

Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1917 at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Represented by WEST HOLIDAY MOORESTEN

San Francisco—220 Bush Street. Los Angeles—123 South Spring Street. Seattle—102 Stewart Street. Chicago—300 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—222 Stephenson Bldg. New York—100 East 40th Street. Portland—Bedell Bldg.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Subscription Rates: Daily, per year by mail, \$4.50. Daily, 6 months by mail, \$2.50. Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.50. Daily, by carrier per month, .50.

To Reduce Farm Tenancy.

THERE is general agreement on all sides that during the present session of congress effective measures will be adopted to reduce farm tenancy throughout the United States.

President Roosevelt's commission in this connection, headed by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, has been giving intensive study to the question. Its final report will be due not later than February 1.

Probably few people realize that of the 8,800,000 farmers in the United States 2,800,000 are "full tenants," renting the land they operate. In 1880 when the first census of farm tenancy was made 20% of the farmers in the United States were tenants, but their number has steadily increased ever since, this increase the past five years being estimated as at least 200,000.

While it is very desirable that a larger percentage of farmers should own the acres they till, it is, nevertheless, necessary that any plan for reducing tenancy should be framed and administered with due caution, so that Uncle Sam may not be left holding the bag when the scheme collapses, as it probably will, in a certain percentage of cases.

It has been suggested that any plan which may be devised should provide for a period of probation, before the tenant shall be given full title to his land.

eloquent compliment.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

of years, with money in the bank. Governor Maytin, like Governor Merriam, urges that we do just that.

AS THE national debt mounts and national spending shows no sign of decreasing, it is increasingly important that the states, the cities, the counties, the school districts, etc., become hard-headed and conservative in their finances.

CALIFORNIA, incidentally, has a divided legislative session. They put in their bills, go home for a time to think things over, and then come back to ACT on them.

To this writer, that has always seemed like sound practice.

CALIFORNIA has divided sessions. Nebraska has a one-house legislature. And so on. There are many plans for providing government. But after all about the only SURE way to get good government is to have good men making the laws.

DENHARDT INDICTED ON MURDER CHARGE

NEW CASTLE, Ky., Jan. 19.—(AP)—Brig. Gen. Henry H. Denhardt was indicted today on a charge of the murder of Mrs. Verna Gair Taylor, his fiancée, who was found dead on a roadside after an automobile ride with him.

The indictment was approved by the 12 members of the grand jury. After it had been returned Circuit Judge Charles C. Marshall allowed the former lieutenant governor and adjutant general his freedom on the same \$25,000 bail made after his examining trial.

Ten husky bearers were required to handle the coffin of Clara Jones, 700-pound nebbish, who died at Galveston, Texas.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1937, King Features Syndicate, Inc.) The January Inaugural

What we never liked about the inaugural in March was the canons of snow, sleet and other things that too much goes through.

Moving it up to January has improved those chances one thousand healthy percent. The Canadian Hoyal Mounted are liable to get into this inaugural if they happen to chase a man in the right direction. You can bet your cornerstone dollar that nobody is going to get hay-fever at this one.

The original March Inaugural was a hold-over from the dreaded hogs and buggy days. It allowed time for the successful nominee to trot from his home to the White House.

But, with communications and travel so much faster, we decided to move the inaugural up two months and save those sixty days for promissory notes and interlocutory divorces.

This gives the victorious nominee exactly two months to get from his two-car-garage to the four-car White House. This is elapsed and not corrected time.

As a matter of undisputed details, the winner can get from his home town to Washington in ten hours from anywhere in the United States. Present company excepted along with Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

There is no reason why the newcooper couldn't make a parachute landing in the Japanese cherry trees the day after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. He could slip the old-ex-president on the back and say, "Old boy, crawl into your laundry bag. I'm thanking you home."

In the case of F. D., there should not even be a university extension of twenty-four hours. He was president before he was nominated and he was president afterward. But we must do everything according to custom.

One of our parliamentary habits is that the cabinet must resign through courtesy. They are immediately reappointed by the president. When it also academic routine. But if we were the cabinet we would hesitate to do so until we had rehearsed the political drama with Mr. Roosevelt. He might have forgotten the correct answer.

Manners, customs and procedure cramp the political style of democracies. There are too many recriminations, a plethora of apologies and a dearth of hegiras toward the borders. And as for electoral college, that can take its place in the all-American eleven, visitations at spiritual seances and Diego Rivera's morals, which he is now painting in vanishing cream.

"Whew! I've gotta get my barn painted afore my paint gives out!"



Blind to Love

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Mary Shannon, young and pretty newspaperer, is broken-hearted when she learns that James Grant, Jr., is engaged to Vesta Grainger.

And all the while she was really thinking of Jamie, counting the hours until she could see him again, until he'd come to her and explain, and this nightmare of the Vesta Grainger interlude would be over.

Four days slipped by. A week. Eight days.

Mary Shannon got through them, like a girl walking in her sleep. It occurred to her that he might not have received her letter. Letters do go astray... not often, of course, but sometimes...

Sometimes she was on the point of writing again. She did begin several letters, writing furiously, under cover of her notebook.

Sansone, the new manager, had a cold fishy eye. He was pleasant enough, but she had the feeling he was looking for fault to find with her. Probably wanted to catch her in some mistake, then fire her and send for his own stenographer.

Twice she caught herself inserting letters in the wrong envelopes. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead. One home like that, and she'd lose her job. She'd just have to stop thinking about Jamie in office hours...

The envelope slipped from her fingers, tears stung her vacant eyes. "Oh, James, Jamie come back to me... God, fix this for me, and I'll never ask you anything else again all my life..."

There were times that she thought she couldn't bear it. When pride was nothing and the gnawing ache of her love was everything. When she thought she could go to him and beg him to take her, in spite of everything in the world. When she understood all the foolishish girls she'd scoffed at before, when she was patient with Ethelwyn Piper, whose eyes were so often red and shiny and who'd rimmed her glasses, when even Aunt Willie's cravings were akin to her own hunger.

Once a young widow, wan and white under her black veil, sat beside her on the street car. She envied her. It wouldn't be so hard to lose someone you loved through death. To have the memories, the sweetness of what had been, even though it was gone forever. To be able to flaunt your grief in black crepe; to be the widow...

Sometimes, at work in the office, busy decoding a cable, or transcribing notes, she'd stop, and it would seem that her heart had missed a beat or two and she'd all but see old Johnny Blunk, the postman, clumping up the front stairs, sliding a letter into the black mail box on the porch.

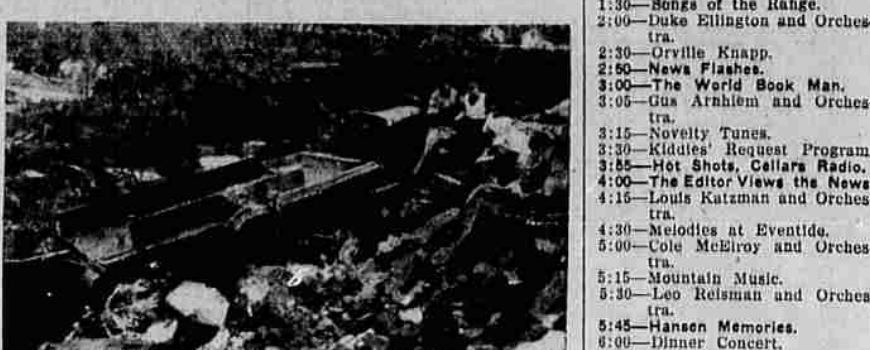
If there were just some way of making sure... making sure that her letter was really home waiting for her, she could get through the hours.

She'd try with the idea of calling "ma out" the telephone knowing all the while that she wouldn't, for ma would never get over it if it was a ten-cent telephone call from San Francisco, just to ask if there was any mail.

Her fingers typed, "Pinkerton

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS



This picture is of the remains of the Glilde school bus which skidded on the icy road at the intersection of the Little River and North Umpqua highways near Guide last Thursday, severely injuring the driver, Willard Smith, and several of the 24 student passengers when it plunged over a rocky bank.

The bus, after turning over and tearing its superstructure off on the jagged rocks, righted itself as shown above on an outcropping ledge just above the river. The passengers were dropped among the rocks of the foreground, in a tangle of wreckage and rolling boulders.

When I came to work this morning I found the following letter on my desk, from Dr. Faucetto. He calls it "An Appreciation," but that's not what I call it. However, you may judge for yourself:

"A few days ago, during the icy weather in Roseburg, the pastor of the Presbyterian church was vainly trying to get his car away from the curb. The harder he tried the worse was his condition, in fact he went backward instead of forward — he slid down the hill. At this unpropitious moment Bud Luck brought along the Rambling News-Review Man. He stopped and looked. He not only looked, he grinned at us. And he not only grinned at us, but he jeered openly and unashamedly at our misfortune.

"It was hard to hear, but we smiled. Experience has convinced us that it does no good to get sore at a newspaper man. We are under no obligation to state what our inward views were, but outwardly we smiled just as though we were going in the direction we were pointed. To make matters worse the R-N-R Man called a humorous insult that we were 'backsliders.' This was all but unbearable, but we still smiled. Our

eyes, and hair and skin, and a lovely slim figure...

He MUST love her still! He'd kissed her eyes, and her hair, and the hollow of her throat. He'd told her how beautiful she was—he'd showed that he loved her, time and time again. He COULDN'T have stopped.

She told herself that, over and over, even while she struggled to forget. Even while she bought Sacramento papers, tortured herself looking for items about Miss Vesta Grainger, fiancée of James Todd Jr.

But he didn't write and he didn't come, and in spite of the hope that never quite died, she began to know that he never would.

Nor could she nurse her sorrow in decent peace. Sansone kept her furiously busy at the office, and then ma drove her nearly frantic about Aunt Willie at home.

(To be continued)

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Tos Dansant.

5:15—Marimba Concert.

5:00—The Ranch Hoys.

5:30—Jesse Rodgers Songs of the West.

5:45—Morton Downy.

6:00—Dinner Concert.

6:20—Organ Revue.

6:45—Dillard Motor Co.

7:00—News.

7:15—The Spy, New Service Laundry.

7:30—The American Family Robinson.

7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.

8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.

7:15—Alarm Clock Club.

7:45—News-Review News.

8:00—Don Orlando and His Accordion.

8:15—Sacred Hymns.

8:30—Memories in Melody.

9:00—Genial Jan Garber.

9:15—Manhattan Concert Band.

9:30—Your Weems.

9:45—Golden Voices.

10:00—South Sea Serenade.

10:30—Belle and Martha, Coppo.

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