

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Facts or Guesses?

PEOPLE who have no interest
in fish and fishing other than
the purchase of an occasional slice
of fish at a market, may wonder
at the constant agitation and dis-
cussion of the subject. The fact
is that the fish life in the Ump-
qua river is one of the greatest
natural resources of Douglas coun-
ty. It represents a huge annual in-
come and it is being ruthlessly de-
stroyed for profit.

Facts bearing upon this prob-
lem are difficult to obtain and yet
the fish commission of the state of
Oregon, charged with the duty of
propagation and conservation of
the commercial fish of the state,
should have the facts. But does
this commission know the facts?
Its chairman stated recently that
there has been no appreciable re-
duction in the fish run in the
Umpqua in 10 or 12 years. We
are most concerned with the chin-
ook salmon and steelhead and pre-
sumably he included them in his
general statement. The fact is,
and everyone including the com-
mercial fishermen and cannery at
the mouth of the river know it,
that the spring chinook run and
steelhead run is rapidly vanishing
from this river.

The same chairman said that
without the artificial propagation
made possible by the pondage
fees paid by commercial fish-
ermen, fish could not be maintained
in the river—that natural propaga-
tion would not keep the stream
stocked. The men at the mouth
of the river state quite frankly
that the runs of silverside salmon
and shad are holding up very well,
that these two species are propa-
gated naturally and without any
appreciable artificial aid, and that
the only reduction is noticed in
the runs artificially propagated.

The same chairman said that
propagation in the Umpqua is
made difficult because of the pres-
ence of predatory fish (chubs) in
the Umpqua in large numbers.
Yet the natural spawning beds of
the silverside salmon are the
coastal lakes. Bear in mind that
the silversides are increasing un-
der natural spawning. The lakes
where these fish spawn are well
stocked with bass which certainly
are more predatory than the lazy
chubs.

Somebody is wrong and the evi-
dence points strongly to the sus-
picion that the fish commission
doesn't know what it is talking
about. It is time to quit guessing
about the fish resources of this
county. It is time for arbitrary
opinions and decisions based upon
prejudice and guesses to be thrown
out. It is high time indeed that
we deal with this situation on the
basis of facts.

Closing the river entirely to net
fishing would at least stop the de-
struction.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

care and responsibilities of the
governorship," he says in a pub-
lic statement that contains con-
siderable surprise, since his re-
nomination and re-election have
been regarded as certain.

The city of it is that men of Gov-
ernor Lehman's kind retire volun-
tarily, whereas the other kind re-
tire only when they are thrown
out.

REPRESENTATIVE ZION-
CHECK, of Washington, for
example, who gets \$10,000 a year
for making an ass of himself and
who makes the people of his state
look like asses for having elected
him.

Government in this country
won't be what it ought to be until
we get more Lehmans and fewer
Zionchecks in office.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1936, King Features
Syndicate, Inc.)
Is Puppy Love a Water Spaniel?

Here's a proposition for the
young folks. Let's see if we can
get through the summer without
an American tragedy.

We know we are asking the
boys to sacrifice some innocent
outdoor fun. But we notice
that this canoe event is not
listed in the average regatta.

The props for an American
tragedy consist of a canoe, a dol-
lar camera, a lake, a dapper young
gentleman and a girl. The natty
lad cracks the lady over the head
with the camera, rocks the canoe
and hollers, "All ashore who's go-
ing ashore."

That's a disembarking sig-
nal you are liable to hear on
most boats. Except, in the
American Tragedy, there ain't
no gangplank.

So, young ladies, beware of the
affable social climber with a two-
canoe garage.

Shun the city slicker with
the annex clothes and the
sharp-edged, reinforced cam-
era. Flee from the mugg who
stands up in a rowboat. Flee
from the punk who flirts with
other girls. Flee from the pal-
ooka who kisses the renegades.

We are not turning this into a
flee circus. We are trying to give
you some advice.

We have read the "Ameri-
can Tragedy" in the newspa-
pers and in books. We have
seen it on the speaking stage
and on the equally garrulous
screen. It is monotonous,
redful and tiresome.

We have seen one version in
which the crime is blamed on
capitalism. This explains the an-
cient custom of giving each white
whisker member of the board of
directors a five dollar gold piece.
He has earned it.

We cite this one example be-
cause it is the only amusing
item in the job lot. But the
tragedy will never get funny
enough for Walt Disney, to do
it in technicolor. It's a horrible
triangle with razor-edged cor-
ners.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 23

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional Music.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Orchestras.
9:30—Album of Music.
10:00—Down Melody Lane.
11:00—Melodies of Dreams.
11:15—Popular Stars.

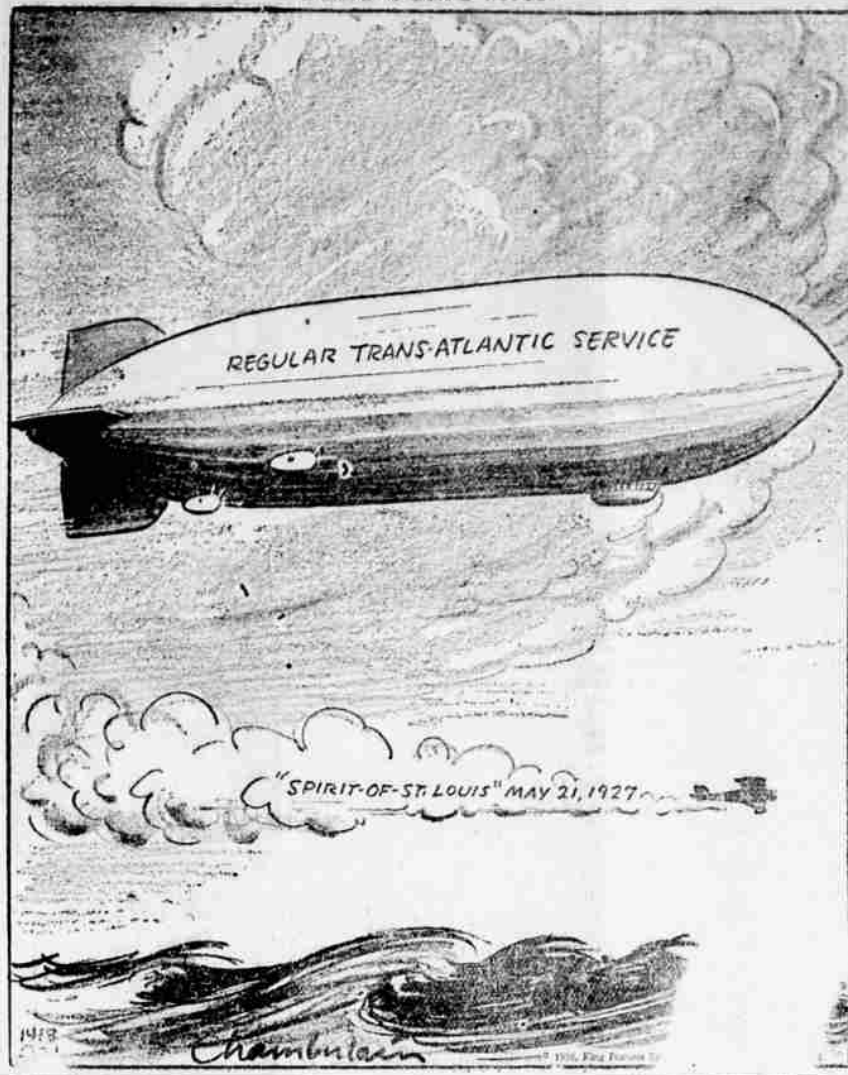
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Gross & Hargis Music Box
Program.
12:45—Sax Tunes.
1:00—Kurtis Cariss.
1:15—Spanish Melodrama.
1:45—Five Spades.
2:00—Evening Airs.
2:30—Jessie Crawford at the or-
gan.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Hawaiian Selections.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Famous Tunes.
4:45—Guy Lombardo.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage pre-
sents The Hawk.
5:45—Irish Favorites.
6:00—Cherullo's Musical Mo-
ments.
6:15—Ring Crosby.
6:30—Saxton Program.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

NOTICE
I have again opened my service
station and will be pleased to serve
all patrons. Machine Hall, Hall's
Log Cabin, Sutherland, Ore.—ADM.

SUNDAY, MAY 24

Morning Hours
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Program Dedicated to Vet-
erans' Facility.
9:30—Old Time Fiddling with Re-
nate Crane.
10:00—Sunday Request Hour.
11:00—Bible Church Services.
11:30—Afternoon Hours.
12:00—Jazz Operatic Tenor.
12:30—Jessie Crawford at the Or-
gan.
1:00—Douglas County Creamery
presents Max Nolan and
His Orchestra.
1:15—John McCormack.
1:30—Evening Gaily presents
The Harmon Trio.
2:00—Victor Concert Orchestra.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:00—Band Selections.
2:30—Melrose Young People's
Choir.
3:00—Sol Bright and his Holly
Waltzes.
4:30—Popular Dance Time.
5:00—Sign Off.

Nine Years After



"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 visita-
tions come upon Ruth while she
plays her violin and always at
night. Mr. Tyler seeks the aid of
Dr. Jan Karase, celebrated psychi-
atrist, 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 back-
ground 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. Suddenly the
strains of a violin come in upon
their conversation, stopping
abruptly. Asking Nat to follow,
Tyler rushes to Ruth's room where
they find the girl terror-stricken.
"It began as always," she whis-
pers. "And then—it stopped!"
Tyler thinks it best for Nat not
to know she is being studied. At
breakfast, next morning, Nat is in-
troduced to her as the son of an
old college chum, in the city on a
visit. Nat is touched by Ruth's
gentleness and beauty. She is a
talented violinist and that night
entertains Nat with her playing.
In the middle of a love song, there
is a crashing discord and the mu-
sic ceases. "Murder!" she says
hoarsely. "He is going to kill Mr.
Roosevelt!" Now! . . . Five
shots! . . . Mr. Roosevelt is safe.
"Words," "Missed Roosevelt!"
Glad I got Central!" Nat rushes
to the radio and, sure enough, the
announcement of the attempted as-
sassination of the president-leader
comes over the air. Ruth col-
lapses.

CHAPTER V

Nat and Tyler faced each other
across the flat-topped desk in the
library. Spread before them were
the extras of the newspapers. Up-
stairs at last, Ruth was asleep.
"Well?" Tyler asked.

His face had grayed, aged in the
last few hours. His hand shook
as he raised it to brush back his
heavy white hair.

"Don't be so upset," said Nat
gently.

"I know it's foolish of me,"
said Tyler. "I'll try not to be."
"That's the way to talk," said
Nat. "Now. . . As long as I have
seen and heard this thing myself,
do you feel able to tell me about
the other times? I assume there
have been other times?"

Tyler put one hand over the
other, held it firmly. His quiver-
ing nerves quivered. He nodded,
slowly. "I'll explain as well as I
can. It began several months ago.
She was playing for me alone. And
suddenly, just as she did tonight,
she stopped—and was deathly
afraid. At what she did not know.
It was as if something were in the
air."

Nat nodded but was silent.

"Always it happened the same
way," said Tyler. "At night, when
she was playing, sometimes down-
stairs for me, sometimes when she
was alone in her room. And al-
ways it terrified her. I got so I lay
awake nights, listening, afraid to
hear that music begin—and then
stop. And then, a week ago, it
broke through much clearer, much
more definite. She knew that a
man had been shot."

He told Nat, then, of the murder
of Klaus, and the strange coinci-
dence in time. And of the girl's
dreadful certainty, two nights be-
fore, that a woman named Maria
had been strangled—the con-

firmation through the radio and
Doc Cranfall, and later the news-
papers.

Nat sat quietly, drinking in
every word. Tyler stopped and re-
garded him morosely.

"Then—" he said. "Tonight?"

Nat fought to control the excite-
ment which possessed him. He
must be very calm, very cool and
detached, scientific. He did not
speak for a moment. Then he
said, as quietly as he could:

"Mr. Tyler, we may be on the
threshold of something so big—so
important—so far-reaching in all
its implications."

"You—don't think it's any-
thing—anything?" Tyler stam-
mered.

"It's nothing supernatural, you
can rest assured of that," said Nat.
"Oh, I know that," said Tyler
quickly. "But it's—uncanny, to
say the least. . . . And it fright-
ens me. For I mean, I—wish
you could—explain."

"It's something that science has
not been able to explain yet," said
Nat. "We know that some per-
sons, a very rare few, seem to
have the power of receiving, as it
were, thoughts or images or some-
thing from the minds of others. Al-
most as if the mind were a sort of
super-sensitive radio antenna. At first,
these things seem to be caught in
the subliminal mind—that is, that
part of the mind which lies just be-
low the threshold of conscious-
ness. Sometimes, but not always,
they enter the conscious mind."

Tyler nodded, his face strained.

"Your daughter seems to have
this power to a remarkable de-
gree," Nat went on. "And yet it
is a very special sense. Her mind
seems extraordinarily perceptive to
one particular kind of stimulus,
the intense, almost maniacal will
to destroy, to kill."

"You don't think—that it will—
will affect her mind?" Tyler ques-
tioned anxiously. Nat shook his head.

"Not if she isn't forced. Not if
we leave her alone. The girl is a
genius," Bernard Shaw. I be-
lieve in 'Saint Joan,' says that a
genius is one who sees further and
probes deeper than other people,
and has the energy to give effect
to that extra vision. Ruth has a
mind like a lightning bolt, univer-
sally sensitive. Think what it may
mean to people who are its disci-
ples, instead of knowing when thun-
der strikes, she can forecast it!"

"What a terrible responsibility
for a child!" said Tyler.

"And for us," Nat said, gravely.
In the morning Nat telephoned
Dr. Karase in Baltimore. As an
eminent and master-of-facts as pos-
sible he told him the story, giving
no opinion of his own. Once or
twice he heard the psychiatrist's
characteristic little flicks of in-
terest, and he visualized the dark
little man, with his bushy eye-
brows and his darting, searching
smile.

There was a long moment of sil-
ence when he had finished. Then
Dr. Karase murmured: "Ah, inter-
esting, no?"

"What do you make of it?" Nat
asked, knowing it was a useless
question, knowing the exact little
shrug the man would give.

He could almost see the psychi-
atrist as he answered: "I make
nothing of it, my dear fellow. You
are on the spot. What do you make
of it?"

"It's obviously a case of some-
thing," said Nat. "You're right. I
don't know."

"No more do I," said Dr. Karase.
"But it is very, very interesting."
Perhaps it will come again.
Who knows? You will stand by,
no? And observe."

And that was all he could get

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Our Responsibility

Who can measure our respon-
sibility? Our only safety is in
close personal work with God,
in walking with God as our father
did, keeping ourselves per-
sonally in such fellowship that
we can detect the least ap-
proach of sin and hear the
slightest prompting of the spir-
it and receive constantly new
supplies of spiritual power. The
same heroic deeds that made
our fathers win in the nine-
teenth century will make us
win in the twentieth. God help
us, that we may have not only
the arduous greatness of things
achieved, but also the heroic
greatness that can do all things
through the strengthening grace
of Jesus Christ. Amen.

from Dr. Karase. . . .

But in the days that followed,
there seemed, alas, nothing more
to observe. They were complet-
ely uneventful. Ruth seemed to
bloom with health. That morning
when she appeared, she was her
old self. On one point only did
Nat question her. That was why
she had faltered. She replied can-
dily:

"It was just—that I was so
horrible when I heard the voice
on the radio and realized that I—
I had known exactly what was in
that man's mind—some of the very
words—before he had spoken them."

Nat took daily horseback rides in
the park with her, renting horses
at one of the public stables. More
color appeared in her cheeks. She
seemed utterly cheerful and happy.

Every night she played for them
in the living room. Always they
were watched, alert. But she
never faltered. And afterward,
when she had gone to her room,
the two men would strain their
ears, listening. Sometimes she
played, and they would wait, hop-
ing, yet half-fearful that the
strange interruption would come.
But it did not.

As weeks went by and spring
was in the air, Nat felt both re-
lieved and disappointed. Relieved,
for Ruth's sake and her father's,
and yet disappointed that there
was no further chance to observe
that curious manifestation of her
power. . . .

He need not have been disap-
pointed, for the long peaceful in-
terlude was to come to an abrupt
and startling end.

It was on a night in late April,
a soft and balmy night. The three
of them had taken a long drive in
one of the open cars, with Nat at
the wheel and Ruth and her father
beside him in the roomy front
seat. They were proceeding at a
leisurely pace along a smooth road
in Westchester.

"And despite the warmth of the
air, Ruth began to shiver, as if suf-
fering from a chill. Her father felt
her trembling at his side, and so
old Nat, he stopped the car, and
Tyler got a warm robe from the
rear of the car and covered her
with it. Still she shivered, silent-
ly, and Nat hurried for home.

When they reached the house,
Ruth, looking pale and drawn,
went to her violin, without stop-
ping to take off her coat. Tyler,
in a quick movement, seized the in-
strument, held it away. She stop-
ped for it in the familiar place.

"You're tired, dear," he father
protested. "Haven't you better go
to bed?"

But the girl shook her head,
strangely, a little impatiently.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

GEE WHIZ! Listen to this letter
"I to the editor, would you, dated
from Kingsville, Oregon, on May
17th:

"I am writing
to you in the
hopes that you
may be able to
help me find a
place to work. I
am looking for a
place on a farm
or stock ranch
with clean talk-
ing people. They
don't necessary
need to be Chris-
tians, but I don't like to hear dirty
stories and rough language at the
table while eating. It sort of up-
sets my stomach. Some people are
that way you know.

"I can do most any kind of
farming, driving teams from two to
twenty head of horses or more.
Have had some experience with
tractor, but not an expert tractor
man; also some experience with
truck and car driving. I can do
most any kind of repair work on
pretty near any kind of farm ma-
chinery, can do some carpenter
work in the rough. Have had some
experience in blacksmith work. In
fact I can do most anything except
sheep and goats, or milk. Al-
though I can milk, but milking is
hard for me to do.

"Now I am not a speed breaker
or anything like that. But I like to
go out and keep going steady. I
sometimes use some rough lan-
guage when out in the field or
around the out places. But I try to
keep from using it around the
house when there are women. I do
not smoke or use tobacco of any
form, neither do I use intoxicating
liquor.

"Would like to get on a place
where I could be the only one
there, as I work better alone. That
is, when they don't hire a large
crew of men. Also where a woman
runs the place. My last place was
where the house and I stayed, for
years and five months. Have been
here on this place almost six
months with a man at the head,
and it seems almost impossible to
get along with him. Everything I do
is wrong. I don't seem to be
able to get the bill with him.

"I prefer a place where the lady
is head, as a rule they tell me
what to do. I don't leave him alone
and let him do it. But a man must
stand around and argue about the
job. A woman I find it lots easier
to get along with. But nevertheless
I would take most any kind of
work if the pay is right and I find
the right kind of people.

"I am looking for a place where
I can be made to feel at home. Not
like an outsider. I have some
household things, also some farm-
implements that I I were to sell
wouldn't bring me what would be
worth to me if I can get the place
and put them to work. It would
require a large truck to haul all of
my things on. That is why I would
like to get a place that would be
like a home to me, when I wouldn't
have to move again. So if I can get
a place now I won't have to move
next winter when work is so
scarce. And the language they use
here I would rather move out than
stay and make a fuss over it.

"Now if you can and will please
see what you can do in getting me
a respectful place to work I will
make it well worth your time. Let
me know by return mail."

Well, now, there must be a place
somewhere in Douglas county, such
as this gentleman requires. There
must be. Of course, I wouldn't go
so far as to let on it, you under-
stand—but I wouldn't bet against
it, either.

Also, after re-reading this letter
two or six times, and prying be-
tween the lines, I find the first
strange being gratified when I
my face. I expect this man is a
pretty good sort, and understanding
of the pain which the fearful real-
ities of this world impress upon his
heart.

ANOTHER CULPRIT JOINS 'WEED' GANG

The city's weed and weed-
tine crew was augmented by one
member today when D. De-
mery of Roseburg failed to pay a fine
of \$10 in the city court on a plea
of guilt to a charge of drunken-
ness. Although not sentenced
in the city court and failing to pay
fines are being worked by the
street department in riding city-
owned lots and unimproved streets
of tall grass and weeds.

An attack of acute appendicitis
during a scholarly debate didn't
prevent young Heald Simpson
of Richland, Ga., from completing
his argument and winning honors.
After the debate, he underwent an
appendectomy.

At another and from Nat, Tyler
reluctantly handed her the violin.
She looked at under her chin, drew
the bow across the strings, tenta-
tively. Tyler, a worried frown on
his face, stared at her apprehen-
sively.

She hesitated a fraction of a mo-
ment. Then she began to play.
The haunting melody trailed from
her lips, leaving only the two star-
vid spots over her cheeks blank. A
few bars, and she stopped, stood
stiff, rigid, her fingers on the
strings. Nat leaned forward inten-
sely. Her lips moved.

"It had come again!"

"Murder," she whispered. And
then, clearly: "There's murder in
the air!"

(To be continued)

Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY AND MONDAY

COFFEE Chase & Sanborn 1 lb. 23c

TUNA FLAKES No. 1/2 Size Can 13c

CRISCO 3 Lb. Can 53c

Cream of Wheat Large Pkg. 23c

MANNINGS COFFEE Full Bodied and Flavorsy

1 Pound 25c 2 Pounds 49c

Myrtle, lb. 17c 3 lbs. 47c

Pineapple Fancy Sliced or Crushed, Flat Can 9c

Pineapple Juice Tall Can 9c

HOT SAUCE—3 cans 13c

LINDY PEAS—Can 10c

WHITE SHOE POLISH—Shinola, bottle 10c

ROOT BEER EXTRACT—French's, bottle 13c

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

2 1/2-Pound Package SNOWSHOE SYRUP 19c

Cane and Maple, Quart Can 28c

Deviled Meat Armour's, 3 Cans 10c

Waldorf Tissue 4 Rolls 15c

Veg-All Salad Contains 11 Veg- 12c

KIPPERED SNACKS—Imported, 2 cans 9c

VANILLA—Boquet, 4 oz. bottle 12c

RICE—Fancy Blue Rose, 2 pounds 14c

Marshmallows Fresh, Fluffy, 1 Lb. 15c

SURESET JELL DESSERT POWDER—2 Pkgs. 9c

Pure fruit flavors—All flavors.

COCOANUT—Dromedary, shredded 1/2 lb. 10c

Windmill Flour Sack \$1.35

Absolutely guaranteed.

LEMONS, 1/2 doz. 7c

ASPARAGUS, 2 pounds 15c

NEW PEAS, Local, lb. 5c

NEW POTATOES, 5 lbs. 19c

STRAWBERRIES FRANK WEST and W. H. LONG

Fancy Strawberries Saturday Fruit and Vegetable Prices Saturday Only

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

RIDDLE—The Riddle Townsend club sponsored an ice cream social last Saturday evening which was attended by a large crowd. Dancing

and cards were the amusements of the evening. Music was furnished by the Colonial Dance orchestra with the following players: Merle Jo Riddle, piano; E. L. Pratt, violin; Ralph Pollard, banjo; Guy Beiden, guitar and novelty instru-
ments; Charlie Sewa, banjo and attended by a large crowd. Dancing

FRAGRANTLY FRESH!