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Democracy vs. "Isms."

THE only workable form of democratic government which the world has ever known is not based upon the theory that everybody should have absolute liberty, but rather that everybody should have as much liberty as possible without hurting the whole society.

It used to be a crime to interfere with the United States mails. Yet now in the mid-west, strike pickets are censoring mail before they let it go into factories.

It used to be that a man could work if he wanted to. Yet now strike pickets are making men go on relief by refusing to let them work.

It used to be that when a man worked hard and long and built himself up a business he could run that business. Yet another strike recently forced a man to retire from control of his business.

It used to be that a contract was a contract. Yet there have been nearly three-score sit-down strikes in automobile plants since contracts were signed forbidding them.

Where and how must it end? In another "ham" or the restoration of real democracy?

Keeping the Peace

WAR spirit never has played favorites in mixing the bitter and the sweet. A recent dispatch told that Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy had agreed to resume the four-power naval pact.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

STILL GREATER SUCCESS

BILL FIELDS, of the lustrous nose, who makes this a much more livable world by giving us a good laugh about every time we see him on the screen, delects indignantly that he drinks two quarts of whiskey daily.

to a suit for \$12,000 medical fees brought against him by a Hollywood doctor who treated him for a month last year when he was critically ill.

Bill alleges that \$1,000 would have been a fair fee, and hoots at the doctor's two quarts a day insinuation. "Why," he says, "right now I'm a teetotaler."

(ANYWAY, it's pleasing to know that Fields seems to be on the road to recovery. Most of us, if we'd run up a \$12,000 doctor bill in a month, would feel that we'd been looking good old St. Peter right in the face.)

AND Ed Wynn is married, and honeymooning aboard his yacht. And Jeanette McDonald and Gene Raymond are about to be married as these words are written and undoubtedly will be by the time they are read.

Not a Hollywood divorce on the horizon at the moment, and the only movie news approaching a scandal in the past couple of days is the front page tale to the effect that Elaine Barrie Barrymore is about to be enjoined from appearing in a picture entitled: "How to Unleash in Front of Your Husband."

(And the funny part of that, if she does appear in the picture, is that thousands of married couples will pay good money to see it.)

FLUFFY news, you say, and not fit to appear in a dignified newspaper?

Maybe so. But how many of you read these fluffy stories, all the way through and MERELY SKIMMED the headlines about the Basques opening a counter-offensive to save Bilbao?

(AND when you pronounce Bilbao, use the broad "a," as when an Englishman or a Harvard graduate says "bath." It's a social error to say Bil-bay-o.

BARBS

(Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.) Hollywood stars are having even their pay checks handled by stand-ins. A case of double or nothing.

Another extinct volcano has been discovered in South America, but no one has yet been able to connect it with Senator Bilbo.

How long do you guess it will be before someone starts a probe to see if the forestry service has dared to offer a course in political log rolling?

Every time a new hunger strike makes the front page, it hits a chord of pity or the amusing boarding-house legends.

Those who still say Joe Louis is an untalented fighter are right; he has never tried to switch managers.

RAIN POSTPONES BALL GAME HERE

Wet grounds Sunday forested postponement of the baseball game scheduled between the Roseburg Pirates and Grants Pass Merchants for Friday field. The Grants Pass team was notified of weather conditions Saturday night and did not make the trip to Roseburg.

ORGAN PROGRAMS DATED OVER KRNR

A new series of programs open today over KRNR (today at 5 p. m., with Wanda Armour at the console of the Indian theatre organ). The concerts are scheduled for three evenings a week: Monday, Wednesday and Friday—handled by remote control from the theatre. The programs will feature a variety of music and birthday and anniversary dedications will be accepted by postcard or request at the business concerns who are sponsoring the series.

SUTHERLIN GYM BEING ENLARGED

SUTHERLIN, June 21.—The Sutherland gymnasium, under the supervision of Jack Dunslop, is undergoing extensive improvements in the interior. The ceiling is being raised five feet and the stage set back and made somewhat smaller. This will provide a larger space for basketball and volleyball games and will seat a much larger crowd at entertainments. The work will take about three weeks.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Umpqua Savings and Loan Association will be held at 147 North Jackson street, Roseburg, Oregon, Wednesday, June 23rd, 1937, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. for the election of directors and auditors and for the transaction of such general business as may properly come before the meeting.

The highest temperature ever recorded in the United States was 134 degrees—in Death Valley, California.

OUT OUR WAY



CO-ED WIFE

By EUGENIA MACKIERNAN

CAST OF CHARACTERS... CORAL CIANDALL, heroine and senior at Elton college. DAVID ARMSTRONG, Elton chemistry professor and Coral's husband. DONNA ALLEN, Coral's sorority roommate. HOYT MARQUIS, Coral's one-time fiance.

CHAPTER II... As Coral walked across the campus from the chemistry building to her sorority house, her mind was full of thoughts of David. She had been married two weeks. Sometimes it seemed a long time; at others, a matter of days. "I love him more every day," she thought to herself.

There was the rub. Hoyt, she supposed it was cowardly not to have written him before, but if she told him the truth, that she was married to David, then he'd be sure to tell her parents. If she told him that she was interested in someone else and wanted to make a definite break with David, would he promptly raise the roof, complain to her parents and his, and, perhaps, even insist that his father call in Mr. Crandall's loan. She shrugged. There was no help for it. Hoyt would have to be told before everyone else was, and she did not love Hoyt. She had had half of the money her father owed Hoyt Marquis Sr., who was Wheatland's richest banker. She had been afraid that David would be resentful, hurt that she had not confided in him before, or jealous of this other man. He had been perfect, though, thoroughly understanding, even laughing a little at her concern.

"Darling," he had chuckled at the end of their talk, "my only feeling about Hoyt Marquis is that he is more to be pitied than censured. After all, his loss is my gain... If you got what I mean." And Coral had gotten it, of course, and had been well kissed in the bargain. Her heart beat faster at the recollection. How happy... how incredibly fortunate a girl lucky... she was!

There was one thing, however, which marred her happiness a little. There was a tinge of guilt within her at the secrecy of their love. Because she was brave and honest... and ecstatically in love... she longed to spread the news of her marriage, to say to those dear to her, her friends and family, "This man is mine... and I am his... forever." Coral was proud of David and of their love for one another. Some hidden corner of her heart was hurt at this concealment, although Intellect told her that the only course to follow was the one which she pursued. After all, June was not far away, and they could claim each other before the whole world then. She dug her hands deeper into the pockets of her red suede jacket, and laughed exultantly. If she was happy now, what ecstasy would be hers later!

She turned up the walk leading to the dormitory and waved merrily to a pair of girls who were sitting precariously on the window sill of their room enjoying the spring sunshine. She envied them a little, for they were friends as she and Marge had been. Try as she might, it was impossible to establish the same happy, carefree relationship with Donna Allen, who thought everything at Elton a bore, who antagonized everyone who attempted to draw her into the inner circle of the sorority. She was a member, to be sure, having belonged at the chapter established at her finishing school, but she termed the activities of the girls at Elton "babyish," sniggered at their school-girl accomplishments, laughed at their house dances which were sadly lacking in such essentials as Donna deemed necessary, thousand dollar bands, champagne, punch, and lavish decorations. Coral sighed and wondered if there was anything anyone could do about it, for Donna's sake as well as for the sake of the sorority. She knew Donna was unhappy. "Sometimes I think she acts the way she does just to hide the way she really feels," Coral

By Williams

Shire would recognize it in a minute. Coral was looking over the volumes in the case. "Where's the book?" Donna sat up on the edge of the window seat, her eyes snapping. "Coral, for heaven's sake, don't be so prissy. You know quite well that I can't begin to translate that into any kind of sense. You've done it all once, it'll be no work for you. Besides, old 'Owl-Eyes' won't know the difference."

Coral laughed in spite of herself. "You shouldn't make fun of Professor Shire, Donna. And he's much cannier than you think. He'd recognize my translation in a minute. Don't forget I was in his classes for three years, and he even knows how I make mistakes. It's all right for me to help you get started on your translation. But I couldn't do the whole thing for you. That's cheating. It wouldn't be right."

Donna sprang to her feet. "Coral, you make me sick. All your talk about what's right and what isn't. You're a fine one to talk. I know a lot more about you than you think I do. You can't pull your sweet, innocent act with me any more."

"Donna, what are you talking about?" Coral paled a little. "You must be crazy!" "Crazy, am I?" Donna fairly screamed. "I'm not so crazy as to stoop with a cheap chemistry professor who makes nothing of a year, MRS. DAVID ARMSTRONG!"

For a moment there was a dead silence in the room. At last Coral spoke. "What do you mean?" Her voice was strained, held in control by terrific exertion of her will. "You know what I mean," Donna said sulkily, frightened by Coral's voice, and her drawn, white face. "I couldn't find a handkerchief when I came in and I opened your drawer to borrow one of yours. The license was under the pile of handkerchiefs. Anyone might have found it."

"Donna, you're lying," said Coral. "That marriage license was locked in the drawer of my desk. The key was under the handkerchiefs." "What difference does it make, as long as I found it?" Donna inquired insolently. "I'll be the campus sensation with this juicy little tid-bit of gossip to recount. You'll be expelled and your handsome David will lose his job."

Coral was aghast. "Donna, you're not going to tell anyone? You mustn't!" Donna sat down on the window seat again. "Why not?" "You know perfectly well why not. It must be kept a secret until June."

Donna selected a chocolate from the box and nibbled it pensively. "I might be persuaded to keep your pretty little secret if you made it worth my while. If you translated my Greek for instance, and seemed willing to do a few other odd jobs for me."

Without a word, Coral rummaged through the bookcase until she found the Greek textbook, and sat down at the desk, paper and pencil beside her. There seems to be nothing else for me to do, I ought to have this finished before dinner. She worked silently for a while, then without looking up, said, "I hope you realize that this is a peculiarly low form of blackmail, Donna."

Donna grinned. "Call it blackmail if it makes you feel any better, sweetheart. It's darned convenient for me. And by the way, I have a date with Lefty Welsh tonight and I don't intend to be in until long after I'm supposed to be. I'll expect you to do downstairs and open the door for me between halfpast 8 and 9 o'clock."

An involuntary spasm of distaste crossed Coral's face, and it did not escape Donna. "At any rate, I'll come home single," she mocked. "You can do my physics problems while you're waiting to let me in." She chuckled again and reopened her novel, coldly ignoring the brimming tears in Coral's eyes.

VIRGINIA YOUNG'S ESSAY IS WINNER

Miss Virginia Young, Roseburg high school student, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Young, was announced today as winner of the state essay contest, sponsored by the auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Miss Young's essay, which won the local and state prizes, was recently published in full in the News-Review.

Her essay, which won the local cash prize of \$5, was adjudged the best submitted in the state contest and will result in presentation of a handsome trophy. She will be awarded a trip to the V. F. W. state convention at Astoria, with all expenses paid.

The essay will be forwarded to national headquarters, to be entered in competition for the national prize of \$100 in cash. Second and third awards in the national contest are \$50 and \$25 in cash. The first place winner also will receive a free trip to the national convention in Buffalo, N. Y.

KRNR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles)

- REMAINING HOURS TODAY 4:00—The Editor Views the News. 4:15—Ray Kinny. 4:30—Rhythm of the Range-lands. 4:45—Monitors News. 5:00—Shoppers Organ Serenade, with Wanda Armour at Indian Theater Organ. 5:15—L. A. Symphony. 5:30—Shep Fields. 6:00—Hansen's Memories in Melody. 6:15—Henry Bussé. 6:45—Interlude. 6:50—News Flashes. 7:00—Manhattan Concert Band. 7:15—Russ Morgan Music. 7:30—American Family Robinson. 7:45—Your Grab Bag. 8:00—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22

- 7:00—"Early Birds." 7:30—News-Review Newscast. 7:45—Alarm Clock Club. 8:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies. 8:30—Teddy Wilson. 8:45—Roy Smeek, Wizard of the Strings. 9:00—Richard Crooks. 9:15—Municipal Dance Band. 9:30—Amoroso & His Orch. 9:45—Accordion Capers. 10:00—Johnny Johnson. 10:15—Piano Patter. 10:30—Radio Rendezvous, Copco. 10:45—Homemakers Harmony. 11:15—Variety Show of the Air. 11:45—Spanish Serenade. 12:00—"Time Signal," Knudtson's. 12:00—N. Y. Civic Orch. 12:15—"Phil Harris," Denn-Gerretsen. 12:30—Dorsey Bros. Orch. 12:45—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—"Odds & Ends." 1:30—"Odds & Ends." 2:00—Afternoon Dance Melodies. 2:30—"World Book Man." 2:45—Lopez & Onda. 2:50—Melody Mountaineers. 2:55—News Flashes. 3:00—Travel's Radio Review. 3:15—Vaughn DeLeath. 3:30—Kiddies Request Program. 4:00—"The Editor's Views of the News." 4:15—Member of Commerce Program. 4:30—Poems From the Tower Room. 4:45—Rudy Vallee & The Yankees. 5:00—"The Monitor Views the News." 5:15—N. Y. State Symphonic Band. 5:20—Guy Lombardo. 6:00—Organ Melodies. 6:15—Montmartre Famous Orchestras. 6:45—"Knights of the Road," Coen Lumber. 6:50—News Flashes. 7:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments With Gus Haenchen, Gogo Delys & Evert Marshall. 7:15—Henry King. 7:30—Your Grab Bag. 8:00—Sign Off.

POETS OF DOUGLAS GET RADIO CHANCE

Every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30, a quarter hour on KRNR has been set aside for Douglas county poets. The programs are conducted by Nancy. Her program, which opened last Tuesday as "Poems from the Tower Room," has already had excellent response. The series gives an opportunity for budding writers in Douglas county to submit material to Nancy for presentation over the air.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23

- 7:00—"Early Birds." 7:30—News-Review Newscast. 7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning." 7:50—Alarm Clock Club. 8:15—Dixie Memories. 8:30—L. A. Dance Band. 8:45—Operatic Airs. 9:00—Clyde McCoy. 9:15—Morton Downey. 9:30—Old Favorite Melodies. 10:00—Paul Whiteman. 10:15—Movie Gossip. 10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco. 10:45—Homemakers Harmony. 11:15—Variety Show of the Air. 11:45—"Sol Hoopii." 12:00—"Time Signal," Knudtson's. 12:30—"Singing Strings," Radio Music. 12:30—Hansen's Memories in Melody. 12:45—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—"Odds & Ends." 1:30—Afternoon Dance Melodies. 2:00—"World Book Man." 2:05—Organ Interlude. 2:15—Artist Recital Bureau. 2:30—Jack Shylert. 2:50—News Flashes. 3:00—Phil Levante and Orchestra. 3:30—Kiddies Request Program. 3:45—"Your Hi-Road to Happiness," Dairies of Roseburg. 4:00—"The Editor's Views of the News." 4:15—Eddy Duchin. 4:30—Jimmy Lunceford. 5:00—"The Monitor's Views of the News." 5:15—Brooklyn Symphony. 5:30—Victor Young and Orchestra. 6:00—Salon Chateau. 6:15—Henry Bussé. 6:45—"Knights of the Road," Coen Lumber Co. 6:50—News Flashes.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

AFTER suffering two weeks of intensive rains, the last forty-eight hours' period of which was one of heavy, continuous down-pour, the snow-fed McKenzie river is rising in wrath, and invading the lowlands, overflowing fields, pastures and gardens. The McKenzie is that way. The surprise to me is that it has taken so much rain. Ordinarily, spitting in that river is enough to send it out of its banks.



The occasion for my visit to the McKenzie Sunday, was Dad's day. Mother's day and Dad's day are red letter ones on the farm. I like to be there then, better even than at Christmas time. The Rhode Island Red fryers suffer, though.

The farm is a great place to live on. My people most always have been farmers, and liked it. Life and work on the farm is the freest, most enjoyable of any. Everyone ought to try it. I did, once, but I went broke. Raising chickens. The chickens got paralytic, and finally communicated the disease to my bank account. I buried it and the chickens in the same grave, and have never had any of either, since.

A California cousin arrived while I was at the farm. He encountered our heavy rains at Grants Pass. It looked like a lot of rain to him, he being from Long Beach. "More than you need now," he decided. "I wish we had some of it down here."

It was a contrast to the weather, Friday, in the neighborhood of Bakerfield, he remarked. A dust storm was raging in the cotton fields there. It looked to him as if the cotton would be badly damaged.

Incidentally, he thought the road between Roseburg and Grants Pass was mighty crooked. "I'll bet you," he wagged, "that if that piece of highway were pulled out straight, it would reach south to Dunsmluir!"

Dad, who is seventy-seven years old and has worked like a Trojan all his life, said to me yesterday: "Better have a fairly good time as you go along. You live only once; enjoy it. I wish I had taken more time for pleasure, and hadn't worried so much about the world."

I think he's right. The memory of harmless pleasures pleasantly lingers with one. Money gained by unceasing toil doesn't always do so.

Perhaps a fellow could overdo the pursuit of either, however.—Who knows?

I reckon whether you work too much, or whether you play too much, you get rained on just the same.

BABY QUEEN SOUGHT FOR TRAIL PAGEANT

EUGENE, June 21.—A statewide contest to select a Baby Queen for Eugene's Oregon Trail pageant on July 22, 23 and 24, was announced here today, with the winner reigning over the giant pioneer celebration. Contestants must be from fifth or sixth generation of pioneers who crossed the plains to Oregon and must be between five and seven years of age. Applications, including photographs, should show the history of each generation of the child's family. The pageant association, through its historical committee, will select a Baby Queen and three princesses and from the names of young boys a chief scout and three pilots. All expenses of the youthful pioneer royalty will be taken care of while in Eugene by the Oregon Trail Pageant association and the young visitors will be entertained through the three days of celebration. Applications are to be mailed to Mrs. William Tuzman, care Oregon Trail Pageant, box 793, Eugene, Oregon.

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BANK BY MAIL

Advertisement for Bank by Mail. Features a clock face and a man in a hat. Text: "any hour" "MAKE DEPOSITS EASILY, SAFELY AT ANY HOUR..". "The new, improved Bank-by-Mail system which we have recently adopted virtually brings the bank to you, when you cannot conveniently come to the bank." "A simple, easy-to-use special deposit envelope, which will provide anyone for the asking, includes deposit slip and receipt all in one. At any hour—from home, from office or while traveling, you can make deposits this way quickly and safely." "We cordially invite you to use this helpful new service, and will be glad to give you complete details on request." E. S. McCLAIN, Manager. V. M. ORR, Assistant Manager. Roseburg Branch of the United States National Bank. Head Office, Portland, Oregon. MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION.