

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Dictator Schemes

ONE of the outstanding lessons
the world has learned from dic-
tatorships is this: No dictator can
force himself into power and stay
there so long as his people retain
free speech and free, uncensored,
newspapers.

Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and all
of their lesser imitators learned
that. But now Hitler, fresh from
his Austrian conquest, is irritated
by comments of newspapers in free
countries. So he proposes interna-
tional treaties establishing official
government control of all news-
papers. What he means is this: "You
see that your newspapers say only
nice things about me and I'll do
the same for you."

Up speaks Dr. Carl W. Ackerman,
dean of the Pulitzer School of
Journalism at Columbia university,
a lifelong student of newspapers
and their problems and duties. After
pointing out that such a treaty
would require amendment of the
American constitution, he adds:

"I consider these developments
so ominous that I think the foreign
press policy of the German govern-
ment should be fully explained and
earnestly studied. If govern-
mental control of the printed and
spoken word is a requirement of
peace with Germany, we should
know the conditions now and not
later."

Hitler's plan doubtless suits
some Americans. A United States
senator said in a radio speech the
other day that 98 per cent of Amer-
ica's city newspapers are biased.
What he meant was that they did
not agree with him.

How different he is from Vol-
taire who once said: "While I
might not agree with what you say
I shall defend to the death your
right to say it!"

Americans doubtless will agree
with their own constitution and
with Voltaire rather than Hitler
and the senator, for down the Hit-
ler-Senator road lies dictatorship.

War's Children

TWENTY years ago, on July 25,
1918, the Germans were train-
ing their big guns on the French
village of Saint on Goede. At the
height of the bombardment, Mrs.
Marie Marlot gave birth to triplets,
all boys.

It is not difficult to imagine what
were the mother's thoughts. And

ON THE BROADCAST FROM KRNR

Highlights and Delights for Daily Dialing.

Audition Award Received

Leonard Warren, 26-year-old
baritone who has been regularly
featured each Saturday on Benay
Venuta's "Variety" program, re-
ached a new climax in his
rising career last Sunday (March
27) when he was selected as one
of the two winners of the Metro-
politan Opera company auditions.
This signal honor he shared with
John Carter, network tenor.

Over 700 artists competed over
a period of 26 weeks for this im-
portant award.

Series of Dramatizations

A series of weekly broadcasts
under the direction of the better
business bureau, presented from
Cincinnati, will be heard over
KRNR and stations of the Mutual
network starting Saturday, April
2, between 3:15 and 3:30 p. m.,
PST.

"The Magazine Man"

John Henry Hinkle, whose highly
successful program, "The Maga-
zine Man," has been enthusiastically
received by audiences of station
KGB, San Diego, will be in-
troduced to dialers of KRNR and
the Don Lee network on Sunday,
April 3, at 5:15 p. m.

In his distinctive style, "The
Magazine Man" offers discussions
of current material appearing in
the leading periodicals of the coun-
try.

Stories of Safford

The early story of Safford,

her prayers were certainly that
her babies would not see another
war.

But that was 20 years ago, and 20
years is time enough for nations to
rebuild their war machines and
prepare for their next blood spill-
ing.

Armies are still made up of men.
So the other day Leon, Emile and
Camille Marlot, entered the French
military service. And some day
soon the three youths may even be
fighting for their country. And
thus will one more European moth-
er's prayers go unanswered.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

the subject of self-sufficiency. After
the world gets back to a little
more normal thinking, Europe will
be able to see that instead of self-
sufficiency (which is the commer-
cial equivalent of crawling into a
hole and pulling the hole in after
you) it really wants TRADE WITH
EVERYBODY.

HERE in this country we've gone
practically nuts on the idea of
living without work, spending our-
selves rich and generally trying to
lift ourselves by our bootstraps.

It hasn't worked very satisfac-
torily, and we're beginning to see
that it hasn't. After a while, we'll
quit trying to get something for
nothing and will be ready to go
back to work.

When that time comes, prosper-
ity will be nearly here. It will
really BE here if in the meantime
Europe doesn't go to war. That,
of course, would spoil every-
thing.

BARBS

A St. Louis "bellboy" was found
to be a woman of 27. Here's one
woman who evidently liked to take
orders.

College professor says "ain't"
and "think" are the two most over-
worked words in America, in En-
glish, "Hell" and "Hitler" would
take their place.

La Guardia says he'll turn off
New York's lights half an hour
early in an effort to keep expenses
down. Like other administrators,
he sees no light in his budget
problem.

McNutt definitely gives up any
designs on becoming president of
the University of Indiana. He may
be more interested in the electoral
college.

A senator claims that one fed-
eral bureau employs only red-
heads. Maybe the government is
being run by Reds after all.

Will Hitler and H. Duce cry.
If time brings war and post-war
taxes.

"We simply cannot tell a lie; we
did it with our little axis."
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MARRIAGE START IN 1938 SLOWER

The year of 1938 has made a
poor start in the marriage begin-
ning. According to Roy
Agos, county clerk, only 26 licenses
have been issued since the first
of the first three months of
1937. This year there were five
licenses in January, 10 in February
and 11 in March. Last year there
were 16 in January, 13 in Feb-
ruary and 12 in March.

Norway ranks first and Japan
second as the source of supply of
fishing tackle imported by the
United States, Canada is the large-
est market for fishing tackle ex-
ports from this country.

PLANT BULBS NOW

Carl's store offers a large as-
ortment of fine flowering bulbs, in-
cluding named gladioli, lilies,
anemones, ranunculus, etc., 10c per
pkg.—Adv.

Arizona, in the Valley of the Smiles

Arizona, in the Valley of the
Smiles, will be told during the
"Romance of the Highways" pro-
gram by Commander A. W. Scott
and a capable cast of players over
KRNR and the Don Lee network
on Sunday, April 3, from 10:15 to
10:30 a. m.

Safford, a colorful city named
after Arizona's territorial govern-
or of 1869, contributes several
"unreal realities" to the program.

Songs of Plantation Days

That triumvirate of southern
melody, The Brown Sisters, go
back to dreamy plantation tunes
of the cotton fields with their in-
terpretation of "Joshua Fit the Bat-
tle of Jericho" on their KRNR
Mutual transcontinental program
on Sunday, April 3, from 6:30 to
8:45 p. m., PST.

The sisters, formerly with Rudy
Vallee, Bob Burns and Bing Cro-
by, also have selected "Home
Town," "Jungle Fever" and "Love
Bug Will Get You" as "pieces d'oe-
casion" in their rhythmic har-
mony.

Georgia Saluted

"Erer Fox he gave a party and
didn't ask Brer Rabbit—"

So goes the Uncle Remus tales—
America's most famous folklore
compositions, the origin of which
will be outlined on KRNR's "Reun-
ion of the States," Sunday, April
3, from 3:30 to 4 p. m., when Geo-
rgia will be the state saluted.

OUT OUR WAY



Richest Girl in the World

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONSTANCE CORBY—heroine;
richest girl in the world.
BIET HARDESTY—hero;
bridge builder.
RODNEY BRANDON—Connie's
father.

KATIE BLYN—Connie's "dou-
ble."

CHAPTER XV

Yesterday, having broken with
Bret, Connie is about to board a
train to leave the hills when sud-
denly her arms are pinned be-
hind her, she is spun around.

"I told you I'd never let you
run away from me!" Bret said,
for it was Bret, holding her fast,
looking down into her eyes. "You
may have done that to some other
or fellow—remember I told you
I thought you'd run away from
someone—but you're not going
to run away from me!"

Apparently she was not, as she
could hear the rumble of the mid-
night train, shaking the little plat-
form as it went on. "How did you
know I was running away?" Con-
stance asked.

"Instinct, perhaps," Bret
laughed. "I've been plenty mis-
erable these last days, honey. So
miserable I couldn't stand it any
longer. I rode by, got Elnora to
come to the door—and made her
tell me where you had gone. She
gave me your message, sweet-
heart."

"And you came after me!" That
meant that he was not afraid, that
he loved her, regardless?
"I'd have followed you to the
end of the earth," he said. "You
been pick-pocketed, stabbed and
killed, I reckon I did forget that
love is the biggest thing in the
world, more important than all
the gold in it. But you must ad-
mit, dear, it gave me quite a jolt
to learn who you really are."

As he talked he had led her
back to his car; now he tossed
her bag into the back, held open
the door for her with a flourish
and a bow.

"Where are we going?" Connie
asked. Not that she cared. She
was so deliciously happy that she
did not care about anything. Her
had forgiven her for her decep-
tion; he understood why she had
acted as she had—she was here at
his side now, which was the most
important thing of all.

"Where?" He turned to look
down at her, so little and lovely.
"You had said, at this side—the
sweet curve of her cheek, the
bright intensity of her eyes. "We're
going to find the first justice of
the peace that we can locate in
this part of the country, and at
this rather outlandish hour. We're
going to rent him out of his nice
warm bed, too, and tell him to get
busy and change your name once
more. For the last time, then—"

"Oh, Bret!" It was all that she
could say, but it was enough.
He had not waited even for that
much; he had switched on the
ignition, thrown the little car into
gear; they were speeding back,
almost as fast as he must have
come.

"Darling," Connie put a hand
on the couch, twice of his coat.
"You're not afraid, then—just be-
cause I happen to have so much
money? You know I don't want
to inherit so much. We'll be happy
in spite of it. We'll work it out
together."

"I've never been afraid of any-
thing in my life," Bret said. "I'm
not going to start now. I'd rather
you didn't have the money, espe-
cially so much. I'd rather you
were just plain Katie Blyn. But
you are you, my sweet—as I've
told you, the one and only girl
in all the world for me. And so
that's all that counts."

She gave a little sigh, nestled
closer to him. Yes, that was all
that counted. He loved her, be-
cause she was herself, just as she
loved him because he was Bret
Hardesty, no other. There was

no rhyme no reason in love; per-
haps no logic. Yet she had been
right when she had told Elnora it
could surmount any obstacle, that
it was greater than life itself.

It was no easy task, as Bret had
predicted, to find a justice of the
peace at that time of night. The
first place they stopped it was im-
possible to arouse anyone, but at
the next, Bret pounded on the door
persistently until finally he suc-
ceeded in getting a response.

This was not the sort of wed-
ding that Constance Corby, the
richest girl in the world, should
have had. Not the sort of wed-
ding that Connie had dreamed of
having one day. That would have
been a gorgeous and lavish affair,
with a thousand or more guests,
flashlights flaring, reporters wait-
ing for interviews, a crowd of the
curious public pressing outside the
sanctuary that led to the church,
mounted policemen to keep them
in order, an escort on motorcycles
to clear a path. Connie would
have worn white satin, fashioned
by one of the leading Paris cre-
ators, a veil that would have
stretched for yards and yards, a
prayer book bound in white
leather in her hands and a bouquet
of rare white orchids. There
would have been a dozen brides-
maids in rainbow colors; an organ
murmuring "O Promise Me"; rice
and old shins, champagne, cake
with white icing, tier upon tier.

Instead, this wedding took place
in the front parlor of a small
frame house in a little mountain
town. The parlor smelled strongly
of mothballs. The light from the
chandelier made a glistening mir-
ror out of the round ball spot on
the justice's head. His wife, act-
ing as witness, her hair done up
in curl-papers, yawned openly
more than once. This was no out-
let of the ordinary ceremony to her,
young people were so impatient
and her good husband would
often flout out of bed at all
sorts of unearthly hours to "tie
the knot," not realizing, the poor
young things, how long it would
be that way, once done.

The bride was gown, as the
society column might have
phrased it, in a somewhat worn
navy blue suit and a cheap, but
sassy and becoming little blue
felt hat. Her voice shook a little
when she said "I do" and she
clung tightly to the arm of the
groom. The groom's voice boomed
out, filling the whole parlor, when
he gave his vows; there was a grin
line of determination about his
new mouth.

"Whom God hath joined to-
gether, let no man put asunder..."
the ancient and familiar words
held a strange poetic beauty—and
then Connie was in Bret's arms,
his lips on hers—and they were
man and wife.

"Remember," Bret said sternly,
tucking her into his car with his
most masterful air, "your name
now, young lady, is Mrs. Bret
Hardesty for keeps. Don't you
ever try to change it, or forget it
for one minute!"

"Mrs. Bret Hardesty," Connie
said, hugging over the name. It
sounded almost frightening, yet
it was a beautiful name. One to
be proud of, to live up to and
treasure and respect. It was Bret's
gift to her; a beautiful gift.

She looked at the plain gold
band that Bret said had been his
mother's and with which he had
made Connie his wife. He had
said he would get her a much finer
one, but this she would keep al-
ways, nevertheless.

Tomorrow the headlines would
blaze with the news that Con-
stance Corby, the richest girl in
the world, was married; to an un-
known and poor young engineer.
Tomorrow she would become that
rich girl again. She would send
Uncle Tippy a wire; she would in-
struct him to see that the real
Katie Blyn was well repaid and
to allow her to return to her own
world. Would she be glad, or

By Williams



sorry? Connie wondered—hoping
that it would be the first of these.
Tomorrow Rodney would know
that Connie had run away from
him forever; that he had indeed
lost her now.

But this was tonight. Her wed-
ding night. Tomorrow did not
exist. This was the beginning of
a girl who was not the old Con-
stance Corby, nor Katie Blyn, but
still another girl who had given
her heart and her life into the
keeping of this man at her side.
"Forever and ever..." Together
... never just one person apart,
again, Mrs. Bret Hardesty. For
keeps.
(To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
- 4:15—Welke's Orchestra, MBS.
- 4:30—The Sophisticated Lady.
- 4:45—The Children's Hour.
- 5:00—"Melody Lane," with Wan-
da Armour.
- 5:30—Topics of the Day, MBS.
- 5:45—Eddy Duchin.
- 6:00—Evening Melodies.
- 6:05—Grand Hotel Program.
- 6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
- 6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
- 6:45—Interlude.
- 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 6:55—News Flashes.
- 7:00—20 Years Ago and Today,
MBS.
- 7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
- 8:00—American Family Robinson.
- 8:15—Ray Keating's Orchestra,
MBS.
- 8:30—Presenting the American
Composers, MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
- 9:15—Dances Orchestra.
- 9:30—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

- 7:00—"Early Birds."
- 7:30—News-Review of the Air.
- 7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
- 7:55—Westside Grocery Program.
- 8:00—Tail Coat Time, MBS.
- 8:30—U. S. Army Band, MBS.
- 8:45—"Let's Get Organized with
Frank Roadman."
- 9:00—Parents Magazine of the
Air, MBS.
- 9:15—This Wonderful World,
MBS.
- 9:30—Hits and Encores, MBS.
- 9:45—Boston Symphony, MBS.
- 10:00—Homesteads Harmony.
- 10:15—Microphone in the Sky,
MBS.
- 10:30—Carnegie Tech Symphony,
MBS.
- 11:00—"Love Tales," Copco.
- 11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
- 11:30—Benay Venuta's Program,
MBS.
- 12:00—Palace of Varieties, MBS.
- 12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 1:00—News-Review of the Air.
- 1:15—Student Opinion, MBS.
- 1:45—Cripple Creek Cowboys,
MBS.
- 1:55—"The Book Shelf" Spotlight,
MBS.
- 2:00—Pancho & His Orch., MBS.
- 2:30—Sammy Kaye's Orch., MBS.
- 2:45—Len Salvo, MBS.
- 3:15—"Scheme That Skin,"
MBS.
- 3:30—Jain & Jive, MBS.
- 4:00—Ramberger Symphony,
MBS.
- 4:30—Naxos Cuarteto Orch.,
MBS.
- 4:45—"The Children's Hour."
- 5:00—Stardust in Contrasts, MBS.
- 5:30—Pat Barnes & His Barn-
stormers, MBS.
- 6:00—Singtime, MBS.
- 6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
- 6:45—Interlude.
- 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
- 6:55—News Flashes.
- 7:00—Indianapolis Symphony,
MBS.
- 8:15—The Lyman's Orch., MBS.
- 8:30—Eve Witless, Account of
Savage of Austria.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
- 9:15—Cable Council, MBS.
- 9:30—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

- 8:00—Reviewing Stand, MBS.
- 8:15—Glad Tidings of the Air,
Rev. Ira F. Rankin.
- 8:30—Reverend Zoller, MBS.
- 9:00—Veterans' Dedication Pro-
gram.
- 9:30—American Wildlife, MBS.
- 9:45—Sands of Time, MBS.
- 10:00—Lyon & Lashelle, MBS.
- 10:15—Romance of the Highways,
MBS.

RAMBLINGS

by

Paul Jenkins

"NO, I'm not planning on going
fishing right away," Mac Mc-
Dougal told me yesterday. "I'm
pretty busy, and the fishing water
doesn't just suit me yet."

It's altogether likely that the
condition of the water would have
looked a lot bet-
ter, if business at
his bakery in
Myrtle Creek
hadn't been so
good. "Time
have been picking up lately," he
added, "I ran clear out of bread
today, and had to bake some more."

"More power to this kind of
weather," Ray Reynolds said yester-
day as I stopped in at the Reyn-
olds & Adams store in Myrtle
Creek for a chat. "People have
gotten mighty tired of the inces-
sant rains we have had lately.
They're discouraged, and disgusted.
Everyone will feel better now."

I think that is the simple truth.
With a lot of farm work starting
them in the face, yet to be done,
folks have been fit to bite a man in
two, and small blame to them.
Farmers are at the mercy of the
weather (and indirectly, so are the
rest of us), and the weather seldom
shows much mercy.

After having seen Shirley Tem-
ple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook
Farm" last night at the Indian
theatre, I find I can't put in with
the occasional creep-hanger who
has been prophesying that she
soon will grow out of any possible
career in motion pictures.
She's cute as a button. That lit-
tle gal may grow out of her "baby"
roles before long; but here's bet-
ting that she comes into others just
as sweet. She's got what it takes!

"Congratulations on the girl,"
said my wife and I to a friend in
at Carl's Tavern last night, who
had just become a proud father
for the second time.

"Thanks," he replied. "I AM
proud of her; but I would have
liked a boy. This makes two girls
for me. I guess I'd better change
my doctor!"

PARGETER GIVEN LOAN LEAGUE POST

H. O. Pargeter, secretary of the
Unquap Savings and Loan associa-
tion, has been appointed as a mem-
ber of the advisory committee on
state legislation for the United
States Building and Loan league.
Mr. Pargeter is one of 46 commit-
tee members chosen from many
sections of the country in order to
have a well-balanced division.
Its purpose is to supplement the
new model or uniform savings and
loan act whenever necessary and
to promote as one of its major pro-
jects the matter of improved mort-
gage legislation.

10:30—N. Y. State Symphonie
Band.
10:45—American Radio Watchers,
MBS.
11:00—Baptist Church Services,
Rev. J. R. Turnbull.
12:00—Poems From the Tower
Room.
12:15—Wanda Armour at the Or-
gan.

- 1:00—Dance Melodies.
- 1:30—Lutheran Hour, MBS.
- 2:00—Hawaiian Harmonies.
- 2:30—Rabbi Magnin, MBS.
- 2:45—Summer Prindle, MBS.
- 3:00—20 Minutes in Hollywood,
MBS.
- 3:30—News Testers.
- 3:45—The Charlottees, MBS.
- 4:00—WOT Forum, MBS.
- 4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C. A.
Edwards.
- 5:00—To Be Announced.
- 5:15—"The Magazine Man," MBS.
- 5:30—Hawaii Calls, MBS.
- 6:00—The Marines Tell It to You,
MBS.
- 6:20—The Brown Sisters, MBS.
- 6:45—Gus Arnheim.
- 7:00—A. A. Symphony.
- 7:30—Old Fashioned Revival,
MBS.
- 8:00—"The River King," MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
- 9:15—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
- 9:30—Sign Off.

PIGGY WIGGLY

SATURDAY—MONDAY

GOLDEN WEST COFFEE	Lb.	25c
WALDORF TISSUE 3 Rolls		11c
MACARONI Fresh shipment	3 Lbs.	13c
CHEESE Aged	Pound	20c
KRISPY CRACKERS 2 Lb. Box		29c
PEABERRY COFFEE Pound		21c
WAX PAPER Cut-Rite, 125-ft. Roll		14c
40-Ft. Roll		6c
EGGS Extras—Large, dozen		17c
RICE Blue Rose	2 Lbs.	13c
SHORTENING Fine Quality	4 Lb. Carton	45c
BEANS Navy or Red Mexican	Pound	5c
GINGER SNAPS 3 Dozen		10c
CRYSTAL WHITE Soap Chips	5 Lb. Pkg.	35c
BROOMS A good light broom		29c
PORK and BEANS 16-oz. Can	2 Cans	11c
FARINA Pillsbury	1 1/4 Lb. Pkg.	15c
PIGGLY WIGGLY FLOUR		\$1.59
Fine Montana Hard Wheat Flour.		
WINDMILL FLOUR The Mon-tana Flour		\$1.37
POTATOES Klamath No. 1's	15 Lbs.	19c