Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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The Agitator

IT SEEMS that once a man is an agitator, he is always an agitator. Leon Trotzky, exiled from Russia, continues his activities wherever he goes. Living in Norway, he has become a nuisance to the government of that country and is now permitted to remain only after signing an agreement to cease his work of agitation until December 18.

The agitators in this country are pretty much the same names and same faces year in and year out. Their success in creating a following seems to vary with the economic status of the country. But though these professional agitators never seem to tire they likewise never seem to accomplish anything for themselves or for anybody else.

There seems to be some sort of phobia which afflicts such people. For a time at least, a considerable portion of the population of Russia were afflicted with the desire, though they had failed to complete the job in their own country, to wreck the system of government of the United States and make it into a part of the soviet union and so create for us a Utopia like theirs.

It is the more amazing when it is recalled that in 1922 and 1923 when the red menace was assuming rather important proportions in this country and throughout the world, the American Relief Administration financed by donations of private capital from this country was feeding and preventing the starvation of 11,500,000 Russians. It is the more funny now to recall that the A. R. A. was so efficiently administered by none other than Herbert Hoover—so well handled that the record shows that 98 cents of every dollar donated for relief actually went to the starving Russian people. And yet Hoover was berated and cast out of office as the enemy of the masses after serving a term as president in this country.

There seems to be no sense at all in the activities of the reds. At the time when communist agitation, purportedly financed by Russia, was assuming important proportions in this and other countries, Lenin, the then dictator of Russia cast aside communism in principle and practice and embarked upon what was known as the New Economic Policy (N. E. P.) which embraced the principles of capitalism and individualism. And, though the reds ignore this fact, the revival in spirit and prosperity in Russia following the adoption of the new economic policy was almost instantaneous.

The siren voice of the agitator, the trouble maker, the fellow who would inspire bloody revolution if he could, is honey-sweet with promise. But his facts are wrong or distorted, his premise is false and his sincerity is certainly questionable. Small wonder then that the little country of Norway permits agitator Trotzky to remain within its borders only after exacting a promise from him that he will cease his activity.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

drouth-free Western lands is also helping to hold down extreme rises in price and thus tends to lighten the consumer's drouth burden.

(The consumer, you know, bears the burden of drouth along with the producer. Scarcity raises the price and thus adds to the cost of living.)

THE East has insisted for years that reclamation and irrigation in the West are local pork-barrel matters. The lesson of the 1936 drouth, following the 1934 drouth, is that reclamation is NOT a local pork-barrel policy, designed to benefit the West at the expense of the East and the Middle West.

Instead, it is a broad national policy, benefiting the country as a whole in the inevitable periods of crop shortage. (You will remember, perhaps, some figures from Washington recently showing that of the last 50 years more than 20 have been either abnormally wet or abnormally dry; crop production in either case being reduced.)

IN GOOD years, with surpluses accumulating, it is easy to lose sight of the broad national benefits of reclamation and irrigation, but the inevitably following years of scarcity prove these benefits beyond all doubt.

KRNR PROGRAM
(1,500 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Spanish Mantilla.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Vocal Ensemble.
4:30—Singing Troubadour.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Nelson Eddy.
6:30—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
6:45—The Umpqua Park Program.
7:00—Patsy Montana.
7:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Good Morning J. M. Judd.
8:00—Studio Music in Rhythm.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Salon Selections.
9:00—Oakland Community Program.
9:30—Hawaiian Melodies.
10:00—Victor Young and His Orchestra.
10:30—Belle & Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Rovano the Operatic Tenor.
11:15—Hits From the Shows.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Airs From the Operas.
12:15—Marimba Orchestras.
12:30—Dunn-Gerretsen Presents the Stationmaster.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Golden Voices.
1:03—Swing Tunes.
2:00—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
2:30—Morton Downey.
2:45—Ted Lewis and His Band.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Mills Bros.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Songs of the Range.
4:45—Hill Billy Tunes.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Sol Bright and His Holly Wallans.
6:30—Hoosier Hot Shots.
6:45—Popular Dance Time.
7:15—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29
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 Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Canyonville Community Program.
9:30—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
10:00—Feodor Chaliapan.
10:15—Violin Selections.
10:30—Belle & Martha.
10:35—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
11:00—Judy & Bill.
11:15—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Three Rhythm Kings.
12:15—The Close Harmony Four.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Johnny Johnson and His Orchestra.
1:30—Dick Messener and His Orchestra.
1:45—Hal Kemp and His Orchestra.
2:00—Viking Accordion Band.
2:15—Sousa's Band.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Music's Magic Carpet.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—Concert Time.
4:30—Beal and Taylor Orchestra.
4:45—Spanish Rhythm.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Waltz Time.
6:30—Airs from the Operas.
6:45—Umpqua Park Program.
7:00—Jack Shilkret and His Orchestra.
7:15—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

In our foolishness it might seem to us that God was making a great mistake in not disciplining men more than He does. To be kind toward the unthankful and the evil would seem to miss an opportunity to do an effective bit of moral disciplining. At least that is the way we so often look at things. But apparently it is not at all God's way. And it would be wisdom on our part to bring our thinking and our conduct more into line with His. We thank Thee, Our Father, that Thy mercies never fail. Help us to live this day to the honor and glory of Thy name. Amen.

Who, me? Scared of the November elections? What nonsense!

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE
A New Novel by Marian Sims

Chapter Eight

Carol's next class was second-year French, also made up of seniors. Fourteen girls and seven boys, the beautiful youth among them. She spent the twenty minutes talking about France and the things that had happened during the months she had spent there five years ago, the summer after she had graduated.

She made them see French as a living language, not something that had been elected the previous year because the course was a "crip."

Avignon, and the Palace of the Popes; Cannes and Nice, and the ancient towns of the maritime Alps. Paris and the architectural legacies of paloeon; Pere LeChaise, the resting-place of the great and the near great; the vicinity of St. Sulpiece, of which they would read in "Les Trois Sousquetaires." . . . Then she dismissed them, conscious of one more victory, at least for the time being.

Her third period was vacant, and she began to post names alphabetically in her roll book. Someone entered the room, and she glanced up to find the magnificent youth towering above her.

She smiled at him. "How do you do?"

"Morning." He hesitated. "Can I talk to you a while?"

"Of course. Sit down." She motioned to the first desk and he crowded into it, filling it completely.

He was more than six feet tall, and he must weigh a hundred and eighty, she thought—most of it above the waist. His eyes were a brilliant blue and his features might have been by Praxiteles. He moved and spoke with a drawl, and she guessed that his brain drawled too. She was consumed with curiosity about him.

"My name's Mike Hannigan," he said. "I wanta tell you about me and get you to help me."

Who wouldn't help him! she thought, and kept her face serious as she said: "That's quite a compliment. Of course I'll help you."

"I been out of school four years," he went on in the same deliberate voice, as if he tested every word before he said it. "I got expelled when I was sixteen a week before school closed. I studied this summer and took examinations to get back in."

She wondered why he was expelled, and didn't ask. Instead she said: "What did you do in those four years?"

"Traveled around on ships." His voice was entirely casual. After four years of it there was nothing romantic about traveling around on ships. "I ran away and got a job on a coastwise freight boat. Since then I been about everywhere in the world." He said it simply, with no hint of boasting.

Carol felt suddenly small and unimportant in the face of his complete simplicity.

"What made you come back?"

"I wasn't getting anywhere." Nowhere, she thought, except all over the world! "My father works in a cotton mill, and he's had a terrible time till right now. I didn't want to be like him, and I didn't want to be a tramp seaman all my life. And you have to have education if you want to be somebody, so I came back to finish high school and go to college. I can get to college on football," he explained. "I've already got an offer."

She laughed in relief. "That's the first time I ever thought much of the system. Now where do I come in?"

"When you been knocking around for four years it's kinda hard to settle down in any high school. I may start off fine, and then get to slipping, and I want you to sort of check up on me. I'll study for you—I'd do anything for you," her own quick pleasure startled her—"but I may get rough with some of the other teachers before I think. If I do get rough, you call me in and remind me about all this. Cuss me out."

Without doubt, she thought wildly, this was the most astonishing conversation she had ever had. She said judicially:

"I'll be glad to do it if it's necessary. But I don't see why it should be. Now that you've decided on it, haven't you got—" he would have said "guts," and so would she, if he hadn't been looking at her like that and if he hadn't been a pupil—"will power enough to stay with it?"

"I would if they were all like you, but you're the only teacher I ever saw that I respected. They make me sick as hell—" He caught himself and flushed crimson. "Excuse me, Miss Torrance; that's from being a bum."

She laughed. "Oh, I've heard of it before." And used it, she thought, with monotonous regularity. Mike Hannigan might take a lot of living up to.

He got up, and she realized in astonishment that he was holding out his hand. She gave him her own, and his grip was paralyzing.

"You're acres, Miss Torrance. I sure do thank you."

He strode out of the room. Carol stared at his splendid back and rubbed her fingers and tried to think what she would say to the class in European history. Thank heaven Mike Hannigan wouldn't be in that!

The week wore on. Classes stopped being cuttles and became groups of individuals; some intelligent, some average, a few hopelessly dull—dwellers in Moronia.

For the most part her work ran smoothly. Later, she knew, the novelty of her message and her method would wear off and rebellion would probably lift its head. But there was no use in anticipating the struggle.

Even her qualms about the football squad had not thus far materialized. To her astonishment the gorilla proved to have exquisite manners, that sat upon him as oddly as a curled and scented wig. She wondered at the deference of these incongruous beings who were neither men nor children, and stumbled quite by accident on one explanation. Mike, she heard by grapevine route, had announced in civil and salty language what he would do to the first so-and-so who started anything in her classes or out.

Mike himself dropped in almost daily, and greeted her with a warm Irish grin that disconcerted her more than she cared to admit.

"How'm I doin'?"

"Beautifully, and you know it." The astonishing part was that it was true. He stalked learning slowly and inexorably; sank his teeth into it and held on grimly. Probably his interest would wane, but now he was traveling a route he had never traveled before, and finding the voyage good.

Only one thing worried her: that the girls had discovered him. They fluttered over him, and borrowed his pencils, and wanted to be shown where the lesson ended; anything would do as an excuse. Mike answered them patiently, without even looking at them, entirely unaware that the interruptions were pretexts.

There were letters during the week from Milly and Jill and Pat; and one stilted, yearning note from Don, who was incapable of putting himself on paper. Reading a letter from Don made him more unreal and distant than ever.

Milly's letter was a sort of daily paper. So-and-so was in Atlanta; she had played bridge with so-and-so, and held terrible hands. Carol's room was rented to a Miss Andrews, who taught fifth grade. . . .

Jill was entirely matter-of-fact. The Andrews gal wasn't bad, and nine times twenty was a hundred and eighty, which would go into the summer hell-raisin' fund. Don Richards had drifted in Sunday night, and the four of them had sat on the terrace and counted fourteen shooting stars. . . .

Pat's letter was equally characteristic. Don Richards had returned on Sunday like a ghost to the scene of its demise. Business was looking up. He was trying to keep his word about the writing. "I'm doing a series of sketches about local characters and folklore: not good yet, of course, but good practice. If I get any amount of stuff done I may send it down for you to pass on."

She wrote Jill and Milly a joint letter, but Pat deserved a separate one, she felt, for the effort he was making. "Send the sketches to me anyhow," she ordered, "and if any of them have possibilities I'll act as agent until I can talk a real one into taking you on." She knew from other days that Pat wasn't equal to the soul-searing experience of seeing his manuscripts come back.

And suddenly it was Friday, and one of the thirty-six weeks had slid, unwept, into oblivion.

(To be continued)

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.

COMMUNISTIC USE OF COOPERATIVE PLAN SEEN

Editor News-Review: The subject of cooperatives is worth our study just now. What does the word mean? Webster says operating together and again operating together for mutual benefit. Mutual benefit would mean that all connected therewith would be benefited. We have seen such organization work advantageously.

But there is another side to be looked at just now—how is the plan being used to our hurt? The cooperative plan is being used by communism and socialism as a stepping stone to get control of business activities and so entrench themselves in power.

We want to ever bear in mind this government was founded as a government of the people by the people for the people and not of communism by a foreign dictator, for such dictator's group to benefit.

Cooperatives in the hands of a communist control is a form of collectivism which is the death sentence to individuality of American citizens. When we allow a higher authority to organize cooperatives we are opening up our very lives to regimentation and collectivism; for any organization, regardless of name, is not cooperative when there is one dominant power in it.

Of course our business systems are not perfect. There is much which should be changed, but as long as the individual man errs in judgment there will be nothing perfect in this country or any other.

We do not want to lose our individuality and be told what we can and what we can't do.

Not long ago I heard a father tell his daughter, who was of age, what she could do and what she could not do in trivial matters which affected only her own individual life. His only excuse was that she might have an accident and he would be called upon to help her. The daughter was self-supporting, but she must allow him to dictate her every move because he might sometime be called upon to protect her.

Do we want that kind of a dictator government? Let us think and then wake up and think some more.

Isn't it easier to keep out of a pit than get out after we have fallen in?

We have been regimented into shortage of crops and food supplies and now it is time to figure out the results of regimentation and what collectivism would mean to us and avoid steps which lead to loss of freedom and individuality.

Let me quote from your own paper a short time ago 'Let no one fool himself about the benefits of scarcity. Real prosperity can come only out of abundance."

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Make Mine a Light

It looks like we will have to have an amateur hour for pedestrians, with the ambulance ringing the gong.

Visitors to our unfair city have been puzzled by our traffic system, consisting of lights that blink wisely and continuously, and pedestrians who blink foolishly and but once.

The lights are red, green and yellow, and they work either as individual primary colors or as a blend.

Green, of course, means go ahead at your own risk over ground under repair, past important buildings or through memorial arches.

Yellow is caution, along with caveat emptor, trades people in the rear and no responsibility for evaporation in transit.

When the light is yellow, you can go or you can stand still. Everything would be simplified if they only made the light stand still.

When the blinker goes red, it indicates danger in the near future, a long voyage over the hot country and a tall dark man with white gloves.

When we get a mixture of green and yellow it is two kinds of Chartreuse, with a dash of boulevard bitters. When proceeding on a u-turn, stick out your left hand and also your tongue. The doctor might as well look at it while he is taking your pulse.

Red and green together mean your star is in the ascendancy and that you can sign any documents except a waiver of immunity. A triple combination of red, green and yellow is a pousse cafe. A couple of these and your traffic problems will solve themselves. Take three and you can win a tap-dancing championship while wearing a set of Oregon boots.

A mixture of red and green produces purple. Add yellow and you have almost a black. The result is that a color-blind pedestrian doesn't even have the choice of the direction in which he wants to fall. Nor is he given time to choose the angle of flight at which he presents the best silhouette.

Us low - legged curb - hoppers would be better off if they eliminated the lights altogether and allowed us to fight those ten-ton trucks man to man.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.
In the matter of the estate of Julius K. Falbe, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Julius K. Falbe, deceased, by order of the above entitled court. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned at her residence 409 E. Douglas Street, or to the office of Guy Cordon, in the Umpqua Savings and Loan Building, both in Roseburg, Oregon, within 1 six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication August 20th, 1936.

Date of last publication September 17, 1936.

BLANCHE EDITH FALBE,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Julius K. Falbe, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of John Doerner, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, and the Hon. George K. Quine, judge of said court, has appointed Saturday, the 12th day of September, 1936, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the county courtroom in the courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to said final account and the settlement thereof.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objection, if any, to said final account at or before the time so appointed for final hearing.

Dated this 13th day of August, 1936.

G. CHARLIE DOERNER,
Administrator of the estate of John Doerner, deceased.

NOTICE OF HEARING OF RECEIVER'S REPORT

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.
In the matter of the receivership of Lystul-Lawson Lumber Company, a corporation.

Notice is hereby given that United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, surety on the bond of the Receiver, Howard Lystul, now deceased, has filed a final report for said Receiver in the above entitled court, and the Hon. Carl E. Wimberly, judge of said court, has appointed Friday, the 11th day of September, 1936, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the Circuit Courtroom in the courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing said final report.

All persons interested in said receivership are hereby notified to file their objections, if any, at or before the time appointed for said hearing.

Dated this 12th day of August, 1936.

UNITED STATES FIDELITY AND GUARANTY COMPANY.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of Vaclav J. Bursik, deceased, has filed her final account in the County Court for Douglas County, and that said court has appointed Saturday, the 5th day of September, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day as the time and the county court room in the court house of Roseburg, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections, if any, to said final account and to the settlement of said estate.

ANNA BURSIK,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Vaclav J. Bursik, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.
In the matter of the estate of Addie Nichols, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the County Court, for Douglas County, State of Oregon, made and entered on the 21st day of July, 1936, the undersigned was duly appointed as administrator of the estate of Addie Nichols deceased, all persons are therefore hereby notified, to present their claims to the undersigned administrator, at the office of R. W. Marsters, in the courthouse at Roseburg, Oregon, said claims to be duly verified as by law required, within six months from date of this notice.

Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, this 6th day of August, 1936.

RALPH FULLERTON,
Administrator of the estate of Addie Nichols, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.
In the matter of the estate of Willimina Chandler, deceased.

Notice hereby is given that the undersigned, by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, has been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Willimina Chandler, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate hereby are notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned at the law offices of Hallmark & Geddes in the courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated August 6, 1936.

MINNIE EASTON,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Willimina Chandler, deceased.

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W. D. Turner, Wilbur, Oregon.
J. N. Sharpe, Union Service Station, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.