

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Knox and Borah.

AS WAS more or less anticipated, Colonel Frank Knox, Chicago publisher, won the preference of Illinois voters in the primary election yesterday. It was only natural that Illinois voters would prefer a native to a senator from the wild and woolly west. In the eastern part of these United States, the territory west of Chicago is regarded as primeval wilderness and the people from out this way are regarded with curiosity. The easterner expects us all to have dark straight hair, high cheek bones and just a touch of bronze in our coloring. It is obvious that the Chicagoans would not look for a statesman to come from out here in the west.

The republican nominating convention is only about 60 days hence. Most of the presidential preference primaries will be run off in May. Apparently the primaries are mere gestures. Governor Alf Landon, of Kansas, admittedly an outstanding candidate, has not appeared in any primaries as yet and there is no sign that he intends to seek instructed delegates.

This means that the instruction of delegates to the nominating convention by means of primary ballots of the voters is unimportant. The delegates, bound by their instruction for one ballot, may then do as they please. The governor of Kansas doubtless expects to be able to gather enough votes after the preliminary balloting to bring him out on top.

The Illinois primaries serve to give an indication at least. The victory of Colonel Knox was not, by any means, overwhelming which indicates that Senator Borah is a strong candidate.

This speculation which all of us engage in indicates that the forthcoming republican nominating convention is going to be the most interesting one in a quarter of a century.

Good Decision.

THE result of the hearing yesterday relative to grade crossing is most satisfactory to every one. The overhead crossing at Green station will be approved and the old crossing at Shady point will be kept open for the use of the people who live in the Happy valley district.

The latter was the question of some importance. It was assumed that there would be no doubt of the overhead consequently the hearing regarding that was purely a matter of form. But it had been suggested that the old crossing and the old highway connecting with the Happy valley road be abandoned. Had that happened the residents of that area would have been compelled to travel two miles more to reach Roseburg—merely the equivalent of moving those families two miles additional distance away from town.

It was not a fair proposition for them, which was clearly brought out at the hearing, so the engineer who conducted the hearing for the utilities commission is now prepared to recommend that the old crossing be retained.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

to move OUT OF California. There's nothing much in the way of stopping for the border legion to do, and its members have probably tired of standing beside the road and waving the bums on their way and wishing them Godspeed.

CALIFORNIA, which pioneered the no-limit traffic law, has given it up and gone back to the

45-mile speed limit, and there are disturbing rumors that it is being enforced.

A tale is going up and down the highway to the effect that a couple coming up from the south the other night in something of a hurry was stopped at the clammy and gruesome hour of 3 a. m. and the not very wild speed of 47 miles per hour and informed heartlessly that they'd have to tell it to the judge.

It may be only one of those tales, but at least it is being repeated. And California cops are beginning to sit beside the road and look at people going past in that chilling way that sends shivers chasing each other up and down the spine.

WELL, they've had accidents enough down here, the Lord knows, and we've had accidents enough up in Oregon, where we have the no-limit law. And excessive speed undoubtedly contributes to the accident totals.

But, with all their 45-mile limits and all their chilling glances from the traffic cops, three California drivers, in the short space of five miles, pulled out from behind other cars and PASSED them this morning, in the face of this correspondent's approaching car—which is about as dumb and dangerous a driving trick as can be practiced.

Apparently you can't legislate common sense into people's heads and it is lack of common sense and reasonable caution that is responsible for the bulk of our staggering total of automobile accidents.

BEAVERS BAT OUT

WIN OVER ANGELS

(By The Associated Press.)

Homo runs played a prominent part in Portland's 10-4 shellacking of Los Angeles. Claybaugh hit a four-ply swat with the bases loaded and Frederick drove in one when he homed. Meener of Los Angeles also hit all the way. The Beavers mauled four Angel moundmen for 16 safeties while Poeschel yielded a relatively meager ten.

A base on balls issued by Seattle's Osborn walked in the winning run, gave the San Francisco Seals a tenning game 4-3 and dropped the tribe into third place. Marty's triple drove in Ross to tie the score in the last of the ninth last night. Osborn settled things in the last of the next inning after a walk, a single and a bunt loaded the bases.

Helped by some poor baseball by the Sacramento Solons, the Mission Reds moved into second place in the standings on a 5-1 win. Lamanski was hit for the circuit by Grilk, and Adams chalked up his fourth victory of the season.

Devil's error and Wells' left handed slow balls gave the San Diego Padres a 3-2 victory over the pace-setting Oakland club. The deciding unearned run came in the sixth when the Oak shortstop bobbled Jacobs' rifting hit, permitting Myatt to score from second. The Aarnes' two runs came in the same inning when they solved Wells' slow ones and bunched three hits.

Standings:

Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Oakland	12	5	.706
Mission	11	6	.647
Seattle	11	7	.611
San Francisco	8	7	.533
San Diego	8	10	.444
Portland	7	10	.412
Los Angeles	6	11	.353
Sacramento	4	11	.267

SPINA KNOCKS OUT

PIERPONT IN SIXTH

(AP)—At Spina took another large step toward featherweight honors last night by knocking out hard-hitting "Tuffy" Pierpont of Oakland, Cal., in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round fight.

Spina had the worst of it early in the battle, losing the first four rounds. In the fifth he bored in savagely and had Pierpont stretched out on the canvas at the bell. The referee had counted to seven.

"Tuffy" came back for the sixth and mixed it up furiously but a hard right to the solar plexus and left to the chin sent him down for the 16-count.

Spina weighed 122, Pierpont 118.

BONUS CHECKS WILL

BE READY IN JUNE

(WASHINGTON, April 14—(AP)—Secretary Morgenthau told veteran organizations today the treasury hoped to have checks and bonds for paying the soldiers bonus ready for mailing to 2,000,000 veterans by June 15.

Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, administrator of the veterans bureau, said approximately 2,500,000 applications for bonus payments had been received at his bureau, but not all claims had been verified.

VITAL STATISTICS

McNUTT-ANDERSON—Archie L. McNutt, Cleveland, and Beanie K. Anderson, of Oklahoma.

Camp Fire Group to Meet—The Ki-Loh-Hah-Nee Camp Fire group will meet at six thirty o'clock Thursday night, April 16, at the home of Charlene Rosemond. Plans will be made for the Mother's day tea to be held May 2 and for the food sale to be sponsored by the group at McKean and Baldwin's this coming Saturday.



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXX

"Helen, my darling, don't cry. I love you so! Believe me, I love you. Don't cry, my blessed one. I'll never leave you again." He gathered her into his arms and pressed her to him. She seemed so frail and small now.

The nurse came in. "Oh, come, come, you'll have to go now, Mr. Riley. You mustn't cry, dear. You have a lovely baby. Your husband has been here all night, kneeling by your bedside. It was too touching for words. He was only five minutes too late to see you. Come, come, that's no way for the lovely little mother of a lovely little baby girl to act."

Walter went blindly out of the room, his last glimpse of Helen was of her sobbing weakly.

Spring was a miracle of flowers and fresh green grass. The first day of the massive English park was reached into the sunny corner of the open porch, the first crocuses had pushed their heads through the ground and looked bravely about. Daffodils and jonquils burst into bloom and the borders of the garden were covered with the heavenly blue of forget-me-nots.

Helen spent most of the time on the sun porch from which she could see Anton working in the garden. The sun porch was a bower of flowers.

Miss Fredericks brought little Grace in for her feeding.

"The prettiest flower of the lot," she announced cheerily as she placed the baby in Helen's arms. Helen lay on the glider among the pillows. The beauty and graciousness of the green earth, whose fragrance came to her nostrils through the open windows, filled her with an ecstasy that was almost pain. The days grew cold again, of course, and the brave crocuses were pelted with hail, but Helen felt as if she had been born anew in a world whose beauties and glories she had, in her previous life, never known.

In May, Helen felt as if the earth could give forth no greater beauty. The weeping willow trees that bordered the pool were pale green and their lacy branches fell from their limbs like the draperies of tall slim dancers. The forsythia bushes were balls of solid gold. The fruit trees were heavy with blossoms and the ground beneath was snowed over with petals.

The days passed in a dream. A contentment, a fulfillment of her whole being possessed Helen. The outside world no longer existed.

Here over the meadows hung the golden sheen of early summer. The baby slept peacefully in her gram.

The white-figured form of Miss Fredericks was charming against the green. Helen was suffused with love. She hugged Miss Fredericks out of the sheer necessity for embracing a human form. At moments Helen glowed happily in anticipation of Walter's homecoming.

They had both decided to forget that night when he went away. They never alluded to it. It might never have happened.

Then in the middle of June, one Friday evening, Walter, without warning, brought Stella back with him. He was nervous and apologetic. Helen knew by the ruts in his forehead that he had not wanted to bring her but had been unable to say no.

"You said she might come," he whispered desperately to Helen as Stella was changing her dress. "Poor kid, she's all broken up. She lost her baby. It's all over. She's closed her apartment and has

been staying at mother's."

"Yes, I did say so, Walter," she admitted quietly. "Then impulsively: 'Poor thing. She looks dreadful. I am sorry for her.'"

"You're a darling," Walter kissed her gratefully. "Yes, she's aged terribly. She's changed too. Helen, you'll find her much sadder and subdued. All her old high spirits gone. She won't be any trouble. You don't really mind, do you, Helen?"

She rumpled his thick black hair. "No, not very much. After all, it isn't her fault. She's to be pitied. I'll do all I can to make her comfortable."

For the first few days it seemed to Helen that Stella had really changed. She was so quiet—she scarcely spoke at all. Most of the time she just sat staring ahead of her.

Helen kept little Grace out of Stella's range of vision. She knew Stella must be suffering because of her frustrated motherhood and her only desire was to spare her and make her loss easier to bear, but Stella's presence in the house was like a cloud that shuts out the sun.

For the life of her, Helen couldn't analyze the reason why, when Stella came into the room, Walter, on the sofa before the fire, his arms around Helen, would suddenly drop them and get to his feet to search for a cigarette or a match.

"Don't let me interrupt the little love scene," she would say lightly. "I just came in for a book. Honestly, Walter, I didn't know it was in you! You're a regular Don Juan!"

"Quit your kidding," Walter managed to say it lightly. He even resumed his seat but now Helen sat stiffly erect. All the magic had gone out of their evening.

Or else when he came in at night and kissed Helen hungrily, Stella would suggest sardonically, "Shall I leave the door open for you?"

Most of the time Helen tried not to let Stella see their love-making. She knew Stella's love for Jerry still consumed her. But this was difficult for Stella was always about. And Walter too felt her presence oppressing him. She put a damper on his playfulness. Once when he caught Helen up in his arms to dance with her, Stella's acid, "Don't be a clown, Walter," sent the blood receding from his face so that even his lips were white. He tried to ignore her but it was impossible to be gay after that.

Summer melted into fall; autumn merged into winter and Stella was still there.

And now the serenity of Helen's days as well as evenings had fled. Stella suddenly recovered both her equanimity and her poise. She was getting a divorce from Jerry. He had obligingly furnished her with adequate evidence so that she didn't need to bother to go to Reno.

She enjoyed her new freedom from the salon—Miss Norma was in charge of the 44th St. although Stella made a feat of supervising by phone. During the late summer and early fall she swam every day, took up her horseback riding again and learned to drive the car so that Helen found herself obliged to ask Stella if she was using the car whenever Helen needed it. At Stella's behest Walter joined the Country club.

"My dear," Stella exclaimed, "there are the most attractive men there, I took quite a shine to that young Jellicott chap. I hear they have loads of money, and he seems smitten with me. My dear! I've

invited him for dinner tomorrow night."

"Maybe we can marry her off," Walter suggested hopefully. "After all, the poor kid has had a rotten time of it. And she's so much sweeter, don't you think?"

Helen, who had hoped when winter came that once again her home would be her own, and that Stella would go back, bag and baggage, saw now that her expectations had been in vain. Stella decided she was still too run-down to attempt to go back to town. Besides, she knew if she returned to New York she'd have to resume her work at the salon. Irene, of course, was now definitely out of 57th St. They were all a little aghast to see how beautiful the shop ran without Irene.

"I'll keep Helen company through the winter," she told Walter brightly, "and when Fredericks has her day off I can take care of the baby for Helen. Besides, I don't feel quite well enough yet, dear."

With the cessation of summer sports, however, time began to hang heavily on Stella's hands. She hadn't the concentration to read. She was restless and unless she had a date she'd wander about, interfere with Helen's management of the house and quarrel with Miss Fredericks.

The crowning indignity came on a Friday afternoon in November. Helen had had a persistent, unpleasant toothache all morning but had not been able to get the dentist on the phone. His nurse said that Dr. Bancroft never came in on Fridays but she would try to locate him at his club and call her back. Helen chafed all morning under the nagging ache of the exposed nerve in her tooth—such as she supposed it was. To add to the strain of the situation, Stella was giving a dinner party that night for eight persons and she all but quivered with Marie on the proper way to stud ham with cloves.

Helen, sensitive to Marie's injured feelings and, what was even worse, aware of the fact that Stella didn't know what she was talking about, had to stand by and say nothing. She knew better than to reproach Stella or to take Marie's part against Stella.

When Helen left the house Stella was haranguing the florist over the phone. He had made some slight mistake in filling Stella's order. Knowing that Helen loved red carnations and always ordered them, he had sent a dozen carnations instead of the red roses Stella had ordered.

"Order the roses, Stella, but let's keep the carnations. I'll take them up to my room," Helen suggested as she drew on her gloves.

"Certainly not! It's a matter of principle. If you're willing to let the tradespeople walk all over you, I'm not! Why should you have the additional expense? No, he'll bring the roses and take back the carnations. That will be a lesson to him to pay proper attention to orders. To ideas!"

And she snapped these instructions into the mouthpiece.

Helen's motor was cold. She jerked the self-starter viciously. Her face was a vast ache that extended up to her head and across the back of her skull down to her neck.

"Oh, Lord," she prayed softly as she backed the car down the driveway to where it formed a semicircle that made it possible to drive out frontwards. "Take away this ache and don't let me jump down Stella's throat, because, dear God, I can't stand it any longer!"

At five o'clock, Helen drove home slowly. The pain in the tooth was gone but her head still ached. She wondered if Stella would mind if she pleaded a headache and remained upstairs. Walter wasn't coming home tonight. He always worked late on the last days of

the month, staying overnight at the apartment.

Helen turned up the driveway. It was cold and dark. The lights from the house shone warm and hospitable. She drove into the garage. Yes, she'd pleaded a headache. Stella would probably be glad. It seemed to Helen (or was she really imagining now?) that Stella was even more condescending than usual when she had guests—as if she, Stella, was the mistress of the house and Helen a poor relation to whom Stella had extended her bounty.

Marie took her coat. "How's the toothache, Mrs. Riley?"

"Better, thank you, but I have a terrible headache."

"Oh, what a shame. Take some aspirin and lie down. She gave me a headache too," she added bitterly half under her breath.

Helen pretended she didn't hear. She went slowly upstairs. Stella in a bathrobe opened her door. She was huffing her nails.

"Hello, feeling better?"

"A little, thanks. But I still have a headache. Do you mind if I don't come down to dinner, Stella?"

"Not at all. Oh, by the way, some relatives or other of yours blew in. I said you weren't home and they wouldn't wait. They acted awfully queer. I was so busy, you know, that I couldn't tolerate them and Marie was in the cellar helping Fredericks use the dryer. She's so dumb she can't work it yet."

"Relatives of mine? Who?" said Helen.

"They came in a car... said they were just driving by. Havelhelmer or Helmyer or something. They left in a huff. I don't for the life of me know why."

"My heavens! My cousins from Brooklyn, the Havemayers. When did they leave? When were they here? Why didn't you make them come in? Why didn't Marie serve coffee until I got back? Oh, my Lord! And they've gone! When was it?" Helen cried in distraction.

"I told you, my dear, Marie was in the cellar. I was so busy to fuss with them and really before I turned around they were gone!"

"Oh, this is too much! Couldn't you call Marie? Couldn't you be nice to them? They're my dearest relatives. How could you?" Helen wailed, tears of despair rising to her eyes.

Stella shrugged. "How was I to know? I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but I tell you I was busy with my dinner."

"Your dinner! You'd think this was your house instead of mine! You're so wrapped up in yourself and your darn dinner that you couldn't even be decent and invite my cousins in. Oh, I can't stand it any longer. Fredericks, Fredericks, come here at once!"

Fredericks emerged from the nursery wearing a rubber apron, splattered with cereal. Helen trembling with agitation, actually shoved her into her bedroom. She couldn't speak; she could only whisper over and over: "Oh, Fredericks, we've got to get out of here!"

Stella hesitated on the threshold of her own room. She was sorry

Batfests Drive Pitching Stars To Bench as Major Baseball Leagues Begin Pennant Struggles of 1936

Schumacher, Warneke, Dizzy Dean and Derringer Fail to Survive Onslaughts; Schoolboy Rowe of Tigers Shuts Out Cleveland, Newsom of Washington Beats Gomez in Pitching Duel, 1 to 0.

By ANDY CLARKE
Associated Press Sports Writer

The long trek down summer's baseball lane was under way today with the batsmen marching triumphantly at the head of the procession.

The sun came down like a benediction yesterday after rainy April weather that had disrupted spring training schedules and the baseball faithful thronged eight major league ball parks to see America's national pastime ushered in with fanfare and the crash of numerous baseballs.

With President Roosevelt throwing out the first ball at Washington and Babe Ruth, the retired titan of swat, sitting on the sidelines for the first time in many a year, some 205,000 fans, the largest aggregate crowd in five years, jammed into parks in the two major circuits.

The largest gathering was at the Polo grounds in New York where 55,590 saw the Giants come from behind to defeat Brooklyn 5-3. Schumacher, the pitcher who was supposed to have the Indian sign on the Dodgers, retired to the showers before his mates, riding on homers by Mell Ott and Bartell, overcame the efforts of Earnshaw, veteran Dodger hurler and went on to win in the late innings. Earnshaw batted out two hits and batted in one run, but he allowed a total of 17 clean hits.

The closest game of the day was played in Washington where the Senators noosed out the New York Yankees, 1-0. Newsom of the Senators and Gomez of the Yanks put on a scoreless pitching duel until the ninth inning when Travis singled and Reynolds slapped out a two-bagger that decided the issue.

In Cleveland, Rowe started the champion Detroit Tigers off on the right foot when he shut out the Cleveland Indians 3-0 before 18,200. He issued four hits, fanned six and passed none. Greenberg drove in two runs in the first inning with a double and Simmons, newcomer to the Tiger lair, drove in the third run with a double in the sixth.

Even Dizzy Dean had little to crow about. His fancy offerings were plastered for 14 hits in six

now she had told Helen. She resumed her dressing, but she was nervous. Helen had really been awfully upset; she'd been downright rude if Stella wanted to be ugly about it. . . . From Helen's room and the nursery came sounds of activity.

"I wonder what she's doing," Stella thought uneasily.

(To be continued)

It was a battle of extra base hits in Chicago where the White Sox defeated the St. Louis Browns 7-6. Whitehead and Andrews were forced to abdicate the hill in this game as the Browns collected nine hits and the White Sox three more.

The Phils took the first of what was expected to be a long series of falls out of the Boston Bees, 4-1, as Curt Davis limited the Bostonians to four safe blows. The Phils made all of their runs off Danny MacFayden in the third.

Altogether there was a total of 164 hits, of which 12 were homers, in the eight games.

"DRUNK" PENALIZED

Waverly Bailey of the veterans facility was fined \$10 and sentenced to five days in the county jail this morning, when he was arraigned before Justice of Peace R. W. Marsters. Bailey was arrested last night for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

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