

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Small Chance.

JUST as the clerk in a large brokerage house, who handles millions in currency and securities each day, is more concerned about paying ten cents too much for his lunch, the News-Review is much more concerned over some of the minor needs of the Pacific highway than it is about a visionary \$7,000,000 bond issue to rebuild it.

The Pacific highway south of Roseburg should be straightened and widened. It is admittedly dangerous and a barrier to through tourist travel. It should be modernized immediately but that can be done with funds annually available from state sources plus federal "match" money. The Pacific highway is, without question, the state's most important motor travel artery. For years, so far as the mileage south of Eugene is concerned it has been treated like a stepchild.

We hope, and believe it is true, that the highway commission is at last giving consideration to this situation. The Pacific Highway association, now well organized and with a paid manager, will keep pounding away. In the meantime, as a ten cent lunch money idea, some of the really rotten spots could be cared for with maintenance money.

Consider for instance that horrible little curve at Brand's roadstand. Everyone knows that this curve has caused dozens of minor accidents and several serious ones. C. A. Brand, who has ample opportunity to observe, says that seldom a month goes by without a car or truck suffering damage at that curve, which in addition to being a curve is a narrow bridge as well.

While the bigger plans are in the process of development why not, please, Messrs. Highway Commissioners, take a thousand or two of maintenance money and widen that curve and bridge at Brand's?

Smelt!

WHAT next, what next? The famous Umpqua river seems to delight in yielding evidence of old activity in fish life. Some years ago we saw a "run" of catfish. Last year a couple of young men hauled a 125-pound sturgeon almost in the shadow of the Winchester bridge.

And now—a smelt run!

It all goes to show that not even the poor, dim, cobblestoned fish can resist the lure of this splendid valley and the marvelous Umpqua river.

But smelt fishing is a "drag" sport. They use bird cages, clothes baskets or just plain dip nets and haul the smelt out, not one at a time, but by the basket.

Maybe smelt is the only type of sea-going fish that can get through the nets at the mouth. Maybe this is the beginning of a great change that is to take place in the sport fishing here. When the nets have stopped all else—even the sturgeon, we shall have left the pleasant and comfortable sport of smelt dipping.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

enough for people to afford (which was made possible by machinery) people WANTED them.

Supplying these new wants created new jobs.

MACHINERY has made possible things that WERE NOT possible before the modern machine came into general use.

Cheap automobiles, for example. Suppose every automobile in existence had to be made by hand labor—the steel hammered out by

hand, the bearings bored by hand, the parts fitted together by hand with a file.

The cost would be PROHIBITIVE.

IT WAS only when huge and complicated machines (vast trip hammers to forge the steel, mighty presses to stamp out the bodies, production lines to put the parts together economically and swiftly) were developed that automobiles could be made so cheaply that vast numbers of people could afford to own them.

THE DEMAND for vast numbers of cheap automobiles increased immensely the number of jobs available.

SUPPOSE we were to take out of human life ENTIRELY the automobile, which is a machine itself and the product of large numbers of other machines.

What would happen? Would there be MORE jobs? Or would there be fewer jobs?

The answer is obvious. There would be fewer jobs.

ONE other fact, in closing: Out of each seven factory workers today, ONE has a job making some product that was unknown to his grandfather 50 years ago. Eighteen of the major manufacturing industries of today have been WHOLLY developed since 1880, and they would not be in existence but for the mechanical advancement that has taken place since that time.

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

SATURDAY, FEB. 15

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:15—News-Review on the Air.
7:30—Alarm Clock Club (Cont'd).
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Dance Orchestras.
9:30—Down Memory Lane.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:45—Instrumental.
11:00—Music Box, Radio Music Store.
11:15—The Music Album.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Dance Time, Speed Rober.
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co., Varieties.
1:00—San Soust Turkey Show.
1:15—The Friendship Circle.
2:00—Songs of the Far East.
2:20—Paul Campbell.
3:00—Vanity Fair and World Bookman.
3:15—Garden of Melody.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—Douglas County Creamery, "The Right That Nailed."
4:45—Del Rey's Entertainers.
5:00—Music Masters.
5:15—The Novelty Fun Fest.
5:30—Jessie Crawford.
5:45—Sign Off.

AT CAMP BRADFORD

CAMP BRADFORD, Feb. 14 — Robert Schochert, member of the Camp Bradford crew, has accepted a position as instrument man with the Deep Creek Logging company of Vancouver, Washington, and has resigned from the civilian conservation corps.

Camp Bradford has made an outstanding record in placing trained men in civilian employment.

Under the direction of Superintendent Dan K. Plovman, men are given instruction in various technical lines and gain practical experience in work on camp projects.

Schochert was placed in a supervisory crew under Foreman H. Erickson, and was given instruction and training in actual surveying of roads and trails under construction by the camp crew. Textbooks were secured to aid him in qualifying for advancement and his proven ability enabled him to secure permanent employment in civil life.

He had been in the civilian conservation corps for the past 18 months.

The quarantine for measles in effect for the past three weeks has been lifted. Ten cases were treated.

The camp infirmary has been called with vigor, improving the appearance and sanitary condition. Lieutenant and Mrs. George Sigwald have returned from a 15-day leave spent visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Camp Bradford has received the highest rating in the district during the month of January.

More than 100 men of the camp are now living under canvas as the old barracks are being renovated as rapidly as tents can be obtained.

This Plovman, project superintendent, anticipates opening a slide cabin at Black Springs early in April. Approximately 30 men will be stationed at this camp during the summer. The project is the construction of a road from the Coast Bay highway into Eden valley, opening up large timber tracts and giving access to potential placer mining districts.

Mr. C. A. Edwards of Roseburg delivered a Lincoln day address at the camp. Dr. Edwards stated that on three occasions when conducting funeral services for some date relatives of Abraham Lincoln, he had used the little which had been the personal property of Lincoln and used by him during his boyhood days. The talk was one of the most interesting heard by the men at the camp.

"There ain't much smoke—yet"



HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XVI

Although Inspector O'Brien was not expecting me, he seemed really glad to see me.

"Well, well, Miss Julie, you are a refreshing treat to a tired policeman. Have you something new on your mind?"

"No, inspector," I smiled. "I thought I'd type those notes if your typewriter wasn't busy."

"I haven't any at home and I thought I'd better not do them at school."

"Quite right," said the inspector, turning away slightly. "Suppose you work right here."

He indicated a desk over by the window in his own office. I took off my cap, pushed my wave up, and sat down.

I had thought I might be an hour doing them, but I was really an hour and a half because I had to clean the typewriter first. It was surely a mess. I guess every officer in the place banged out his reports on it, and no one ever thought of dusting it.

While I was there, the inspector was answering calls and seeing various people that came in. I was disappointed that there was nothing about the Sinclair case, somehow I had forgotten that the police had anything else on their minds. It was actually very dull.

But when I had finished, the inspector leaned back in his chair to smoke a cigar and became quite conversational.

"Well, little Julie, what do you think about our murder now?"

His tone was so friendly and sort of intimate that I felt bold enough to come back with, "I don't know, sir; what do you think?"

He laughed. "You have me there. We have a pretty choice of murderers, and yet we can't pin it on any one of them."

"What about Mrs. Carrington?"

"You've heard that she phoned her husband from San Diego?"

I nodded.

"The man who tapped the call, phoned me a few minutes later. I immediately sent word to San Diego, but by the time the men got to her hotel, she had flown. It's a funny thing. She must have read the papers and known about the murder, also that she and her husband have been involved."

It was innocent, why not reveal herself outright? If guilty, why do so by calling her husband?"

He seemed to be thinking to himself. He continued, "Of course, many innocent people shrink from the publicity and unpleasantness concerned and evade questioning if they can. If she were guilty, perhaps the call was an attempted ruse to mislead us, in case we were watching her husband. It all seems a little crazy."

I began checking them off on my fingers. "Number one, Mrs. Carrington. She had the motive of jealousy, she could have done it, and we know she has disappeared, or tried to. Number two, Melvin."

"Which went on, 'He was tremendously angry with her, with Miss Sinclair; her not signing his parole evidently interfered with his plans—just what we don't yet know. He had a gun, possibly the one that fired the shot. He has a bad reputation, bad associates. He was there at 'eight-thirty.'"

"But at least one person saw her alive after that."

"Melvin could have returned. If he had left the gun at home, it would have taken him fifteen minutes to go for it and come back. But allowing some time for the idea to formulate, for possible conversation with his family, or the

picking up of an accomplice, he might have got back about the time Perkins left."

"Then he had only fifteen minutes to kill her before Hym arrived."

"It does not take long to fire a shot, little Julie."

"No, no. And he could have hidden in the apartment while Hym was there."

"Yes."

"Number three, Mr. Perkins. I checked this suspect on my finger."

"The circumstances of the case points to him most clearly. He says she was alive when he arrived. The next person who saw her said she was dead, fifteen minutes after Perkins says he left. He concealed the fact that he visited her at all. So far, we can establish those two facts, and both are pretty damning."

"He is a cold, hard person sometimes. Yet—Well, number four, Hym."

"An Oriental. No matter how well we come to know them as individuals, we whites cannot refrain from considering the unknown ones sly and shifty. He alone admits that she was dead when he saw her. He says he was there at nine-thirty. Yet first he said nine-thirty. He said once he called three times that night; in his last statement, he says four. He was desperate for a job evidently, and Miss Sinclair was the means of his losing the one he had."

Had more than that, she had insulted him, offended his racial pride. He had the motive, he was there at the time of her death, or very shortly thereafter and he ran away that night."

"You make it sound as if he were convicted already, inspector."

He shook his head. "Let's go on," he continued. "Number five, Bruce Lloyd."

"Oh, I don't believe he did it."

"Don't become a sob-sister, Julie."

"I flushed. He went on: 'I know, it is a hard lesson for youth to learn that all is not true that is physically clean and attractive. I think it is a good one, however disillusioning. Now, Bruce was engaged to Miss Sinclair. Yet they had had a misunderstanding. They did not see each other quite so much those last weeks. He did not come at once when he must have read of her death; he refused to answer questions, to give any alibi for Thursday night. All we know is that he tried to phone her from Sacramento on Wednesday, and that he didn't get her."

"But he did send her flowers, hardly a thing a man who planned to murder her would do, I feel."

"I don't know. A clever man might figure you and I and everyone else would think that. Then, too, he may not have planned it. Probably most murders are committed on the impulse of the passion of another."

"Well, it seems to me that there are an awful lot of loose ends."

"Right you are, Julie. Having built up the cases against each of them, we can now fear each of them down. If Mrs. Carrington did it, why would she be so concerned over the divorce that she would run the chance of being discovered? Why not slip up over in Mexico until this case dies?"

"If Melvin did it, why did his shot arouse Mrs. Sardon and Hym? Or if he had an alibi, where is it now? Why do five experts agree that his gun is not the fatal one? If it was Perkins, what was his motive? If Hym, why does he admit finding her dead? Looking at

him, you wonder how he could have screwed up enough courage to fire a shot. Where did he get a gun? Most Filipino murders are knife affairs. If it was Bruce, he had a very short time in which to arrive, have any argument or discussion with the girl which would lead to a killing, a bare fifteen minutes."

"Then there are other questions," I chimed in excitedly. "Who made the telephone call? Where did the fountain pen go to? Why didn't Mrs. Sardon hear Mr. Perkins come and go? And why would Bruce send Connie flowers?"

"Those are still on your mind, aren't they? Well, there is a question there for me, too. I would like to know which one of them, Miss Sinclair or Bruce Lloyd, was responsible for the rift between them. Which one of them wanted to end the affair?"

I knew the answer to that, and suddenly I knew the answer to the flowers. I hesitated, for I knew I would pile up the evidence against Bruce. But after all, I was there, in Inspector O'Brien's office, in the most confidential of situations. He trusted me, and I was working for him.

"I think I know that. He told us something of his romance with Connie. It was he who felt it ought to end. She tried to carry it along, hoping he would change his mind. But he made a decision, he said. I think the flowers told her what it was. You see that summer, they had used flowers as a sort of code to get around her cross old aunt. Pink meant they would have to change their plans somewhat; white that they intended to do."

"But the flowers he sent her Wednesday were yellow roses."

"Yes, and I almost cried as I said it, 'yellow means the plans were over; he was backing out.'"

I felt pretty badly about Bruce, about having to betray him as it were, to the inspector. I just couldn't believe, no matter how shabby he had treated Connie, that he could have killed her. Yet O'Brien had been quite impressed with my revelation. In fact, he had said, "Miss Julie, you'll solve this thing yet if you just keep on thinking!"

This high praise left me cold. I loved digging up stuff about Mr. Perkins or hearing about Melvin, but I didn't fancy uncovering Bruce's guilt, if that was what this meant. I was so worried that I looked haggard when I got home, yet that was nothing compared to the worry I was to go through later.

I got out a new red-checkedingham play suit and a big red hat to match it that I must say was a wow. Dicky forgot all about my defection that afternoon when he saw me; so I didn't have to explain, which was a fortunate circumstance as I had not remembered to think up anything.

But in spite of the utter self-confidence my mirror inspired and in spite of the really gorgeous food my mother had slung together, my spirits did not do any reviving. I was low and that was all there was to it. When Dicky got romantic in the moonlight, I felt it was the last straw.

"I'm going home," I announced, and he knew I meant it.

I was glad the next morning that I had ten hours sleep behind me, for I had a hard day. It was Saturday and the family had planned to drive to Santa Cruz for the week-end. About ten o'clock, dad phoned that he couldn't get away, that we would have to go some other time. To say we were disappointed would be mild, for I guess we were all anxious to get away from the town for a few hours anyway.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

"THE SMELT ARE RUNNING!" If you were a native of Portland this would be a familiar cry to you, doubtless, somewhere around this time of year, as neighbor called to neighbor and they hurried to pack their picnic dinners, nets and tubs in the family car and head for the Sandy. But to hear that smelt are running at Scottsburg is something new, and different. Scottsburg, as all of us here in Douglas county know, is twenty miles or more above the mouth of the Umpqua river, and never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant have smelt been seen in the river there.

When word of the event came to Roseburg yesterday morning, Leon McClintock and I drove over to investigate. We didn't see any smelt, but we found folks who had dipped their net the day before, and for the past several days, and we saw right where they were, but in the river—their position verified by the presence of hundreds and hundreds of sea gulls who were flying frantically in all directions, diving at intervals into the water to emerge with a shining little fish in their beaks, which they hastily swallowed. Not all were successful in their fishing—the smelt evidently were swimming a bit deep for them—and these would utter frightful cries of rage when they missed their quarry, and would attempt to swipe the prize from a more successful friend, if sea gulls are friendly to one another, which I doubt.

"I was born here, and have lived here for eighty years," John Hedden, veteran merchant and postmaster of Scottsburg, told me, "and this is the first time I have ever seen smelt above Gardiner, way down on Winchester way. They are nothing unusual there. What's brought them up here I don't know. Maybe they'll spawn here, and come up again, regularly. When some of the folks saw them they didn't know what they were, but they are smelt all right. When I was a boy going to school in Portland that's all they fed me, when the run was on. God, I got tired of them!"

Not many of the smelt have been dipped. They seem to be keeping rather too deep for successful netting. Howard Reuben, who lives near the old docks below the bridge, has had best luck at the turn of the tide, when it is flowing. "I'd like to catch a headload of them," he told us, "for they are mighty fine eating. I'd like to try drying them. I'll bet they would be fine that way. I've caught many a tubful on the Sandy, but I've never tried to dry any."

The shags, or cormorants, were the most successful fishermen on the river while Leon and I were watching. They had the best of the gulls, for they would dive for a fish, and chase him under water until they got him. They must be rather fine swimmers. Generally when they came up they would have a fish, and a much larger one than the gulls were able to get, as a usual thing, so they must have been able to do a bit of choosing. However, these larger fish were sure to get them in trouble, for not being able to swallow them as fast as they would a little one, a half dozen piratical gulls would beset them in a furious attempt to snatch their meal, and the poor shag would thrash his head first one way, and then another, and nearly choke before he would get his fish down. Sometimes a gull would get it from him and fly away, with all the other gulls in hot pursuit. These gulls certainly have terrible manners.

The smelt have been in evidence in that part of the river lying between the bridge and Scottsburg and Mill creek, three or four miles below, we were told. I would have liked to have seen some of them dipped, but left after a while out of consideration for the fishermen there; no self-respecting fish ever would allow himself to be caught, when I was within a mile of him, I've found that out!

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.

APPROCIATION
Editor News-Review:
Umpqua Unit, No. 16, American Legion Auxiliary, wishes to express to you their appreciation of the co-operation your newspaper has given them during the past year.

Yours very truly,
NELLE CUMMINGS,
Unit Secretary.

NOTICE
I will not be delivering hard wood during 1936.

W. V. JOHNSON.

A golden opportunity tonight to see slides of Africa shown by Miss Gladys Pinnell, missionary at the Four-square Church—Adv.

Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY and MONDAY

Tomatoes Bagley's Tomatoes with Puree..... 2 large cans 19c
Asparagus All Green, Packed by S. & W..... Picnic Tin 13c
Mustard Prepared Mustard..... Quart Jar 15c
Peanut Butter Fresh, Good..... 2 Lbs. 27c

MANNING'S COFFEE

New Low Price

Pound 25c 2 Pounds 49c
Peaberry Coffee, pound 20c

Beans Great Northern, Large Whites..... 3 Lbs. 14c
Starch Staley's Gloss..... Package 7c

PILLSBURY'S CAKE FLOUR, Large Pkg. 27c
PILLSBURY'S BUCKWHEAT, Large Pkg. 24c
CANE AND MAPLE SYRUP, Snow Shoe, Quart tin..... 28c

RAZOR BLADES, for Gillette Razors, each 1c
SCOTCH BROTH SOUP, Campbell's new Soup, can..... 10c

MAYONNAISE, Nally's, pint..... 25c
LAUNDRY SOAP, White Wonder, 5 bars..... 18c
OLD DUTCH, Goes farther, 2 cans..... 15c

CHASE AND SANBORN'S

Dated Coffee, per pound 25c

See and hear Maj. Bowes' Amateurs, Hunt's Indian Theatre, Tuesday, in person.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER—12-oz. tin..... 33c

TENDER LEAF TEA—7-oz. Black 29c; 7-oz. Green..... 25c

ROYAL GELATINE DESSERT—3 for..... 19c
Including Chocolate and Vanilla Puddings.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH—3 for..... 10c

Kipper Snacks Imported, tin..... 5c

Scott's Towels 150 to Roll, 3 rolls..... 29c

SOUP—Gibbs' tomato-celery-Veg., 2 cans..... 13c

BROOMS—Red Goose, 5-sew, each..... 49c

You save 2% or more on your purchases by the new Piggly Wiggly Savings Plan—Start now.

Windmill Flour Montana Hardwheat..... \$1.44 Sack

Shredded Wheat 2 Pkgs. 23c

LEMONS, dozen..... 19c

GRAPEFRUIT, 4 for..... 13c

Arizona Seedless
ONIONS No. 2 Central Point, 4 lbs. 9c

RHUBARB, Fancy, 2 lbs. 19c

POTATOES U. S. No. 1 Netted Gems, 10 lbs. 22c

ill of Measles—Miss Frances Florence is reported to be ill of measles at her home.

POET'S CORNER

LOVE IS KIND
When contributing to other's needs Lay ambition on the shelf And render not kind deeds For the glory of one's self.

For if we fill our mission Assigned by the One Above We will give our aims From a sense of pure love.

We will not shout Our deeds from "the house-top," Nor go running about Boasting, "We've done a lot."

And we will keep this in mind, "Love seeketh not its own," Love makes not a grand "parade"; Love makes not a grand "parade"; —By Lela B. Rose.

TREAT yourself to the interesting message tonight by Miss Pinnell, missionary from Africa, at the Four-square Church—Adv.

WOMAN'S AILMENTS