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Ready to Spin?

GREAT sweeping changes in government go on so slowly at first that but few realize what is taking place. After a great swing gains momentum, events occur with breath-taking rapidity.

In late years, this has been illustrated in Russia. For much more than a generation there was built up the groundwork for what now exists in Russia. After a certain point the great shake-up happened with suddenness that startled the whole world. Yet the thing that startled the world was merely a final detail, or the completed product. A better deal for the Russian people could have been worked out if the final events had moved with less speed.

A similar thing happened in Germany, though the whole operation took place in only two decades.

Americans should seriously consider what may be taking place as a great movement for fundamental change in our form of government—and whether or not it will be for the ultimate good of the people.

To the cynic, and he may be right, it seems that we are just about ready for the big whirl. For several years we have had federal government encroaching more upon state and local government. This at first was under the pretext of emergency. It is becoming accepted as normal—so far as it has gone.

It appears to be going much farther. Administration activity in state elections this year, bold as it is in its departure from the completely accepted theory of state autonomy which has not previously been so definitely ignored, it seems to be taken without much concern by the average voter.

It is only a step from federal domination of state governments to a condition of absolute dictatorship. When any federal administration, whether it be this one or the next one or one far in the future, obtains control of state governments and is able, thereby, through control of state politics, to name the members of the congress—yes and even the state legislatures—the government of the people of this country as provided in the constitution is ended. Something new and different will take its place, but whatever that new something may be called, it will surely be based upon the concentration of all power in a single central authority. That will be dictatorship, with all that term implies.

Those who scoff at the suggestion that we are heading toward dictatorship should study the record of the last six years—both in America and in Europe—with great care.

It takes time for such a sweeping change to be brought about but like the minute hand on a clock which appears not to move, yet does move with some rapidity, the wheels of sweeping government change are turning. Sooner or later they may begin to spin.

Meanwhile, no long as only 15 per cent of the voters care what happens to them, what is to prevent any schemer who may come along from doing what he pleases with our freedom, our property—yes even our lives? That is something to think about and to talk about. If all citizens who have the right to do so, would vote, this change could not take place with such rapidity as to endanger us.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Laurel Lodge to Meet — Laurel lodge, No. 12, A. and A. M., will meet at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night at the Masonic temple.

DOUBLE SHUTOUT HANDED TO GIANTS

League Leaders Halted by Boston Bees; Cleveland Wins Twin Bill.

By HUGH S. FULLERTON, Jr.
 (Associated Press Sports Writer)

The Boston Bees mound corps, which performed surprising feats last year, turned in the outstanding performance of Memorial day round of doubleheaders, with Cleveland's star pair of Feller and Allen a close second.

Turner and Macfayden pitched the Bees to a double shutout victory over the league-leading New York Giants, 6-0 and 1-0, allowing nine and three hits, respectively. Feller allowed five hits and Allen yielded four as Cleveland trimmed the Chicago White Sox twice, 5-2 and 8-1, each flinger gaining his sixth victory.

The old iron man, Lou Gehrig of the Yankees, who is due to play his 2,000th consecutive major league game this afternoon, helped entertain 32,000 cash customers, one of the largest crowds in baseball history, by clouting an all-important home run in the second game against the Boston Red Sox.

Others who hit them far, often or both included Detroit's York, who smacked two homers, one with bases full; Mueller of the Phillies, whose four-bagger started an eleven-run rally that carried the club right on to a double victory over Brooklyn; and, incidentally, Boston's Gene Moore.

Moore made one of the four hits off Hal Schumacher in the Bees' second game, then went right on to score when Ott heaved the ball into left field. In the opener he contributed a final single after Garma had tripled with bases full to set up the game.

Yanks Climb Up.
 With the aid of Gehrig's belt, the Yankees trimmed the Sox, 10-6, and 5-4. The two victories jumped the Yankees from fourth to second in the standings.

Washington dropped back to third after splitting with the Athletics. A six-run first inning enabled the Senators to win the opener, 9-4, despite Chapman's three-run homer. The A's made six in the fourth frame of the afterpiece and won, 9-1.

York's two homers and one by Greenberg carried Detroit to a 10-6 decision over St. Louis, but the Browns came right back behind Tietje's sixth-inning fling to win, 3-0. The Phils' big rally, aided by Mueller's blow, broke up one tight game and Brooklyn's lifting of Mingo for a pinch-hitter, did the same trick in the second. Philadelphia won both, 9-5 and 7-4.

Cubs Gain on Giants.
 Chicago's Cubs gained a full game on the Giants when Lee, who has allowed only one run in 27 innings, pitched them to a six-hit, 2-0 victory over Cincinnati after the Reds had won the opener, 7-3, behind Derringer.

Pittsburgh's Pirates went 17 innings and more than four hours to take the first game from the St. Louis Cardinals, 5-4, winning out on Martin's wild throw to catch Handley at third. Curt Davis and snappy fielding stopped them in the second clash, however, and the Cards won, 9-6.

ROSS, ARMSTRONG GO TONIGHT LOOMS

NEW YORK, May 31.—(AP)—The city having been blinking in unaccustomed sunlight for two whole days, there is good reason to believe that Barney Ross and Harry Armstrong finally will fight their welterweight title duel tonight at Madison Square Garden bowl.

If the weather should intervene again, it is about as good a bet as any that Promoter Mike Jacobs will tear out his few remaining hairs and postpone the affair for a couple of months. Already it has been postponed for too long, and the prospect of a knockout is being discounted.

Ross, due to enter the ring at around 12 pounds to Armstrong's anticipated 13 1/2, continues a steady 7-to-5 favorite. In his workouts, the popular Chicago champion has convinced some very sharp-eyed observers that he still is a little too much man for Armstrong.

Too many of the featherweights and lightweight whom Armstrong put away in cold storage in a few two years were scared silly before Hank even started swinging at them. In times he lacks a welterweight who never has been scared of anybody.

TRAVEL PROMOTER VISITS ROSEBURG

Importance of developing a greater interchange of travel between Pacific coast points was emphasized here today by Chester Arthur of San Francisco, good will ambassador representing the Redwood Bridge and Highway district, and Humboldt county board of trade as northwest commissioner. He spent last night in Roseburg on his return to San Francisco from a six months' survey of the Pacific northwest.

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OUT OUR WAY



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

TRIAL FLIGHT

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACKIE DUNN—heroine; she wanted to fly.
 ROGER DRECKNER—hero; he wanted to test the stratosphere.
 BERYL MELROSE—wealthy widow; she wanted Roger.
 EVELYN LA FAIRGUE—Jackie's mother; she wanted a son-in-law.

Yesterday, Jackie rushes to Roger's bedside. An enormous pity engulfs her and then she finds Beryl Melrose has arrived first.

CHAPTER XVII

Beryl Melrose was staying at the name hotel with Jackie. She had been staying there ever since Roger had been found and removed to the hospital. The moment she had received word that the silver plane had been forced down she had boarded the first transcontinental ship headed East.

The nurses told Jackie, over and over, how wonderful Mrs. Melrose had been. They said it was doubtful if Roger could have held on to the slender thread of life without her. She had scarcely left his side, day or night.

"He certainly wouldn't be alive today, if it weren't for Mrs. Melrose," Doctor Watson, who attended Roger, added his word of praise. "My, but she is a wonderful woman!"

That was what Roger had said about Beryl too. More than once he had told Jackie how wonderful he thought Beryl was. In the anxious days that were to follow Jackie was to agree, if somewhat reluctantly, with this general opinion. Beryl had indeed a pillar of strength; her calm poise never deserted her, never for a moment did she show signs of losing hope, or betray whatever emotions her heart may have held.

She was wonderful to Jackie, too. Not only was she cheerful and kind, but she made every effort to be friendly and to win the younger girl's liking and confidence. There were many long hours that they had to spend in each other's company, not only in the hospital at Roger's side, but they had many meals together, took walks around the little old-fashioned town, talked far into the night after they had returned to their rooms.

Jackie had to admit, to herself at least, that she did not know how she could have pulled through this trying time without Beryl. But she admitted this reluctantly, too. For Jackie did not want to grow to admire Mrs. Melrose; she was not eager to be friends with her.

Jackie would not have been human if she had not resented the fact that Beryl had reached Roger's side first—and that he practically owed his life to her. But she knew that some people love you, no matter how much you love them.

It was not easy to stammer, unwittingly, upon the sort of scene that Jackie came upon several days after her arrival.

Roger had been improving steadily, if very slowly, so that now the crisis had passed. He had suffered a severe head wound, a double-fractured arm and a bad ankle, but there seemed no question as to his full recovery. He was still extremely weak; it would take weeks before he would be strong again; the shock alone was not one from which he could recover rapidly.

He was able to talk a little now, though not allowed to overtax his strength. He could be propped up on pillows for a short while each day. Jackie and Beryl usually took turns now visiting him, chatting cheerfully and impersonally—as orders still remained that he was not to be excited—reading aloud, or just sitting in the room while he dozed.

The morning of this particular day, Jackie had spent with him. She planned to write a few letters in the afternoon, while Beryl was at the hospital.

"I'll stay until you come," Beryl said, in parting. "Don't feel that you have to hurry Jackie. Take time to do a few things for your self today. You should, now that

Roger is improving so much."

"I will," Jackie said. "Isn't it grand that he's coming along so well? He seemed so much more like himself this morning. I wonder how long it will be, Beryl, before Roger can leave the hospital?" She would like some definite news to write her mother. Oh! the world was a grand place now that Roger was going to be all right. Jackie felt more like herself, too; her heart was light again, with relief and joy and gratitude.

Beryl said, "I am going to have a conference with Dr. Watson today. Then we ought to know pretty definitely how much longer it is going to take for Roger to meet. Though what counts is the fact that he will get well. You know, Jackie, his lovely dark eyes grew sober. 'If he hadn't—if anything serious had happened to Roger—I should have blamed myself for it. I should never have forgiven myself—never!'"

This was the first time Beryl had let anyone glimpse through her carefully guarded reserve. Jackie was surprised—and moved. "You must not feel that way," she said. "It wouldn't have been your fault Beryl. Of course she knew why Beryl felt that way; it was because she loved Roger."

"I can't help it," Beryl said, and for another brief moment, her eyes again betrayed her secret. Then she smiled, adding in her usual quiet manner, "But how foolish to talk this way even! Now that we know Roger will be all right—and are so thankful." She said goodbye once more and went on her way.

Jackie was feeling entirely made-over, late that afternoon, as she mounted the steps to the hospital. She felt a singular sort of happiness deep within her, as she had not felt since that dreadful day when Roger's ship had crashed down from the skies.

For the first time the long narrow hallways of the hospital failed to subdue and sadden her with their gloomy silence. She hurried towards Roger's door, at the far end, not drawing what she would meet within those walls, but walking lightly, firmly with quick, confident steps, and actually daring to hum a gay little tune underneath her breath!

Soon now, Roger would be well again; he would leave this place forever. He would grow strong and brown and whole. All that had been would be as though it had never happened. This terrible accident, these anxious days of waiting and worrying—even all that had gone before that—

For when Roger was entirely well Jackie would tell him that all that had been between them had not been make-believe, pretense; she would tell him that their trial engagement could be a true one if he waited it to be. She would let him see how much she loved him. She would even tell him, if necessary! She would be proud to tell him, glad...

Now at his door she slackened her steps, curbing their eagerness. The door was slightly ajar; she would push it open gently and surprise Roger and Beryl. She had heard a surprise, too, purchased on her way. A lovely, colorful bunch of spring flowers, gay as the warm sunshine streaming in through the window, playing on Roger's narrow, high, white bed.

He was propped up, ever so slightly, against his pillows. But he did not see Jackie in the doorway. His eyes were on Beryl, who knelt at his side, her beautiful dark eyes fixed on his, their expression again unguarded, without reserve. She leaned forward now and caught Roger's free hand in hers. She pressed it swiftly, with infinite tenderness and passion, to her lips, then lay her head down, her shoulders shaking with long-drawn sobs.

Jackie did not wait to see more. She turned and walked quietly down the long silent hallway again, the flowers still clasped in her arms.

(To be continued)

By Williams

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

FOUR years ago there appeared at a local studio one afternoon a tall, slim young man who introduced himself as Serafim Strelkoff, a troubadour from the Ural mountain district of far-off Russia. Possessed of a rich baritone voice, he had started from Los Angeles on a trip around the world, paying his fare with song.

He had made Roseburg on his first lap. He sang many songs of old Russia for the studio people and their friends, and many more of American origin which he had learned during his residence in this country. When he left his audience was sorry to see him go. They wanted to hear him again. They hoped he would come back.

Last Saturday Strelkoff returned. He had completed his tour of the world—he had traveled fifty thousand miles in the years which had elapsed, and had visited over thirty foreign countries. Everywhere he went, he sang. He had learned many of the old folk songs of England, Scotland, France, Italy—and learned them well.

Arrived in Roseburg, he immediately called upon his old friends; and through the courtesy of E. F. Tandy, manager of the U. S. Veterans Administration here, a concert was arranged for him at the Facility auditorium. I really believe the patients at the big hospital enjoyed his presentation immensely.

After the concert the singer was entertained, with other guests, at the home of one of his listeners. He regaled his friends there with many intimate little stories of his experiences during his rather remarkable journey around the world. I had enjoyed his singing tremendously—he possesses one of the finest voices I ever have heard—but I am not sure that I didn't enjoy his stories more. Honest and ingenious to a degree, he displayed a brand of humor in his narratives which was vastly appealing.

It is greatly to my liking to meet someone who really has accomplished something noteworthy, who has entertained many of the famous people of the world today, who at the same time remains a bit solidly unspiced by his success (in our quaint way we often speak of this characteristic as being "common as an old shoe"). Such a one, to my delight, I discovered Strelkoff to be.

Born in a village in the Urals in 1906, Strelkoff lived there with his parents and two brothers and two sisters until after the Revolution. In 1920, his village in the meantime having twice been ravaged by the Bolsheviks, and as many more times by the prowling Czechs, the family decided any safety it might hope to enjoy depended upon its leaving that place. Since the entire family, husbands, wives and children, packed up in the middle of a night, loaded a few household goods in carts, and headed east. En route the four brothers and sisters stopped at a new and distant community in Russia; but the father, mother and Serafim continued on into China. Here the elder Strelkoffs died, and the youngest, after remaining in China for several years, secured passage to the United States.

"I used to be afraid of blood," Strelkoff confided to us the other evening. "If I so much as cut my finger, I would almost faint. But during those days of the Revolution, I got used to the sight of it." This was the only grim allusion he made to those terrible days of flight from relentless enemies, and it was an enlightening one.

Some experiences of this journey, while serious enough at the time, Strelkoff remembers as bearing certain aspects of humor. "We left our home at night, and in a hurry. We (my father, my mother and I) had only a one-horse cart to carry our belongings in. We were greatly excited, I recall, and my mother first of all could think of nothing to load into the small cart but our piano, and a lot of chairs! Perhaps that is like all people in a hurry. We did carry away some of our silver. The rest I buried in the garden. I suspect it was unearthed soon and stolen—I thought at the time I could hear someone in the nearby bushes spying on me as I dug the hole; but I was too frightened to investigate."

"My father," he continued, "was a priest. He was a big man, standing six foot three (an inch or so taller than I) and weighing 250 pounds. He wore a long robe, habitually (all priests did), or robe was a noble looking garment; but it was awfully long for running—and we had to do a lot of running!"

"I would have liked very much to have revisited Russia on my tour of the world," Strelkoff said somewhat wistfully, "and seen my brothers and sisters. One of my brothers-in-law has been shot by the Soviets since I left, and we have been forced to cease correspondence for fear of government reprisals upon my people there. The Soviets do not enjoy having people write to those in foreign lands."

"But I could not visit Russia. A Soviet ruling bars expatriated Russians from the country, unless they are willing to become citizens of the USSR again. This I would not agree to do. I am a

citizen of the United States now, and desire to be nothing else. I like the United States, and I like the people who live here!"

Strelkoff is en route to Alaska, planning to leave Seattle June 15. He will appear there in concert halls, before service clubs, lodges, women's clubs, schoolroom assemblies and, in fact, before any group which displays a desire to hear him sing. If sometime he should return to Roseburg and you have the opportunity to listen to him, I think you would always recall the event with pleasure. I know I shall.

EUGENE HIGH WINS OVER MYRTLE CREEK

Victors' Only Hits Off of Elliott Come in Tenth to End 3-1 Game.

Before a crowd of around 600 people that jammed the seating capacity and available sideline space at Myrtle Creek, Eugene high school's Axemen took advantage of a shaky 10th inning for Myrtle Creek's Lefty Elliott and scored over a pair of runs to win 3-1, in a pitching duel that saw Elliott outpitch his Eugene rival all the way until the fatal 10th. Just 28 men faced Elliott in the first nine innings of the ball game and the lanky Myrtle Creek pitcher mowed them down like cornstalks with the exception of the seventh inning when Second Baseman Wolf of Eugene reached first after his third strike, when Catcher Anlauf dropped the ball. A second error by Anlauf advanced Wolf to second. He took third on Neely's infield bouncer to shortstop and scored when Elliott attempted to pick him off third and the ball got away from Weaver.

Up to the seventh Myrtle Creek had been leading by one run, garnered in the fifth when Anlauf opened with a single, and came home on a long triple to left center by Morris, the only extra base hit of the ball game.

Elliott Weakens in 10th
 With the score knotted at one and one in the 10th, Eugene finally got to Elliott. Neely opened the inning with a single, and Smith in left misjudged the ball, Neely streaking to third on a fly. Austin beat out an infield roller. Neely holding third, McIntyre, the pitcher, was purposely passed to fill the bases, and Nichols, the next hitter bounced one to Elliott, forcing Neely at the plate. Sorenson engineered a squeeze play which went for a hit and Austin scored. Wilson the next hitter tried it again, and Elliott fumbled the ball allowing McIntyre to score with the final run. Nichols of Eugene was trapped off third and run down, and Elliott struck out the next man.

It was a pitchers' duel all the way, with Elliott allowing 3 hits, all of them in the 10th, and struck out 19 Axemen. McIntyre for Eugene, yielded five hits and struck out 17. Myrtle Creek was charged with five bobbles in the field and Eugene committed three errors.

The Standings

COAST LEAGUE				
	W	L	Pct	
Sacramento	35	25	.583	
San Francisco	33	27	.550	
Portland	32	28	.533	
San Diego	32	28	.533	
Seattle	30	31	.492	
Los Angeles	29	31	.483	
Hollywood	28	32	.467	
Oakland	22	39	.361	
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
	W	L	Pct	
Cleveland	24	12	.667	
New York	19	14	.576	
Washington	22	18	.556	
Boston	18	16	.524	
Detroit	18	18	.500	
Philadelphia	14	20	.412	
Chicago	12	18	.400	
St. Louis	11	23	.324	
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
	W	L	Pct	
New York	25	11	.694	
Chicago	24	15	.615	
Cincinnati	18	14	.563	
Cincinnati	17	18	.514	
Pittsburgh	17	18	.486	
St. Louis	14	20	.412	
Brooklyn	11	25	.359	
Philadelphia	11	21	.344	

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HUDSON

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS
 There should be not a little satisfaction in a contemplation of the fact that the Christian life is not to be lived altogether under its own responsibility and initiative. We are workers, but we are working with One who is greater and stronger and wiser than we are, and He is always willing to bear his full share of obligation and responsibility. That does not relieve us, it rather makes fidelity and faithfulness all the more insistent, but it does mean that our efforts may be buttressed and made infinitely more effective through Him. We ask Thee, O God, for the grace, that would make us loyal and true and wise workers in the great enterprise so dear to Thy heart, in bringing into of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ into the lives of men. Teach us and lead us for Thy name's sake. Amen.

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