

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELISWORTH, Editor

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Money Soon.

BASED upon 50 per cent of the total amount due on adjusted service certificates in force December 31, 1935, it is estimated that 35,858 veterans in the state of Oregon will receive a total of \$17,950,190 shortly after the 15th day of June. The 50 per cent figure is used on the assumption that veterans, generally speaking, previously borrowed half the face value of their certificates.

That is a lot of money and unless all previous experience fails to predict the result, most of it will be put into circulation mighty soon after it is released by the government.

Old bills, mortgages, payments on new homes, automobiles, clothes—and the countless things everyone needs will share in the distribution. No matter where the money goes from the hands of the veterans, it will be in circulation and that is what counts. Business should get better during the summer and fall as the result of this payment of the bonus.

Few Parties Best.

IS THERE anything really ominous in the exposure of the "Black Legion" organization in Michigan? In other words is this organization an isolated case or does it indicate a trend?

There have been various gangs, cliques, organizations and "parties" spring up during recent years. None of them have been of serious import, or of large proportion but many of them have flourished amazingly for a time. In this country of sane, well educated people, such developments on a large scale do not seem possible.

However we must remember that Germany, France and Italy are equally civilized. We have seen the triumph of "gangs" movements in Italy and Germany and at the present moment there is the very real possibility that one of the stronger "movements" in France will take control.

Government by any one of two, or not more than three strong responsible political parties has proven successful in this country. Under such a system there is responsibility. Nothing will so quickly and surely bring about the destruction of our plan of government than the serious development of a number of small but active and irresponsible "parties," "gangs," or "movements."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

be no more have to take it away from.

AS TO SPENDING more than you can hope to take in and making up the difference by borrowing, it is FINE as long as the borrowing and the spending last, but when you can no longer borrow any more and have to begin to PAY UP OR DO WITHOUT it is terrible.

THIS formula for obtaining the more abundant life isn't a NEW deal at all. It is a very, very OLD deal, indeed. It has been tried time and again since history began, and always it has ended in DISASTER.

If you KEEP ON robbing a squirrel of the nuts it has stored up, the time will come when the squirrel will QUIT storing nuts.

If you go on borrowing and spending, without PAYING UP, the time will come when you can borrow no more.

UNDER the American institutions that now are sneered at by the high-brows and the brain trusts, and referred to as "horse-and-buggy" institutions, this coun-

try has achieved for itself a more abundant life than ever was known in the world before.

If you live in the United States of America—no matter who you are or whether you are big or little—you are far better off than you would be if you lived in any other country on earth.

Life in America is and HAS BEEN for generations so much more abundant than life anywhere else that immigrants from everywhere have, striven our shores in such numbers that in self defense we had to erect high barriers (in the form of rigid immigration laws) to keep them out.

YOU'VE heard the fable of the dog with a rich, juicy bone in its mouth that looked down into the water and saw its own reflection, and in the effort to obtain the IMAGINARY bone in the reflection lost the rich bone it already had.

Let's not be like that foolish dog. Let's KEEP what we have.

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Mills Bros.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Scout Music.
9:00—Gay Lombardo.
9:30—Famous Music.
10:00—Tango Time.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—John Demarchant.
11:30—Love Songs of Today.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Copeland's Pina Pette and His Ranch Boys.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—The Studabaker Champions.
12:45—WPA Program.
1:00—Music of Other Lands.
1:30—Lawrence Tibbets.
1:45—Saw Tunes.
2:00—Heart Songs.
2:30—Vocal Ensemble.
2:45—Victor Young and His Orchestra.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Jessie Crawford at the Organ.
3:30—Storyland.
3:40—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Reveries.
4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
5:00—Bill Billies from Thunder Mountain.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Victor Symphony Orchestra.
6:15—The Ford V-8 Revue.
6:30—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailans.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, MAY 28
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Louis Katzman & His Orchestra.
9:30—Melody Moods.
10:00—Old Favorites.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Five Spades.
11:15—Song Hit Revue.
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Gross & Hargis Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—On the Emerald Isle.
1:20—Frieder Chaplain.
1:45—Garden of Music.
2:00—Waltz Time.
2:30—John Demarchant.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Isiah Jones & His Orchestra.
4:30—Storyland.
4:45—Sol Bright & His Holly Wailans.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage Presents The Hawk.
5:45—Airs From the Opera.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—The Stationmaster.
6:30—Request Program.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

FEDERAL POSITIONS OPENED TO EXAMS

The local board of civil service examiners has received word that examinations are to be conducted to fill positions as civil service examiner and as assistant inspector in tunnel construction. Persons interested may receive full information from Charles Fields or C. B. Calahan at the local post office.

ANNUAL BERRY FEED OF ELKS ARRANGED

The annual strawberry feed of the Elks lodge will be held at 6:30 o'clock Thursday at the lodge hall. The lady Elks will be invited to join with the lodge members for a supper of strawberries, cream and cake. The lodge meeting to follow will feature an initiation of a large class of candidates.

CHAUFFEUR EXAMS SET IN ROSEBURG

Examinations will be conducted Tuesday and Wednesday, June 2 and 3, of applicants for drivers' licenses. The examinations will be conducted at the courthouse by Glenn Brown, examiner for the southern Oregon district.

"And don't take any wooden nickels!"



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER VIII
Nat opened the rear door, and the girl climbed in beside Ruth and Tyler. Tyler introduced Ruth, Nat and himself, and Nat started the car.
"I hope you're expected," said Doris Gordon.
"I believe we are," said Tyler.
"That's good," said Doris. "The cause you'd just have the trip for nothing if you weren't. Dad hardly sees anybody these days. I say, it's lucky you came along. I don't mind walking, but not in these shoes."
"It must be fun to drive your own car," Ruth said.
"You don't drive?" said Doris incredulously, turning to Ruth.
"No," said Ruth, smiling. "You see, I'm blind."

"I say," said Doris, astonished. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean—why I'd never have guessed—"
"Few people do at first," said Ruth composedly.
There was a long silence as the car forged powerfully ahead. Nat guessed that Doris was embarrassed and a little bit at ease. He began to talk, casually, over his shoulder. He felt the tension ease.
"Here we are," said Doris presently.
To his house gleamed in the sunshine. There were several smaller buildings to the rear, garages, stables, two houses that looked like employees' cottages. A broad white roadway wound up from the main road.
A closed gate barred their entrance. A man leaped out of the small ridge by the gate and stared at them. Doris waved to him, and the gate opened. Nat drove inside and stopped as the man came out of the house. He was a hard-looking customer, and he peered at them narrowly.
"Mr. Tyler," said Doris. "Dad's expecting him."

"Okay," said the man. He waved them by, and returned to his post. Nat drove to the main entrance of the house. A man came around the side of the building, a burly fellow with a heavy-jawed face. Nat thought that neither he nor the man at the gate looked like the typical employees of a multimillionaire. They looked pretty tough, both of them.

"Mr. Tyler and party," Doris cried, opening the door. She alighted from the car. The burly man got onto the running-board.
"Around to the left," he said.
Nat looked at Doris, standing in the driveway, smiling.

"Thanks a lot," she said. "Hope you stay for luncheon."
"Thanks," Nat grinned, and stepped on the accelerator. When they reached the other side of the house, the burly man told Nat to stop. Tyler helped Ruth from the car, and they followed the man to the door. The man announced them by telephone. The door opened, and he nodded for them to go up.

He remained outside, closing the door after them. At the top of the stairs they were met by a middle-aged man of a different type, obviously a servant. He bowed.
"Mr. Tyler?" he asked, politely.
"Yes," said Tyler.

"This way, sir," said the man. He showed them into a sunny sitting-room, seated them and disappeared through a door on the other side of the room.

"I say," said Tyler. "This is a strange place."
"Like a regular fort," said Nat. "And did you get a look at those two plug-uglies who met us?"
"They certainly looked like thugs," said Tyler.

Across the room the door opened, and a vigorous-looking man of fifty-four or five, wearing a loose and comfortable old tweed jacket and gray flannel slacks, appeared, adjusting his glasses. The door was closed behind him.
On the other side of it stood the servant who had admitted the visitors. Beside him was the burly man who had directed them up stairs. He held an automatic pistol in his hand. The two men stood close to the door, poised, listening.

Gordon advanced into the sitting-room with a smile.
"Ah," he said. "Mr. Tyler?"
"Yes," said Tyler. "How do you do, Mr. Gordon?"
The men shook hands, and Tyler introduced Ruth and then Nat. Gordon peered at him a moment, then extended his hand with a half-smile.

"You wanted me out at a devilish hour, Mr. Benson," he said.
"Sorry," said Nat. "But we thought the matter was urgent."
"I dare say," said Gordon. "Sit down."
Gordon indicated chairs, and they sat, facing the bright windows. He himself took a chair with his back to the window, so that he could watch their faces closely while his own was in shadow. Tyler smiled. It was an old trick he'd learned in the district attorney's office. In a sense he knew they were all on trial before the keen-eyed banker.

Gordon looked at them quietly for a moment. Then he said, inquiringly, "Well?"
"I must ask your indulgence for a rather roundabout introduction to the point," said Tyler. "But it's necessary. If you are to understand that I start at the beginning. My daughter Ruth, as you must have noticed, is blind."

"Oh?" said Gordon, astonished.
Tyler smiled, and Tyler went on with the story. He told of Ruth's talent for the violin, her studies abroad, the shattered condition of her life. Then he brought in her first troubled experiences. Gordon listened politely, but with a puzzled frown on his face. In detail Tyler recited the occurrences on the night of the attempt on the life of the president-elect.

Gordon said nothing, beyond an involuntary exclamation or two, but he kept his eyes on Ruth, who sat serene and at ease, listening to her father speak. When Tyler had finished, he sat back, watching the banker's face.

"This is extraordinary," said Gordon after a moment's pause. "Very interesting. But what has it to do with me?"
"I am coming to that," said Tyler. "I have told you how Ruth was able to pick up the hate of this man Zamanga, his determination to kill Mr. Roosevelt. How she knew when the shots were fired, realized that the assassin had failed in his attempt to shoot Mr. Roosevelt but had struck others, a woman and Mayor Coenab, included. We have said nothing of this to anyone except Dr. Jan Karasac, the well-known psychologist. But now we feel that we must speak—in you, because my daughter knows that some one is planning to kill you."

"Ah," said Gordon, softly. "She has—ah—picked this up out of the air, as it were?"
"Yes," said Tyler.
Gordon regarded the girl keenly.

"I see," he said. "And who, may I ask, is this would-be assassin?"
"I don't know," said Ruth.
"All that she has been able to get in this fierce determination to kill you," said Nat, speaking for the first time. "We thought we

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

If Christ is to have the pre-eminence in all of our life, it is perfectly evident that He must have the pre-eminence in all of our actions. We must not do that which this Christ of ours would disapprove of. In our actions we must remember that we are seeking to be His followers and His representatives, and only do that which a follower of Christ and one who has given Him the supreme place in our lives ought to do. If we are to give Christ the pre-eminence it must be in our actions. May we learn to give our lives in full surrender to the will of God. Amen.

should warn you. So that you can—
"Quite," said Gordon, interrupting. "I'm grateful, of course. As a matter of fact, I know I'm in a certain amount of danger. Any man in my position would be, especially in these perilous times. The world is full of fanatics and cranks."

"We feel that this is not a hazardous matter," said Nat quietly. "And we thought if you would tell us who is likely to hold a hatred against you, we might be able to help you."

"I appreciate your interest and the trouble you've taken," said Gordon. "But I feel quite safe, I assure you. I am thoroughly protected."

"So we noticed," said Nat dryly. "But nevertheless, we feel that you are in great danger, and we'd like to help you."
"It's very kind of you," said Gordon quickly. "I'm sure you're sincere. Your story has been extremely interesting. But—the fact is, I'm a rather hard-headed chap. I'm realistic and pretty skeptical. I don't take much stock in 'psychic stuff.'"

Tyler flushed.
"My dear fellow," he expostulated. "This is not 'psychic stuff,' as you call it. A reputable psychiatrist assures us—"

"No offense intended," said Gordon.
"Then you're not interested?" said Tyler a little sharply.
"Of course I'm interested," said Gordon. "But I'm not disposed to go into a cold sweat, old man, merely because a slip of a girl reads my doom in the stars or something."

"You don't believe me?" said Ruth wonderingly.
"My dear child," Gordon protested. "I didn't say I didn't believe you. I'm sure of your perfect sincerity, sure that you believe your own words. But after all—"

"Dr. Karasac accepts Ruth's power as a matter of fact," said Tyler a little impatiently. "He's a trained psychologist, and has heard of similar cases—"

"Psychology," said Gordon a trifle pointedly. "Is not yet one of the exact sciences. I happen to have the scientific temperament. I believe what is demonstrably true."

"You believe in the radio, I take it?" said Nat pleasantly.
"Of course," said Gordon sharply.
"The radio is a mere mechanical device, yet it can pick up waves from the air and reproduce sounds a thousand miles distant," said Nat. "The human brain, an infinitely more subtle instrument, sometimes has a similar power. Why can't a mind as sensitive as Ruth's mind of a child of genius pick up thought-waves, especially when they are broadcast, as it were, by a mind obsessed with the powerful emotion of hate?"

RAMBLINGS

NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

ANTON COENENBERG, as everyone in Sutherlin knows, owns the bakery there, and a mighty nice bakery it is, and Mr. Coenenberg is a good baker; his customers will tell you that. He has been in Sutherlin for about four years, coming there from Medford. But he hasn't been a baker always, and he hadn't always lived in Medford.

Before coming to America in 1922, Mr. Coenenberg was an electrician, and before that—the first thing he ever was, for that matter—he was a German.

While he was an expert electrician, at the same time he was a soldier, and underwent several periods of intense training. In 1904-5 he was a member of the 5th company, 17th infantry; in 1905-6 he was in the 3d company, Lehr infantry battalion; in 1908 he attended the Kaiser maneuvers, as a member of the 1st company of the 135th regiment of infantry. In 1910 he attended some more maneuvers, and on the 6th day of August, 1911, he was mustered into the 53d regiment of infantry, 2nd army.

After one week's training he started on a sightseeing tour of Belgium, a hurried one, which eventually took him, on the double-quick, into France in the general direction of Rheims. At Chery, however, his own personal participation in the tour was halted, by a rifle bullet, while he was firing, from the lip of a shell hole. This bullet zipped along, side his own rifle barrel, almost tearing his hand off, then struck him in the throat, ploughed down through his chest and came out of his back.

His fighting days over for quite some time, Mr. Coenenberg, when his recovery permitted, entered a munitions factory, and, because of his expert craftsmanship, was kept there instead of being sent immediately back to the army; but eventually he received orders to report to his regiment, and only the coming of the Armistice saved him from another stretch at the front.

Four years after the close of the war Mr. Coenenberg came to the United States, direct to Portland, Oregon. In this country, however, he discovered that most jobs open to electricians, called for a great deal of contact with the general public—and this in turn demanded a knowledge of the English language, which he didn't possess. So, he turned his hand—both of them for that matter, for the wounded one had healed with the loss of only one finger—to baking bread. At the same time he turned his mental energy toward learning English, and in both pursuits he succeeded remarkably well.

After seeing "The Country Doctor" last night at the Indian, I have a better appreciation of Mac West's somewhat frigid formality, when she greeted the father of the quintuplets with "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Dionne," and let it go at that.

The Dionne family tree must have been a quince.

"Perhaps there is a case for telepathy, hypnosis, mind-reading, psychic communication, all sorts of jol-crool. But I don't happen to believe in that, that's all."

"Then you don't feel disposed to take us into your confidence?" Nat asked.

"I have taken you into my confidence," said Gordon. "I know there are people who would gladly kill me. I have taken precautions to protect myself. What more can I do?"

"Perhaps, through Ruth, we could trap this would-be assassin," persisted Nat.

"Nonsense!" said Gordon. "Tyler rose quickly. 'I think we had best go,' he said.

"Don't be offended," said Gordon. Tyler shrugged exasperated. "Is there anyone in particular who has caused you to want to kill you?" Nat asked.

"Any crank, I suppose," said Gordon. "No one I know of definitely."

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