

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1928, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Italy is Ready.

THE concentration of Italian war craft in the Red sea where Britain also is maintaining a large battle fleet is the greatest threat to world peace.

It is no secret that the Italian naval command is anxious, to the point of exasperation, to test its strength against the alleged greatest navy in the world—the navy of Britain which has not known defeat in hundreds of years. The Italian navy is unlike any other navy in the world. It has only a few battleships and large vessels and most of these are not modern. But it has several thousand battle planes and some 3000 "sea sleds."

The sea sleds of Italy are the newest things on earth, or rather on sea, in the way of fighting craft. They are tiny motor driven boats, each manned with a crew of three men. Each boat carries two torpedoes and each has a rated or contract speed of 60 knots. Tests have shown much greater speed than that.

These little boats are manned by the pick of the Italian navy. It is considered a great honor to be assigned to the "MAS" fleet, as it is called.

When you realize that a torpedo, well aimed, will sink the best battleship, the sea sled fleet of Italy offers England something to think about. Another thing, too, the argument that has been waged since airplanes became a part of fighting equipment has never been settled. The plane advocates contend that a fleet of planes can sink a navy without great risk to the pilots. The battleship enthusiasts contend with equal vigor that this claim is nonsense. No doubt the Italian air fleet is anxious to prove that it can put the English fleet to the bottom of the Red sea.

It is this sort of thing that wars are made of. Ambition on the part of the military leaders to test out their pet theories and their prime fighting force has done more toward promoting war than almost anything else. Germany, with a grand war machine, was just spoiling for a fight in 1914 and got its wish. It seems as though Italy, at least so far as its navy is concerned, is ready and anxious to test its ability. It will be little short of miraculous under the circumstances, if serious war is avoided.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

would be far better.

ANOTHER interesting paragraph:

"Senator Nye, of North Dakota, returned to his Washington office today to emphasize his belief that Senator Borah is the man for the Republican presidential nomination."

This insignificant writer, far out in the sticks, has disagreed with many statements of Senator Nye, but AGREES with this one.

SENATOR NYE adds:

"While Borah is the man for the Republican nomination, he must formulate SOMETHING to take the place of AAA."

Why not supply and demand?

ONE more paragraph from the news and we'll call it a day:

"Breakage of toys runs high with the victorious little Dionne quintuplets, and as they reach a more venturesome age more precautions are becoming necessary." Dr. A. R. Duffoe, their physician-guardian, has installed shatter-proof glass in the hospital windows and has introduced unbreakable dishes and crock-

ery into their cupboard."

It's pleasing to learn that in spite of mountains of publicity, they're still HUMAN BEINGS.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

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Supreme Court Means Just That

We managed to scrape through 1935 with the aid of subsidized hog, plowed-under corn and some Supreme Court decisions.

We specialized in appeals to the courts. We thought the NRA was a good thing until it turned sour on the vine. Whereupon nine legalized patriots got into a post-graduate huddle and declared it, ipse facto, null and void.

The result of this far-reaching decision was: Instead of two chickens for every pot we had two blue eagles for every garbage pail.

Court decisions are flying thicker than old shoes at a wedding. That is due to our government being sub-divided like a real estate boom in a large city. We have the legislative, the executive and the judicial.

The executive can veto the legislative. The legislative can turn around like a farmer at a barn dance and override the executive. In other words, the White House always loses an extra inning game.

But there is one thing that prevents the legislative gon-dolas from colonizing in the stratosphere of perpetual victory. And that one item is the judicial's kayo over congress.

When the supreme court plays ball there are nine men on their side.

And no men on the other side.

The Court's playing uniforms consist of black nightgowns worn in the daytime. When they hand down a decision, five to four, it makes no difference whether it is 11 a. m. or 11 p. m. It stops your clock and puts the cat out.

For their verdict is the highest law of man or beast. After that, the other two branches of the law are merely limbs. And we are all out on them.

It is the duty of the supreme court to correct mistakes and repair china for the crack-pots. Its decisions have also saved many a political face by repealing idiotic legislation. It has saved more faces than cold cream and daily massage.

We are adding this postscript to the express approval and three cheers for the supreme court. Like a brass ruler, it never shrinks from its duty nor measures that duty wrong.

Oregon Editors' Comment

Our New Radio Station
(Myrtle Creek Mail)

The Roseburg News-Review has performed an outstanding and enduring public service through its sponsorship of the new radio station, KRNR. This bringing the radio service within our sphere of greatest interest has revealed in a striking way its value to a live and progressive public. The radio has always excited public interest, and the sayings and doings of people remote from the home circle have been very interesting to most people. But when it brings to us the news and views of our friends just over in the next "canyon," so to speak, it adds new interest and meaning. It makes the radio more than a mere amuse-bouche; it makes it a household necessity, to hear the voices of friends and business people over in the county seat, instead of Roseburg being twenty miles north of Myrtle Creek it picks the place up and sets it down in our living rooms.

Roseburg is to be congratulated in having a newspaper with the initiative and resources ample to bring a radio station to that fine little city.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

I was at a banquet the other evening and sat beside a Jewish fellow that is really a splendid chap. His conversation was congenial and I enjoyed talking with him very much.

It's very interesting to observe how these people have to adjust themselves to various situations and how they strive to fit into every picture as it presents itself.

The program opened with a prayer by the Methodist preacher and the dinner consisted of baked ham. The speaker's subject was, "The Man Without a Country," and they closed with "My Wild Irish Rose."

My Jew friend said he had a dandy time and I figure he either is a darn liar or he's got what it takes to get along.

Wooden Sword

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THE lower end of the river is heard from:

"I have fished on the Umpqua since 1915, and ever since I have been here the sportsmen have been trying to close this river, or take some of the season away from the gillnetters. Some six or seven years ago our season was changed to satisfy the sportsmen. Before that time, we had almost eleven months of fishing (49 days of closed season), no dead line, and set nets allowed. After the season was changed, we were cut to seven months and 20 days (four months and ten days closed season)."

"We gave up almost all our spring chinook, and all of our steelhead season, because our present season closes December 5, five days before the steelhead season used to commence. Those were the two kinds of salmon that sportsmen wanted at that time. Now it seems they want ALL of the salmon."

"When the season was changed, a deadline was established at Big Mill creek, set netting was stopped, and Saturday night closed to gillnetting. The dead line may be a good thing, but it leaves us about ten miles of actual fishing grounds—not very much space when you consider that over 200 men are depending for a livelihood on holding float nets inside the area, easy for one to tangle his nets with his neighbor's."

"There is plenty of natural spawning ground for all kinds of salmon, and plenty of salmon escape the gill nets to reach the spawning ground and keep up the supply of fish. Besides these, plenty of escape the angler, who is allowed to fish from one end of the river to the other, and in all of the tributaries, besides on the spawning grounds."

"The plan now under consideration seems to be a scheme to close all Oregon streams to gill netting, except the Columbia. I don't think that an industry as large as the fishing industry in Oregon coast streams, and especially in the Umpqua, can be destroyed for no reason at all. Every once in a while I see a wild whisp of sportsmen against gill netters. It is only a bunch of unfair propaganda. So far, the commercial interests have just let them go ahead with their wild stories, and made no answer; but this is an effort has been made to show our side of the question."

"In one instance I saw where a Roseburg man stated in an article in an Oregon paper that the commercial fishermen were nothing but a bunch of pirates, catching all the fish, and as they were not stopping salmon would be something of a joke."

"In 1935 season, one of the best seasons I have seen in my 20 years of fishing, proves his statement to be untrue."

"The tonnage tax for this season amounted to thousands of dollars, and will be used for the propagation of fish. Licenses amounted to \$1.00 for each net, and \$2.00 for set nets on Saturday evening, tributary to the Umpqua. The investment of commercial fishermen, including gear and supplies, amounts to thousands of dollars. In producing these nets, and other supplies used in connection with the industry, thousands of people outside this state, as well as in Oregon, are given employment."

"The Rogue river was voted to stay open by the people, and a few months later it was closed by the legislature. It was closed to commercial gill netters, but the angler can commercialize a certain amount of his catch just the same. The Nye river has been closed to commercial fishing for an experiment, to find out what effect commercial fishing has on the salmon run. The anglers can not catch any more fish now than they could while the river was open to gill netters."

"During the depression we were paid a very small price for our salmon, but we made it just the same. It is safe to say that 98 per cent of the fishermen DID NOT get relief."

"The government is trying to find jobs for the unemployed everywhere. In this community the sportsmen are trying to throw thousands out of work by closing the coastal streams to commercial fishing. I think they picked a poor time to close them. I think the Umpqua should be left as it is, as there is plenty of salmon in recent years, and this river seems to be self-supporting. The Umpqua has been supplying salmon eggs for the Columbia for many years."

—George Burns, in the Port Umpqua Courier.

YULE BUYING SPURS FLOOD OF MONEY

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.—(AP)—More than \$5,000,000 of additional federal reserve notes went

soft her voice. "My love—may I be the favorite—tonight!"

Her pantomime brought the ancient days upon them entirely. Love, like rare perfumes, invaded the court of the Wind Palace. Love and beauty tore at his heart. The lover and the artist. . . He lifted her, and exquisite, soft slowness of her, and held her close, wordless, enchanted, lost. . .

Hours later, when the elephants bore them back down the steep road in the moonlight, he remembered to be thankful that the speaker to the other, and in all of the present time. Only the happy ghosts of the seraglio, placing himself, Stuart Pennington, even if only in play, for one priceless hour in the center of her universe.

When they came out again to Bombay, Sharlene tossed their decks to Cairo into the air and said: "Let's go home, Stuart!"

His heart quickened. "Oh, Sharlene, do you mean it?"

Home and a chance to work again! Could he recapture any of his shining dreams and put them into form? The artist felt oddly incapable and regarded his hands questioningly, as Padewski must have looked at his stiffened fingers after the period away from his piano while he was president of Poland. If he had forgotten—would there be new conceptions? It had been so long now since beauty had moved him to expression. He hoped that he had been merely follow, gathering impressions, but he was afraid sometimes, desperately afraid, lest he had lost the gleam forever.

"I see you want to go home as much as I do, Stuart," Sharlene was studying him. "Is homesick for mother. . . She writes that Kent and his wife are still there."

He threw a quick glance at her, which she met with a shrug and a reassuring grin. "I'm not going to run away any more. I'm going home and face the music. I'm quite indifferent about him, now, anyway."

After all, Stuart reasoned, she could not run away from the thing always. Perhaps it would be as well for her to go home and put it to a test. But he dreaded the outcome. . .

They were at breakfast on the steamer, a day away from home, when they read the same item simultaneously from the ship's radio newspaper:

"Among the notables leaving Los Angeles today on the S. S. Malolo are Mr. and Mrs. Kent Damrell."

Their glances met with a shock. "Reprieve!" she said and Stuart was arrested by the intensity of relief in her voice.

That evening as they emerged from a cocktail party down the deck, they stepped into a flood of blazing color. The world was afire, from the great flaming clouds across the tremendous arcs of the sky to the vast undulating molten sea. The sun, which had wrought the miracle, was just blazing into the water on the far horizon.

As they watched, breathless, a ship came out of the east and sailed so near enough so that they could see people on the decks. Near enough so that they could read the name: "Malolo."

Sharlene's hand clutched the rail. Kent was on that boat! Kent, passing so close! Perhaps that was standing all alone on the upper deck! She tried to cry out to him, but her voice choked. She did not know that Stuart moved close to her and took her arm.

The ships drew farther and farther apart. . . Relentlessly. . . though the slender girl in the black gown who ran to the stern held out bare lovely arms to stay them. The "Malolo" rose rapidly away like a stately black swan silhouetted against the burnished west-ern sky.

(To be continued)

LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXI

That evening Stuart and Sharlene rode up the tortuous path to the Wind Palace alone. They had the old seraglio to themselves, and mounted to the roof court where they looked out on the lake through lace arches of white marble. The mountains surrounding them were wild and uninhabited. They were alone in a vast, waiting silence that somehow drew them closer to each other than they had ever been before. The dusk deepened and the great stars began to glow.

"Talk to me, Stuart," she begged. "It's all so—so lonesome."

"It isn't lonesome," he reassured her. "Jai Singh built this place for love—as well as to study the stars. Can't you see him lying here at his ease, studying astronomy, while his ladies made soft music?"

Sharlene stretched herself out on the floor, pillow her head on her arm, and gazed up at the stars.

"They're very close and appallingly intimate, those stars, Stuart. . . Come over here—where I can touch you."

He lay down beside her and picked out the constellations one by one. A soft wind began to sigh through the delicate marble arches.

"I don't like to look at the stars," Sharlene said abruptly.

"Why not? They're fascinating—mysterious—"

"I don't like the feeling of insurmountable I get. I'm less than an atom in their cold blank stare!"

"Well, of course we don't amount to much—in the light of their stupendous eternity."

"I'd rather be in the glare of electric lights," she said restlessly, "in the now, living this life up to the full. . . because I'm not sure there's any more."

"Must you always be conscious of your separateness, Sharlene? Don't you sometimes feel one with all this?" His hand swept the arc of the sky.

"Never, I'm Sharlene. That's all I know. Not goddess—like the stars. . . And if I go on—where? What's it all about?"

"I don't know. But does it matter? We're drops in the great inevitable flow of evolution. Those of us who are granted an intelligence a bit above the animal—well, it's up to us to help the flow along, don't you think? It's enough for me."

"But how to help the flow along, Stuart?"

"Lord, I'm not one to preach, Sharlene! It's just doing the job at hand, I reckon. One of the Maharajah's courtiers told me today about Raj Singh, a king who built another marble dam we'll see! He had a problem—serving people. He set them to work making the dam, and it transformed the desert into a garden and has fed the hungry for centuries. In solving the unemployment problem of his time, he gave the future generations a priceless boon. And more important than that, he did it in beauty!"

"Yes, and you are contributing beauty. But me—and all my kind? What are we here for?"

"I rather imagine that's what you've got to find out for yourself, Sharlene, before you're happy."

"What is happiness?" she asked, hungrily.

"What's always thought of it as the by-product of a job well done—no something you want after for its own sake."

"You don't think, then, that hap-

RAMBLINGS

of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

C. F. NEIPERT was in the office yesterday from Glendale, where he has been for the past several months building dry kilns and sheds for the Ingham Lumber company. His home is in Riverside, near Roseburg.

Mr. Neupert is an experienced mill worker, having been engaged in that line all his life. He was perfectly at home during his recent stay in Glendale, having erected the plant of Glendale Lumber company for the Sydners in 1929.

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OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

THE DALLES, Ore., Dec. 28.—(AP)—A toad, now in the care of Edward Seufert and apparently satisfied with his lot, drew considerable attention here today. Workmen found the toad, emaciated and almost white, encased in a strata of "hard-pan" four feet under ground.

SALEM, Dec. 28.—(AP)—The local police court drive on overtime parking offenders brought in \$165 in fines yesterday. Most of the fines were paid by past offenders on whom warrants were served.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28.—(AP)—Captain F. W. Mason, 162d infantry, Oregon national guard, received an individual citation for "meritorious duty beyond regular assignment" at an assembly of regiments here last night.

Major-General George A. White cited Captain Mason for the maintenance of a junior officers' school in the use of certain infantry weapons.

POISON LIQUOR KILLS 6 PERSONS

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Dec. 27.—(AP)—Six persons are dead after supposedly drinking liquor from a 15-gallon container which police chemists studied today for traces of poison.

Investigators said the liquor was drunk in Christmas toasts. The victims—two women and four men—lived within a four-block area.

Mrs. Milka Zarkovich, 45, mother of a 15-year-old child, was the first to die. She had summoned a neighbor, Mike Marovich, 40, early Christmas morning, after she became ill. Marovich ministered to her and returned later to find her dead.

Marovich himself died about 24 hours later.

A seventh person is in critical condition.

Police Chief W. L. Ambrose said he raided a house upon information given by Marovich before he died, arrested the occupant and seized the container. The police chief said it contained "moonshine" whiskey.

WIFE IDENTIFIES DROWNED FISHERMAN

PORTLAND, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Mrs. Ingevald Alstad of Portland said today that by checking dental records here she identified a body found last August on the shore of Lulu island, Alaska, as that of her husband, I. S. Alstad.

Alstad was operating his own fishing boat, which was found unoccupied May 19. Three months later a body believed Alstad's was found.

KIDNAPERS DRAW LIFE SENTENCES

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 28.—(AP)—William Parker and Henry Lacey will not be tried on charges of kidnapping Bert A. Garner of Vancouver, Wash., United States Attorney Carl Donagh announced. He said the pair, wanted for questioning concerning the kidnapping of Garner in September when he was trusted to a tree near Grants Pass after two persons who confiscated his car had left it at Eugene and stolen another, had been given life sentences in California on kidnapping and robbery charges.

AL TURNS DOWN ROOSEVELT'S BID

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Alfred E. Smith said today he would be unable to accept an invitation to be a guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt when he goes to Washington January 25 to address the American Liberty League.

The former governor's address is expected to contain an assault on the Roosevelt new deal.

DEATH FOLLOWS TRAFFIC MISHAP

PORTLAND, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Lloyd Wilson of Milwaukie died here last night from injuries received in an automobile accident here Dec. 24. It was the sixth traffic fatality here this month.

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