cost eight ninety-five. Better tell
Ma. Ma cost four ninety-five. Ma
would faint—think she was crazy,
buying eight ninety-five night
gowns. And so she was.
Mary's gloves came off. One
hand slipped into the bag, under
the protective tissue paper,
brought out a fold of ivory satin,
an edge of deep coral Almonon lace.
It was a beautiful night gown,
but nothing she needed. Though
it's not such a bad idea to be pre-
pared. Jamie wasn't the kind to
propose and be accepted, and ask
you to name a day, and send out
cards for a wedding. He'd be far
more likely to say, "Let's go to
Reno over the week-end, hon."
Probably suggest it about 2 o'clock
Saturday afternoon and want to
leave Saturday night. . . .
She smiled a little when she
thought of how it would be, driv-
ing up to Reno to be married, in
Jamie's blue-green roadster. It
could be any time—this week even.
She thought of the things she
would take. The special, best
things tucked away with bannette
sachet in corners where Ma
wouldn't be so likely to notice.
You could hardly smuggle a pair

the chances of his becoming one.
His mother was supposed to
have a bad heart, and his father,
was well past 60. They couldn't
last forever.
She stopped to look in the mail
box before she drew her key from
her bag, and opened the front door.
There was always the chance of
the family forgetting to look, and
always the chance that he'd write.
"Hello!" she called from the lit-
tle square front hall.
"Hello, dear," Ma called from the
kitchen.
Something was wrong. You
could always tell with Ma. Her
voice was a dead give away.
"Look—I brought you a gardenia.
Shell it! Sweet? What's the
news? Don't you feel well?"
Ma flushed from cooking, her
movements flurried and a bit
strained, laid down the loaf of
bread and was cutting and sniffed
at the white fragrance of the waxy
flower. "Mmm. Lovely. I'm fine.
But you oughtn't to spend your
money. I keep telling you, a nickel
here and a nickel there. . . . what's
in that package, Babe?"
"Oo, just something extrava-
gant. I'll show you afterwards."
"Extravagant all right, I guess.
Well, everything's ready. Call your
pa. He's in the basement putter-
ing with the radio, though there's
nothing the matter with it I could
see. I'm all ready to dish up WIL-
LIE! DIN-NER!"—and then in a
whisper, as she whisked the peas
and carrots into a dish. "She's
found out something—about Jamie
Todd. She wouldn't tell me what
it was but she's hinting like it was
worse than a murder. Now don't
you mind, Babe, because you know
how she is. She means well, but
she—"
Jamie!
Mary Shannon's lips stiffened.
Then she laughed. "Oo! Well!
If THAT'S all, I should think
you'd know more than to LISTEN
to her. She gets everything wrong,
and if you ask me, she's getting
worse all the time. Heavens, ma,
what OF IT! Suppose she did hear
something. Well—I'll ask her—"
"Oo, I wouldn't. She's been act-
ing very funny. She's got one of
her mysterious streaks on. And
she's been in her room for hours,
fixing herself. I don't know what
for. WIL-LIE! D I N N E R ' S
READY!—It's a facial, I think.
She took an egg in with her, and
mixed some kind of gray stuff—
sh! Well, Willie! I thought you'd
died in there!"
Aunt Willie, no longer young,
and not yet resigned to it, moved
with an exaggerated swagger. She
was wearing an old rose crepe that
stretched taut across her wide
bosom and hips, and revealed an
unfashionable length of thin mus-
cular legs in light chiffon hose, in
which two runs had been clumsily
darned, and an undergrowth of
heavy dark hair was clearly shadow-
ed.
Ma had been right. Willie had
been "fixing herself" again, with
the usual disastrous results. Her
face was a blotchy, angry pink,
under a coating of pale mauve
powder.
(To be continued)

Here Yesterday—Cleo Weaver,
of Myrtle Creek, was in town yes-
terday attending to business.

RAMBLINGS
OF THE
NEWS-REVIEW MAN
BY PAUL JENKINS

I WAS walking across the Oak
ham and Bob McClay about the
street bridge yesterday morning
flow of water. I also asked them
taking some pictures from it of the
about the water witch. They were
icy river and from encrusted
very loquacious about the water
trees growing along the banks
flow; and extremely reticent about
the water witch. Yes, they admit-
ted, the diver found water there,
right where they had arranged to
sink a well, anyhow. Yes, of course,
they DID feel relieved, when the
rod dipped, right where they had
decided it should.
Anyhow, they sank a shaft a bit
over 50 feet, the last 25 through
solid rock, and struck a mighty
fine supply. It ran 16,000 gallons a
day. They constructed a regular
cistern, which, should the subter-
ranean source play out at any time,
could be replenished from the city
water system.
The new water supply was need-
ed for fire protection, chiefly, the
officials said, as the city pressure
at the warehouse was very low.
Pumps will be installed, and pres-
sure tanks, which will reduce the
fire hazard there to a negligible
quantity.
Passing the Proshysterian musee
on Lane street yesterday evening,
I was in just time to see Dr. Fau-
cette climb in his car and start to
pull away from the curb.
But the sloping pavement was
icy, the wheels spun. The doctor
was headed east, but his car in-
sisted on sliding west. I stood
there and watched him for quite a
while, or until he and his car had
retrogressed almost out of sight.
It was an intriguing situation.
If he had been a newspaperman I
would have thought little of it; but
a backsliding preacher is rather
remarkable.

Visit Mr. McDonald—Mrs. Frank
T. Berry and daughter, Mrs. Joseph
Wiatrak, of Seattle, stopped over
here this week to visit the for-
mer's brother, Alex J. McDonald, en
route north, after attending the
Rose bowl game in Pasadena. Mrs.
Wiatrak's husband is a former
star tackle for the University of
Washington football team and a
brother of John Wiatrak, U. of W.
center.

WOOD
FOR SALE
Dry Old Growth Fir
\$2.25
Tier Delivered
RAY McALPINE
Dillard
Phone 46-F-31

WHAT DID YOU BUY
WHEN YOU BOUGHT
THIS PAPER
First, of course, you bought the news from the far-off corners
of the world. Late news and live news, covering all the countless
interests and activities of all peoples.
Then, too, you bought the local news—about the recent doings
of people you know, announcements of coming events, intimate de-
tails of your own special circle.
And, what more? . . . Aren't you forgetting the vital news items
in the advertising columns? Items of immediate interest and real im-
portance to you and yours. News of better buys in food and clothes
and things for the house. News that you must watch closely and con-
stantly—if you expect to make your money do its job.
This new year, form the fine habit of following the advertise-
ments with an eagle eye. It will save you money and help you live
a richer life.