Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Legal Fighting Is Best.

AN INTERESTING development in the Portland sawmill strife is the announcement by the Inman-Poulsen Lumber company that it will put men back to work on the basis of the length of their employment with the company and without regard to their union affiliation. That policy if it is carried out today would appear to constitute an out and out challenge to the national labor relations board.

The NLRB has certified CIO as the official labor organization for the Portland sawmills. Accordingly the sawmill company is expected to deal only with CIO. The company has announced that it will employ men on a basis of its own selection. The next move is up to the board.

Though the election last Thursday failed to settle anything in particular so far as the dispute between AFL and CIO is concerned, it did serve the purpose of giving the laboring men of Oregon confidence in the government of their state. There had better be no violence, or it will go hard with those responsible. That much is established.

It is likely therefore that the next development will be a long battle—not with stones, clubs and guns, but with briefs, hearings and trials. That, of course, is the proper way to settle the argument—providing the men who want to work are allowed to do so with the understanding that such changes and adjustments as may be made will be made to apply as of the time work was resumed.

No Menace to Peace

THOUGH it is flashed around the world as the most sensational news of the day, the withdrawal of Italy from the league of nations has actually no great import. Our own country has never been a member of the league. The league has no real accomplishment to its credit. It was born of idealism and has had a most uncomfortable existence in a world of stark realism.

The theory and principle of the league of nations is splendid. Without such efforts we should certainly make no progress toward that most desired of all goals—a permanent world peace.

But as a practical instrument for actual use in preserving peace, in preventing aggression and in promoting international goodwill the league cannot be termed a success.

While a member of the league, Italy carried on her conquest of Ethiopia. While a member of the league, Germany tossed the treaty of Versailles out the window.

Italy has not added any additional menace to the peace of Europe by her withdrawal. She has merely ceased to be hypocritical.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

ally unscratched.

We have in our hands all the materials for GREAT PROSPERITY. All we need to do is to use these materials intelligently.

BUSINESS in the United States is NOT basically unsound.

There are no great accumulated surpluses. Production has not been unduly expanded. Prices are not so high as to have checked consumption disastrously. Private debt is not large enough to cause worry. Unsatisfied needs are encouragingly numerous, providing abundant opportunities for future business.

Few of the dangerous conditions that existed in 1929 exist now. It is unthinkable that we are entering upon a period of prolonged depression. If we have ANY SENSE AT ALL, the present recession in business should be over and forgotten in a few months.

AS KENNEDY says, nothing is to be gained by CUSSING ROOSEVELT.

The thing to do with a man who has made mistakes isn't to go on cussing him after it begins to look as if he himself realizes some of his mistakes. The obvious thing thing to do then is to help him to do better.

What we want in America is good business, abundant employment at good wages and fair profits. If we will all work together intelligently (a little MORE intelligently, perhaps, than in the past year) we can have all these things and have them soon.

Let's try it.

ACCEPTANCE OF CHRIST IS URGED

By J. R. T.

All but a few seats at one end of the balcony were filled last night at the armory, as the great crowd listened with intensity as Dr. Harry Anderson spoke on the "Greatest Thing in Roseburg." He took as his text, the greatest text in the Bible, John 3:16. He told of that little uneducated young Englishman, Henry Morehouse, who followed D. L. Moody to Chicago, after the latter's great meetings in England, and thrilled Moody's great Chicago congregations, preaching for seven consecutive nights on this wonderful text. "Morehouse's preaching," said the evangelist, "was a great turning point in the ministry of D. L. Moody. From that time on, he preached the love of God, rather than the justice of God, as he had been doing. He made a stirring appeal for acceptance of Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cranston sang "The Lights of Home," and Earl Longfellow sang "Still Undecided" with great effect.

The Presbyterian and Christian churches very graciously cancelled their evening services and united with the Baptists for the armory service.

In the morning Dr. Anderson spoke at the broadcast service from the First Baptist church, from Romans 12:1 on "A Living Sacrifice." He said "A church is an army not a hospital." He made an earnest plea for complete surrender. "God does not put on a draft, as Uncle Sam did in the great war," said the speaker. "He does not use compulsion. H easks for volunteers."

Dr. Anderson speaks tonight on "The Unpardonable Sin."

Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock will be the last broadcast.

SAMMONS TO HEAD "OREGON" AID PLAN

PORTLAND, Dec. 13 — (AP)—Governor Charles Martin has named E. C. Sammons of Portland, member of the board of higher education, chairman of a committee to preserve the historic battleship Oregon.

Sammons will select 200 citizens to collect funds to transfer the famous bulldog of the Spanish-American war from its moorings at the Broadway bridge to a marine park at the foot of Jefferson street.

ELKTON STUDENTS WILL GIVE PLAY

ELKTON, Dec. 13 — The annual all-school play will be presented by students of Elkton high school Friday, Dec. 17. The play selected for this year's presentation is "The Strange Bequest," by J. Wilbur Fitzpatrick. The cast includes Gerald Fenley, Evelyn Hudson, Virginia Gates, Lenore Gates, Eileen Cleno, Marie George, Earl Griffith, Vaughn Boak, James Fairfield and Ralph Holcomb.

Creations of Art With Needlework

Kitties at Play on Tea Towels
By RUTH ORR
PATTERN No. 555

A few bright colored cross stitches are the basis for the attractive decorations on these towels. The remainder of the embroidery is equally simple, and the charm of the finished effect is gained by the gay combination of colors.

The pattern envelope contains hot-iron transfer for seven motifs, averaging 5x7 inches each; also complete, easy-to-understand illustrated directions; also what materials and colors you will need.

To obtain this pattern, send for No. 555 and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to cover service and postage. Address News-Review Pattern Dept., Roseburg, Oregon.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

OUT of the NIGHT

BY MARION WHITE — Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRISCILLA PIERCE—heroine, young woman attorney.

AMY KERR—Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.

JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's fiance.

HARRY HUTCHINS—Amy's strange visitor.

SERGEANT DOLAN—officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

* * *

Yesterday: Cilly looks down from the roof and is startled to see that Mr. Hunter, paralyzed for years, walks about with ease in his own bedroom!

CHAPTER XIX

With a quiver of relief, Cilly awakened from a dream of horror. The warm morning sun shone through her open window. What a blessing the morning sun was! All through the night, she had been in Bluefields, where every street was a pitch-black roof, bordered by yawning, treacherous chasms, into which one pitched at the first halting misstep. Where all these streets converged, Jim had stood with arms out-stretched to greet her, though a thousand shadowy policemen struggled to hold him back. And along the way drunken Corbetts mocked her, and paralyzed men arose from their wheel-chairs to block her path.

She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. Her heart still thumped from the excitement of her adventure in sleep. Under the covers her feet were cold and damp. Her eyes traveled from one to another of the familiar objects in the room until she was finally, thoroughly, awake.

Today was Wednesday. Only two days since she had last heard from Jim, but what endless days they had been! How many more would she have to wait until he returned to lift the clouds? All the world would be right if she could hear his voice again, if she could feel the strength of his hand on hers. . . .

Thoughtfully she rose and dressed. Then, because she was so miserably lonely and forlorn, she walked down to the drug store on the corner for breakfast. On the way she bought a newspaper. The murder of Amy Kerr, she noticed, was still front page news. She read it as she drank her coffee.

Returning to her apartment, she met Detective Martin in the hall.

"Good morning, Miss Pierce," he greeted. "I've just been through the house. Dolan wants everyone down at police headquarters this morning at 10:30."

"Very well. I'll be there," Cilly assured him. She decided that she would be there at 10 o'clock to inform the sergeant of her latest discovery. He had ruled Mr. Hunter out as a possibility because of the man's physical incapacity. This morning, however, Hunter loomed in Cilly's mind as a very important possibility. Why would a man deliberately tie himself to a wheel-chair when he was well able to walk?

* * *

Later, however, when a burly policeman ushered her into a private room at police headquarters, she discovered she would have no opportunity to see the sergeant alone. Several of the Bayview tenants had arrived before her. They sat in a semicircle around a plain flat top desk, nervously expectant. She recognized the Downeys; so obviously mother and daughter. Mr. Hunter, looking feeble and frail in his wheel-chair, was there with his wife. A blanket covered his supposedly helpless limbs. Cilly felt an overwhelming urge to kick him in the shins as she passed, to see if he would jump. She wondered how the man had made the journey, wheel-chair and all. Detective Martin must have provided a special police car.

Mr. Johnson arrived a few minutes after she was seated, and he was followed by a young couple—the Smiths, undoubtedly. As yet there was no sign of Mrs. Wheeler.

Promptly at 10:30, Sergeant Dolan entered the room, followed by Martin. Dolan seated himself at the desk, his back to the double windows, Martin stood behind him, leaning against a window-sill. The tenants sat facing the windows, where the light shone on their faces clearly and relentlessly. If they lied, Cilly thought, Dolan would be able to read it in their features.

"Everybody here, Martin?" Dolan asked.

Martin checked with a list in his hand. "Didn't get in touch with the Wheeler woman yet," he reported. "The three other tenants are still out of town—but I don't see the Corbetts."

The Corbetts. Cilly looked up in surprise. But, of course, they would be summoned. Mrs. Corbett's mother was the only person who actually saw the murder committed. Her testimony would be more important.

Even as Martin spoke, the door opened and they entered. Mr. Corbett, Cilly noticed, had survived his drinking very well. He was immaculate in a light gray tropical worsted, and he carried himself with an air of assurance.

Mrs. Corbett, the same meek and humble woman Cilly had first met, followed her husband hesitantly into the room. She wore a nondescript blue voile dress, and it hung limply on her thin frame. Her face was pale and drawn. Her mother, in spite of asthma, held her head high and entered the room with a firm step. There was a challenge in her dark eyes, and her chin was aggressive. Small wonder, Cilly thought, that Mrs. Corbett was nervous and haggard. What a life she must endure as the buffer between these two dominant individuals—her husband and her mother!

* * *

As soon as they were seated, Sergeant Dolan addressed the group:

"You all know," he began, in a calm, rather friendly voice, "a young woman was killed in a fall from the roof of the Bayview apartments last Sunday night—or, to be more exact, at 12:20 early Monday morning. We have a witness present who can testify that the girl did not fall, but was deliberately thrown from the roof. This is a cold-blooded murder, ladies and gentlemen, which we are investigating, and I need not impress upon you the importance of absolute truth and accuracy in answering my questions. Mrs. Shaw, will you please tell us again, in your own words, just exactly what you saw occur on the roof of the Bayview?"

Mrs. Corbett's mother got to her feet. All eyes were turned upon her. Dramatically, she squared her shoulders and took a deep breath before she spoke.

"As I told you before, sergeant," she said in clear, crisp tones, "I was seated at the window of my bedroom in the St. Ann apartments. I had not been feeling well, and I wanted to get the air. It was very dark out—there were neither stars nor a moon—and ordinarily I could not see the roof opposite except when an occasional beam from one of the ships in the bay would pass over it. Suddenly I heard this frightful scream, and at that very instant a beam passed slowly over the roof opposite. I saw a man pick this girl up in his arms and deliberately fling her over the side of the house. That is all. I must have fainted. My daughter prepared an opiate for me, and I did not awaken until morning."

"Thank you, Mrs. Shaw. May I ask if the light was sufficiently strong for you to recognize this man in any way?"

"It was not." Mrs. Shaw resumed her seat.

Sergeant Dolan scanned the faces before him. "Now I am going to ask each of you to remember very carefully what happened Sunday night. We'll start with you, Mr. Hunter. You live on the top floor, directly under the roof where the murder was committed. Did you hear any voices on the roof, any sign of quarreling?"

"No, sergeant," Hunter replied. He spoke in a frail voice, as if to match the infirmity of his limbs. "I must have been asleep. It was the scream which woke me up. My wife ran to the window. . . ."

"Did you get up?"

The man shook his head sorrowfully. "I couldn't do that, you see." He made a futile gesture toward his legs. "I haven't walked in 20 years."

* * *

Cilly stood up, her eyes afire.

"Sergeant Dolan," she cried, "will you ask Mr. Hunter how it happens, therefore, that last night from across the street I saw him walking about his bedroom in his pajamas?"

The man gasped; he turned to stare at Cilly, and in his eyes there blazed the malevolent fear of a trapped animal.

"Is that true, Hunter?" Dolan snapped.

"The girl's crazy," he choked through dry lips. "She's crazy or—drunk. I can't walk . . . I have doctors' statements to prove it."

For a moment, Cilly regretted her impulsiveness. She should have told the sergeant about it privately, so that he could check for himself. Now it was merely her word against Hunter's, and he would take special care not to be discovered again.

"What time was this, Miss Pierce?" Dolan inquired.

"Eleven o'clock, sergeant. There is no mistake about it. I saw him. . . ."

"Say! Wait a minute!"

Cilly spun around to face the man who suddenly interrupted her. It was Mr. Corbett. There was a malicious glint in his eyes.

"In another minute, sergeant, the young lady will be telling you about pink elephants," he offered with tolerant amusement. "At 11 o'clock last night she was in my apartment, drinking rye highballs. And, believe me, she was in condition to see a great many things walking."

(To be continued)

UPWARD TREND FOR FRUIT PREDICTED

CORVALLIS, Dec. 13.—(AP)—Fruit production in Oregon should trend upward in the next five to ten years with strengthening in consumer purchasing power, a farm market outlook by the state college extension service said.

Exceptions may occur in apple and prunes but these will be offset by increases in supplies of foreign apples and prunes in competition with American exports.

Nut studies indicated the production of the next five years should average in excess of 100,000 tons as compared to 90,000 for the 1932-36 period.

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

WARD CUMMINGS was in the office Saturday with some coupons which the Veterans of Foreign Wars have prepared for publication in the newspapers of the country.

These coupons are to be filled out by the general public (those who are interested) and mailed to their congressmen. They ask that the members of congress introduce a measure in the house which would properly define a "state of war" when such appeared to exist between nations.

The veterans (together with the rest of us) are a bit confused by all the fighting going on, when war never has been officially declared. If Japan and China for instance were officially at war, rules of conduct by other nations would be so much more simplified.

* * *

Many people (some with republican or anti-New Deal leanings) have been heard to say that one of these days the U. S. ought to slap the sox off Japan, and put her back in her place.

These same fellers are also often heard expressing their fear that President Roosevelt, if he isn't stopped some way, will make himself dictator in this country.

About the simplest way to bring this event about, would be for the patriotic hotheads of this country, regardless of party affiliation, to force the nation into a war.

In time of war (have you forgotten it?) the president sure bosses the roost. And how!

* * *

Union Labels on Turkeys at Issue . . . M. S. Maxwell of San Francisco, international vice-president of the butchers' union, an AFL affiliate, has declared a California boycott on all Oregon poultry not carrying union labels.—AP story from Grants Pass.

The next time some hypocritical "friend of the farmer" tells you the farmers and union labor should be great pals, and should sleep in the same bed, just recall this story and think of its implications, then scrape your finger at him. He ought to be ashamed of himself, and his story.

* * *

Residents of Greenbelt, Maryland, 15 million dollar government housing center, have asked repeal of the government rule barring dogs from the area.

They really shouldn't censure President Roosevelt too much for this seeming attitude about dogs. Think what he had in store for them when he built that great "shelter belt" of trees across the Great Plains!

* * *

Ed Payton returned recently from a shooting trip to the Klamath country, and reports the ducks and geese over there are so wise to the government reserved areas established there, that they won't use any others. The waterfowl in their "countless thousands," have evidently learned to count.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Backyard Astronomer, MBS.
4:30—Memory Chest, MBS.
4:45—Radio Campus, MBS.
5:00—"Melody Lane," with Wanda Armour.
5:30—Dick Stabiles Orchestra, MBS.
6:00—Hansen Memories.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—Phil Harris.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Pageant of Melody, MBS.
8:30—Gus Arnheim.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News.
9:15—Tommy Dorseys Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Bridges Stores, Stearns & Ghenoweth, Ben's Cafe.
8:15—This Side of 20, MBS.
8:30—Paul Roberts, Baritone and Orch., MBS.
8:45—Andre Rollinat, Swing Quartet, MBS.
9:00—Sycamore Street, MBS.
9:15—Knickerbocker Symphony.
9:30—Studies in Black & White, MBS.
9:45—We Are Four, MBS.
10:00—Anderson Meetings Program.
10:15—West & Matey, Vocal Duo, MBS.
10:30—Hecker's Information Bureau, MBS.
10:45—Merrymakers, MBS.
11:00—That Was the Year, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:45—Beatrice Fairfax, MBS.
12:00—Blackston Concert Trio, MBS.
12:15—L. A. Symphony.
12:30—Good Health & Training, MBS.
12:45—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Dance Melodies.
1:30—Third Alarm, MBS.
1:45—Sortino Orch., MBS.
2:00—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:15—"World Book Man" and Music.
2:30—Katz on the Keys, MBS.
2:45—Interlude.
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Children's Hour.
3:45—Hawaiian Serenade.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Romanelli Concert Orch., MBS.
4:30—Headlines, MBS.
4:45—Radio Campus, MBS.
5:00—Sammy Kayes Orch., MBS.
5:30—Symphony in Rhythm, MBS.
6:00—Monitor News.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—Sing Time, MBS.
7:30—Joe Medwick Testimonial Banquet, MBS.
8:00—Tune Twisters, MBS.
8:30—Isham Jones, MBS.
8:45—Musical Moments, Chevrolet, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Horace Heidts Orch., MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

It may not be easy to understand exactly what Jesus had in mind when He spoke of the vine, and the branches, in John 15, but to think about the gardener and his method of going about his tasks may help us some. His great purpose is fruit; rich, abundant, and perfect as may be, anything that would interfere with that he would get rid of, anything that would help toward that end he would encourage. God is the great Gardener, Jesus says; by discipline, by encouragement, by this way and by that, He would seek His ends in us, fruitful, helpful, beautiful lives, who are we to question His methods. We thank Thee, our God, that we dare believe that Thou art looking, that our lives should count for good and that we might be useful helpers in the task of building Thy great kingdom in the earth. Amen.

BARBS

Mayor LaGuardia threatened to get "rough" if housing funds were not released, evidently figuring the least he could do personally is raise the roof.

Fathers worrying about the Christmas tie situation always should remember that a four-in-hand is worth one in the incinerator.

France's furor about a pretender to the throne must be giving Italy a good laugh — Victor Emanuel especially.

A fashion writer says women now dress extemporaneously. Sort of making up as they go along?

Russia ought to humanize its propaganda — for instance, show what the speedup has done for chess.

FLUE FIRE LOSS SLIGHT

The Roseburg fire department was called to East 6th street Sunday afternoon by a flue fire. The blaze caused no damage.

REPUBLICANS SEEK 1940 CANDIDATE

Hoover, as Well as Landon, Counted Out of Picture; Program Next Job.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Republican leaders counted Alf M. Landon and Herbert Hoover out of the 1940 presidential picture today.

Although in many quarters Landon's emphatic elimination of himself was regarded as a challenge to Hoover to do the same, most republican spokesmen did not expect the former president to respond.

They were inclined to accept as final his recent statement that "I do not want any public office."

Senator McNary of Oregon, republican leader of the senate, was among the congressmen who took this view of the situation.

"Since Mr. Hoover and Mr. Landon have taken themselves out of the race," McNary said, "we must look to new leadership."

Many party spokesmen, looking ahead to 1940, forecast the off-year elections in 1938 might push some successful republican gubernatorial or senatorial candidate conspicuously to the fore.

The party's national executive committee will meet in St. Louis Monday to pick a program committee of 100. Hoover had suggested this as a preliminary to a 1938 convention.

Landon visited the white house yesterday at President Roosevelt's invitation.

The Kansan said he had a "very nice visit and was glad to see the president looking so good."

Reflections

Kill Time—Injure Eternity

H. C. Stearns

Our minutes are counted and must be accounted for. The time we waste is ours and is our loss. We may squander our material possessions and have some compensation but the time we squander has no counterbalance. We either use it effectively or blithely allow it to slip past us.

What ever lies ahead is a composite of what which we have fashioned today. Our future rests upon a foundation we are creating now and no superstructure is more sound than its foundation. Our materials are time and its use, our tools are industry and ability; every man is a free mason and builds according to his concepts of what he wants his structure to be.

The Time we kill is a brick without mortar, it is a weak spot in our superstructure which may some day cause our labor to come crumbling down around our ears. The Time we have today is ours; make use of it intelligently.

DOUGLAS FUNERAL HOME
"Distinctive" Funeral Service
Corner Pine and Lane Streets
Phone—112
ROSEBURG

Sportsmanlike Driving—Keep to the Right

There is nothing new in the basic rule of the road—keep to the right. It is an ancient rule observed in the horse-and-buggy days and before. Without this basic rule, traffic conditions would be chaotic. Sportsmanlike Drivers always keep to the right.

A.A.A. SAFETY FEATURES

DOT AND DAN IN SANTALAND

Christmas Tree Forest

By Bob Pilgrim