

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and to all local news published herein. All rights of reproduction of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 27, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Represented by

MCMOGENSEN & CO., Inc.
San Francisco—220 Bush Street,
Los Angeles—433 South Spring
Street, Seattle—603 Stewart Street,
Chicago—40 North Michigan
Detroit—323 Stephenson Bldg., New
York—21 East 40th Street, Portland
—Hedrick Bldg.

MEMBER
OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF PUBLISHERS

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$4.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, \$2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.00
Daily, single month by mail, .50
Daily, by carrier per month, .50

Mismanaged.

IT IS obvious from facts obtained from men interested in commercial fishing at the mouth of the Umpqua river that the fish commission of the state of Oregon is guilty of mismanaging the fishing resource of the Umpqua river. The commercial men do not make this charge. They might not even realize that the facts given this writer add up to that conclusion. The fish commission is failing, by means of artificial propagation, to maintain the spring run of chinook salmon. The commission members are the only people, who are in position to know the situation on this river, who profess to believe that the spring chinook run is not disappearing.

Students of the situation, men who live on the stream and who are personally very much interested in it, point out that the chinook fingerlings are released from the hatchery when they are still too small to maintain themselves in the stream. Not only that, but these baby chinooks are released too far down stream where they may be most easily destroyed by their natural enemies.

Released at a size ranging from one inch to less than three inches in length and in a part of the river infested with chubs, it is small wonder that the net catch at the mouth of the river as well as the anglers' catch on the upper river is decreasing alarmingly. The commission hatcheries on the Columbia hold the chinook fingerlings until they are six inches long.

These are but two of the several points wherein the fish commission may be reasonably accused of mismanagement of one of the greatest natural resources of this county. Other points and illustrations will be presented from time to time in this column.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

can't be created by passing a law.

NIRA WAS an effort to create prosperity by passing a law. The Guffey coal bill was another such effort. AAA, with its doctrine of agricultural scarcity and high prices, was still another effort in this direction.

One by one, the supreme court is mowing down these attempts to make everybody rich by the simple and easy process of passing a law. Because the New Deal is holding out to all of us the pleasant prospect that it is going to make us all rich and happy without work, the New Deal is greatly disturbed by these supreme court decisions. Those of us who don't stop to think are inclined to be disturbed also, for the prospect of being made rich and happy by passing a law is a rosy one and we hate to have it taken away from us. But if we will STOP TO THINK we must realize that no nation ever yet made itself rich by passing a law.

Wealth has to be created by WORK. There is no other way to create it.

SO, YOU will realize if you will stop and reason it all out, the supreme court isn't really taking anything away while away from us. It is just holding us down to fundamentals and keeping us from going off half-cocked in the wrong direction.

In the long run, we will be FAR BETTER OFF because we have been held down. In spite of all the politicians say, there is no such thing as something for nothing.

Here today—J. W. Ferguson, state forester, Salem, is in Roseburg today attending to business.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

WILLIAM BERTINE, candidate for nomination for county commissioner at the recent primaries, remembers a race he made in 1893, in which he was vastly more interested, and which, by the way, he won handsily.

It was in '93 that the part of Oklahoma known as the Cherokee Strip was opened for settlement, by the government. Would be settlers flocked to the boundary line and camped there a long time before the day specified for the opening—no one was allowed to cross the border before official permission was given—and Mr. Bertine was one of the multitude, along with eight or nine of his friends. At the crack of the starter's gun everyone was off, riding whatever conveyance they were fortunate enough to possess. Mr. Bertine and his friends were well mounted, were excellent horsemen, and led the pack. They rode until they found the kind of location they wanted, and staked it out. This land laid 24 miles from the starting point, by section lines, and they rode it in 2 hours and 40 minutes. They naturally cut across some of the section corners—which were surveyed later—but he considers this mighty good time, and so would you, if you had ridden it, over the open country.

Mr. Bertine came to Oregon in 1918, and seven or eight years later he removed to Douglas county, buying a farm on Roberts creek, where he now lives. For many years he was engaged in railroad bridge building, and has worked crews on most of the major bridges in Oregon.

George Chenoweth, of Oakland, returned last Friday from Salt Lake City, where he attended the annual meeting of the Northwestern Turkey Growers association. He says that Utah has an increase in production from two million pounds of last year, to six million or better this year. Within a six mile radius of American Forks over two hundred thousand turkeys are grown.

Two Petaluma hatcheries have removed to Salt Lake City this season and are hatching one million eggs, which they are receiving from northern California points. Next year they expect to buy eggs in Oregon.

This increase of production, which may be general in turkey producing regions George believes, will make the marketing of this year's turkey crop more of a problem than it has been the past few seasons.

C. C. Long brought a box of Gold Hill strawberries to this office this morning, which were about the size of apples. It looked to me, Mr. Long lives in Melrose, and is cultivating three acres of berries this year. He is an old hand at the game, having been at it for many years, with an occasional short layoff.

GARRISON DIVORCE DECREE SET ASIDE

An order setting aside the divorce decree in the case of Leonard Earl Garrison against Estelle Garrison was granted in the circuit court today and the reply of the defendant, denying the allegations of the complaint was accepted.

The decree of divorce was granted May 27, 1935, but the defendant recently filed a motion to have the decree set aside, claiming that she failed to make an appearance due to illness and fear.

The court held her failure to answer to the complaint to be excusable neglect, and the decree was ordered set aside and the case reopened.

The defendant, through her attorney, Guy Gordon, has filed a reply, denying the allegations of cruelty charged in the original complaint.

NOTED TRAVELER WILL SPEAK HERE

Dr. R. M. Stevenson, F. R. G. S., surgeon, traveler and scholar, will speak Thursday evening at 7:45 in the Presbyterian church in Roseburg on the subject, "Among the Headhunters of the South Seas."

Dr. Stevenson has the unique distinction of having served on General Allenby's staff as surgeon during the World war, and was with Allenby at the surrender of Jerusalem. He is described as a speaker of exceptionally interesting personality and message.

A special invitation is extended by the church to the medical men of the city, in view of the profession of the visitor. The lecture is free, only a silver offering being planned to defray the speaker's expenses.

CHRIS J. GROSS GRANTED DIVORCE

A decree of divorce was granted in the circuit court here today in the case of Chris J. Gross versus Pearl D. Gross, on charges of desertion. They were married January 3, 1935, at Coquille. The plaintiff was represented by Attorney John T. and J. V. Long.

He Always Throws a Ringer!

© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Tyler, blind daughter of former District Attorney Daniel Tyler, is psychic. She foretells murders at the exact time they are being committed but is powerless to give sufficient information to prevent them. These weird visitations come upon Ruth while she plays her violin and always at night. Mr. Tyler seeks the aid of Dr. Jan Karasek, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case, so he assigns his young assistant, Nat Benson, to the job, suggesting that Tyler give Nat only Ruth's background and let him find out the details himself. Nat arrives at the old Tyler home on East 79th street at midnight. He is puzzled when Tyler tries to explain that his daughter is a mental case but is not unbalanced.

CHAPTER III

"I want you to make certain observations," Tyler said. "To do that, you will have to live here in the house with us. . . . And it is important that my daughter does not know you are here. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"Yes," said Nat. "But it may take some arranging."

"I'll take care of that," said Tyler. "Let me see: Let us say that you are the son of an old friend. Your father's name was Nat too, eh? Let us say that he was a college friend. You are here looking for work—my guest. You will be on intimate terms with the family, of course. It will be perfectly natural for you to stay as long as necessary. Nobody can find a job nowadays."

"That sounds practicable enough," said Nat.

"I will explain briefly," Tyler began. Then he stopped, turning his head, as if listening. From somewhere in the house there came the sound of music, the music of a violin. It was faint but indescribably beautiful, haunting.

Tyler stood quite still, as if frozen, staring upward, toward the sound of the music. Then, abruptly, in the middle of a bar, the music ceased. Tyler turned swiftly toward Nat, his face drawn.

"Come!" he said. "Come!"

Then he strode from the room, Nat close at his heels. His long legs took the stairs, two steps at a time. Nat followed. Down the hall Tyler went, half-running now, Nat keeping pace just behind him. Before a door at the extreme end of the hall the man halted, raised his hand as if to knock.

Then he brought it down slowly, placed it on the knob and quietly opened the door. It was quite dark inside, and still, Tyler tumbled for the light-switch; there was a click, and the lights came on. In the middle of the floor, facing them, a girl in negligee stood rigidly, a violin at her shoulder. The fingers of her left hand were on the strings; the head drooped at her side in the other hand. Enormous dark eyes stared out of an alabaster face, a face filled with unutterable terror.

"Ruth!" Tyler cried huskily. "Ruth! What is it?"

The great eyes closed; the girl swayed toward Tyler. He took her in his arms, held her closely. She buried her face against his sleeve. She seemed incredibly small and fragile beside his tall figure. She trembled in his arms, drew herself closer to him.

"Ruth," he repeated, but very gently now. "What is it, dear?"

With one hand he tilted her face up toward his, smoothed back the long dark hair. She did not open her eyes. Again he repeated: "What is it, dear?" She opened

her dark eyes slowly. To Nat, motionless in the doorway, they seemed to rest upon him. But she gave no sign of noticing his presence.

"I don't know," she whispered. "It began—as always. And then—it stopped. Oh, I don't know what it is!"

Nat stared into her eyes, so large, so fixed. There was still no sign in them. And then, with a shock, he realized that she was blind.

In the big chair in the living room, Nat sat waiting for Tyler. He had been there nearly an hour now, trying to compose himself, trying not to puzzle too much about the strange actions of the girl with the violin. What had caused the terror in her face? How could she, blind as she was, play the violin so exquisitely? For it had been exquisite, that fragment he had heard before the strange interruption.

In the grip of whatever emotion had possessed her, she had apparently not realized his presence there in the doorway. Tyler, when she did not speak, had picked her up suddenly in his arms and carried her to the bed. And she had smiled up at him, then.

"It's no use—now, father," she had said. "But I'm all right. Good night."

"No," he had said. "I'll stay here with you a bit."

He had glanced up then, at Nat who had flashed him an inquiring look. Tyler had shaken his head, slowly, and by a movement of his hand had suggested that Nat wait below. So Nat waited, as patiently as he could.

Presently he heard a sound on the stairs, glanced up and saw Tyler's tall figure descending. The man came into the room wearily. He stood in the door, rubbing one side of his face with one of his lean hands. Then he took a chair, facing Nat.

"She is sleeping now," Tyler said. Nat nodded, said nothing. The man stole a curious look at him. "That was what I wanted you to observe," he said slowly. Then he shook his head. "But it—it was incomplete. What—that did you make of it?"

"Nothing," said Nat frankly. "Except that she seemed badly frightened."

"She was frightened," said Tyler. "She was terrified."

"What of?" said Nat.

"I wish you'd tell me," said Tyler.

"But haven't you any idea?" Tyler shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I hoped she would know, so that you could see—the thing at work. But something happened. In a way I was relieved. . . . But it will come again. And I want you to be on hand when it does."

Nat nodded. "Perhaps you'd better explain," he said.

"I'll try to tell you something about her," said Tyler. "She is a remarkable musician, as perhaps you noticed, even though she played only a few bars."

"Yes," said Nat. "It was—superb."

Tyler nodded and went on: "She's what they call a prodigy. I believe has been since she was a child. Obvious, word, prodigy. But she has shown a remarkable talent for the violin from childhood."

"I'm surprised that she isn't a very famous violinist," said Nat.

"She has never played publicly," said Tyler. "She's too delicate for that sort of thing. She's led a very quiet, sheltered life. Her mother died when she was born. She has

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

The Christian is born to liberty and ought always to claim that as his right, but he can never claim it in this sense that he is free from an obligation to live his life so as to commend the religion which he professes. Men will judge our religion not so much by what we claim for it, but by what it does with and for us, and to become indifferent to the influences we are having on other people may be to prove traitor to our own faith. How true Emerson's saying, "What you are speaks so loud I can't hear what you say." Amen.

always been blind. When her talent became evident, I gave up my practice, took her to Europe, where she studied under the greatest teachers. Most of them think it's a crime I won't permit her to do concert work."

"I think I can understand your feelings about that," said Nat. "One thing puzzles me. A blind violinist—does she play entirely by ear?"

"Not exactly," said Tyler. "She has a remarkable ear, can play anything she has heard. But she has a very complete musical library in Braille—and an almost incredible memory. She can read the music—then remember every note."

"That is extraordinary," Nat murmured. "She's an extraordinary person," said Tyler.

"I can see that," said Nat. "Now, about this fear—"

"Dr. Karasek," he said, "feels that you should start from scratch, as it were."

"He wants me to observe this thing at work?" said Nat. "I know; that is one of the tenets of his credo. To investigate every phenomenon at first hand, to take nothing from hearsay. Very well. I'll do my best, Mr. Tyler."

"No one can do more than that," said Tyler with a faint smile. "One thing only," said Nat. "This—this fright—it has something to do with her playing the violin?"

"It has," said Tyler. "That is, it always comes when she is playing—and always at night."

Nat rose. "I'd better be going now," he said. "I'll report in the morning."

"Oh," said Tyler. "But you must remain tonight!"

He roused out Raines, the old butler, who had gone to bed, and Raines showed Nat Benson to a large room on the top floor midway between the rooms of Tyler and the girl. He fetched him tan silk pajamas, slippers, a broad dressing-gown, a colophane-wrapped tooth brush, dental cream and shaving materials.

(To be continued)

HINDENBURG MAKES 2ND TRIP TO U. S.

LAKEHURST, N. J., May 20.—(AP)—The German dirigible Hindenburg was grounded at the Lakehurst naval air station today, completing its second commercial crossing of the North Atlantic in 78 hours 27 minutes.

The landing was effected with out incident.

NOTICE
I will not be responsible for any bills run by Mrs. Lois Van Noy or anyone else.
MR. LEWIS VAN NOY.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

ANSWERS CRITICISM OF MOTHER'S DAY DISPLAY

EUGENE, Ore., May 19.—Editor News-Review: In your issue of the 18th instant a letter appeared signed by Mrs. C. A. Chamberlin, president of the W. C. T. U., criticizing the display of a Mother's day card flanked by the conventional flowers symbolizing Mother's day in the window of Bell's Basket grocery. The writer received today a letter addressed to Bell's Basket grocery and signed by Mrs. G. Wiley, secretary Ladies Aid society, Methodist Episcopal church, expressing a like protest.

The card was engraved with words which would appeal to the better qualities of an man or woman who spared the time to read them. It was displayed with the purpose of reminding all who passed that way that on that day a special effort should be made to honor the one who had suffered for his being and sacrificed for his continued success.

Contrary to the letter in question, there was nothing in the window offered on special sale, no price was quoted on any items displayed and absolutely no effort was made to commercialize Mother's day.

The writer appreciates the high principles expounded by the organizations which Mrs. Chamberlin and Mrs. Wiley represent, however, in the zealous efforts for an espoused cause we oft times actually defeat the purpose for which we strive and virtue is sacrificed on the altar of fanaticism.

As this protest was brought to me through the medium of your paper, may I use your columns to bring to the attention of Mrs. Chamberlin and Mrs. Wiley and fellow members of their respective organizations that all men have mothers, that the maternal love springs eternal in the mother's breast, and that if a card displayed in Bell's Basket grocery window caused one son or daughter to be reminded on Mother's day to bring happiness to the mother who bore them, then that card achieved the virtue that motivated its display.

Very truly yours,

R. W. BELL,

Bell's Basket Grocery, Inc.

By R. W. Bell, president.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,600 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

THURSDAY, MAY 21

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club cont'd.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Selections.

9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.

9:30—Old Favorites.

10:00—Melody Moods.

10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Mills Bros.

11:15—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Dillard Motor Co. presents The Dodge Program.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Radio Music Store Music Box Program.

12:45—His Worship, David Leening, the Mayor of Victoria, B. C.

1:00—Proctor Chappman.

1:15—On the Emerald Isle.

1:45—Garden of Music.

2:00—Songs of the Range.

2:30—Salon Music.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Southern Serenade.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Rhumba Rhythm.

4:30—Melody Matinee.

4:50—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.

5:45—Singing Troubadour.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

6:15—The Stationmaster.

6:30—Waltz Time.

7:00—Popular Dance Time.

7:30—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, MAY 22

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club cont'd.

8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.

8:15—Mountain Music.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ Selections.

9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.

You'll Enjoy all these advantages at the . . .

E. A. Feltz Manager

Modern and fireproof. Restful rooms. Desirable surroundings and location. Excellent dining service. Popular rates.

European Plan Room with bath, 1 person, \$2 and up. Two persons, \$3 and up.

American Plan Room with bath, 1 person, \$4 and up. Two persons, \$5.50 and up.

Fifteenth Avenue at Yamhill—west two blocks—drive from Broadway.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any bills run by Mrs. Lois Van Noy or anyone else.

MR. LEWIS VAN NOY.

9:30—Morning Musicals.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Mills Bros.
11:30—Modern Melodies.
12:05—Coppee's Agricultural Farm Notes.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—The Studebaker Champagne.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—Fritz Kriesler.
1:15—Accordion Selections.
1:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
2:00—John Demarchant.
2:30—On the Shores of Italy.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the

News.
4:15—Matinee Idylls.
4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
5:00—Matinee Idylls Cont'd.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage Presents the Hawk.
5:45—The Gay Nineties.
6:00—Close Harmony Four.
6:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

HERE'S RELIEF
for Sore, Irritated Skin
Wherever it is—however broken the
surface—freely apply soothing
Resinol



"And when I speak of 'easy to drive' I mean just that. For example, every woman I know dreads having to stop and restart any car on a hill