

Roseburg News-Review

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Idealists vs. Realists.

ONE OF the confusing things to all students of problems of social organization which is another way of saying "governments," is the fact that too many theories are evolved upon the basis of what people should do instead of making the theories fit what people actually do.

The idealists, the people who reason out for you so logically the way of establishing a true Utopia, cannot or will not recognize the truth about human beings. They would plan an ideal state but for their plan to work such a state should be populated by ideal people.

So the voters of America are continually bombarded with plans, schemes, suggestions and platforms, most of them being amazing mixtures of practical fact and impossible idealistic theory.

William Allen White, noted editor of Emporia, Kansas, contends that there actually are only two kinds of government. There is the kind of government in which people govern themselves reasoning it all out with free speech and in parliamentary debate. The other kind of government herds people about by ukase, by proclamation, by emergency, by minorities seizing power and defying the majority. Thus states Editor White and he is about right.

The difficulty with the idealist state is that, due to human failings, someone must be at hand to "crack the whip" so as to keep the state "ideal." Then the government becomes a dictatorship and individual freedom ends.

The more government we have, the more we lean on the power and the gifts of a paternal central government, the farther we travel the road away from true liberty—the liberty for which our forefathers fought.

In desperation, in a weakness brought on by the wearing years of economic depression, we are tempted to turn away from the rugged and simple type of government which, in providing liberty, also demands that each person pay the penalty for his own shortcomings. But offsetting that is the right of each to profit by his own energies and abilities.

As we turn away from the simple government to the "ideal"—the plan which seeks the rich, shares the wealth, gives to those who have not, raises the economic level of one person at the expense of another—we turn, not to a better life for all, but toward ultimate loss of liberty and freedom of speech and action. We come ultimately to the point of penalizing initiative and rewarding idleness.

This country is rapidly approaching the "zero hour" in this conflict of ideas regarding government. Whether or not our children and their children must live under a dictatorship will surely be determined during the next few years.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1) Jailing human slavery was causing WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

IF THE states of the South had been permitted tamely to secede from the Union, there would have been two nations in what is now the territory of the United States, instead of one united nation.

With the misunderstandings of accession as a background and with probably an armed frontier between them, it is not unlikely that those nations would have been ENEMY nations, much like France and Germany.

Daily Devotions

Be Christ-Centered Bishop Phillips Brooks once advised young Christian people thus, "Attach yourselves to the center of your Christian experience and not to some point on its circumference." Many centrifugal forces are at work pulling the Christian and the church away from the center of Christian experience, to some point on the circumference. There is a grave danger of losing sight of the center. Someone has defined genius as the art of living with the major issues of life. On this basis Jesus was the world's supreme genius. May we strive to follow His example that our hearts may dwell continually in the center of God's will. Amen.

greater than the CIVIL WAR.

AS FOR the indirect cause of the Civil War, which was the institution of human slavery, we must all admit without hesitation that abolition of this cruel and degrading institution was worth all the cost of a long and bloody war.

THIS is now a united nation—beyond all doubt the greatest nation on earth, with an amazingly high average of human comfort and human liberty. It is free from the strain of human slavery.

These things are worth all the cost, staggering though it was, of the Civil War.

CLUBS ENJOY PICNIC AT UMPQUA PARK

The Happy Helpers Cooking Club and the Fullerton sewing club, both of Fullerton school, enjoyed a joint picnic at Umpqua park Saturday. Mrs. W. H. Hall is leader of the cooking club and Mrs. M. R. Ivie directs the sewing club. Fullerton school is the only Roseburg school participating in club work this year. Both clubs have secured 100 per cent completion of projects and all members have received their achievement pins. The Fullerton P. T. A. has presented each of the ladies directing the work of the clubs with leaders' pins.

WATCHFUL GANDER SLAIN BY THIEVES

HILLSBORO, June 1 (AP)—John Warnock lost his watch dog as well as 250 grain sacks to thieves.

The watch dog was a 14-year old gander who proved effective up until last night. All the sheriff found of the gander was feathers.

FARMER GUILTY OF BREAKING SEED LAW

COLBY, Kas. (AP)—A jury of farmers convicted Ralph Cunningham of Winona for violating the state seed law by purchasing feed corn and selling it as seed without labeling it properly.

TOWNSEND CLUBS DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

GLENDALE — The Glendale Townsend club held a brief business meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. President Lesh presiding. Election of officers will take place at their next meeting. It was decided to invite Rev. Young, of Sutherlin, to address the members at this meeting.

MARKETS

PRODUCE PORTLAND, June 1 — BUTTER — Prims, A grade, 3 1/2 lb. in parchment wrapper, 32c in cartons; B grade, parchment wrapper, 30c lb; cartons 31c.

BUTTERFEAT (Portland delivery, basic price) — A grade, delivered at least twice a week, 30c lb; country routes 28c lb; B grade 29c; C grade at market.

B GRADE CREAM for market — Buying price, butterfat basis 53 1/2c. LIVE POULTRY — Portland delivery, buying prices: Colored hens over 14 lbs. 18-19c; under 14 lbs. 18-19c; leghorn hens over 14 lbs. 18-19c; under 14 lbs. 18-19c; leghorn broilers 1 1/2 to 1 1/4 lbs. 17-18c; 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 lbs. 17-18c; 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 lbs. 16-17c; 1 3/4 to 2 lbs. 15-16c; 2 to 2 1/2 lbs. 14-15c; 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. 13-14c.

ONIONS — Oregon \$1.25-1.35 per 100. POTATOES — Local \$3.00-3.25 per cental; Klamath \$2.50-3.75 per cental; Sapponee Netted Gems \$3.50-3.75 cental; Deschutes Netted Gems \$2.50-3.75.

CANTALOUPE — California, standard \$3.50-4.00; Jumbo 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. \$4.00-4.50; 4 to 5 lbs. \$4.00-4.50.

WOOL — 1936 contracts, nominal; Williams valley, medium 20c; Blue coat and brand 28c; eastern Oregon 21-23c lb.; southern Idaho 26-28c lb.

HAY — Selling price to whole city: Alfalfa No. 1 \$17; eastern Oregon timothy \$17.50-18; Willamette valley timothy \$17.50-18; oats and vetch \$14; clover \$11-12 ton, Portland.

EGGS — Buying price of whole sales: Extras 1 1/2c; standards 1 1/2c; extra mediums 1 1/2c; to medium 1 1/2c; undergrade 1 1/2c; pullets 1 1/2c dozen.

CHEESE — Oregon triplets 15c; Oregon loaf 16c. Brokers will pay 4c below quotations.

COUNTRY MEATS — Selling price to retailers. Country killed hogs, best cutbacks under 150 lb. 12-13c; vetcher No. 1 11-12c; light cuts 8-10c; hams, old 13c; spring hams 15-16c; sides 9-9c lb.

MOHAIR — 1935, 42-45c lb. CASCARA BARK — Buying price, 1935 peel, 3c lb. HOPS — Nominal; Clusters 3 1/2c lb.

"The sooner you get it down in black and white the better"



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XIII "What is it?" asked Tyler.

"Would you consider remaining here, on the estate, you and your daughter, for a time?" Gordon asked. "What I'm getting at is this: Should another attempt be made on my life, perhaps she can well foreman it. And being on the spot, bring about the apprehension of this assassin."

Tyler turned toward Ruth. She was sitting just as before, quietly listening. Her great eyes were closed. Now she opened them, as if sensing her father's inquiring look. "I'll be glad to stay," she said.

"If you and Nat do too." "That can be arranged," said Gordon eagerly. "You shall be my guests. There is a very comfortable and roomy cottage. It will accommodate you nicely. If you can see your way clear—"

"I think it's an excellent idea," said Nat quickly. "Then we'll stay," said Tyler. "Splendid!" Gordon cried.

He wrung Tyler's hand. Nat was watching David, who frowned slightly. But when catching Nat's glance, he smiled suddenly and murmured: "Very kind of you. We appreciate this."

At Gordon's urgent insistence they agreed to return to town, get their things and come back to the estate that evening in time for dinner. Gordon promised to have the cottage put in order at once.

They were clear of the grounds and half a mile down the road before anyone spoke. Then Nat, turning to Tyler, said: "For a father and son, those fellows certainly don't look much alike."

"They do not," said Tyler. Ruth seemed surprised. "Why their voices are much alike," she said. "The same quality. It never occurred to me they weren't father and son. Of course it's possible they aren't. One thing holding something important."

"I believe you're right," said Tyler. "As for me, I'm still trying to figure out how a gunman could sneak into the armed camp, tire a shot which aroused the entire household, and then just—vanish."

While Nat waited for Ruth and her father to complete their packing, he telephoned Dr. Karase—his first opportunity to inform the little psychiatrist of the new developments in the case. He reported everything in detail. Dr. Karase chuckled excitedly when he told him how Ruth had picked up the definite message that death for Gordon was about to strike.

"Magnificent!" My boy, you are on the track of something! Something tremendous! And now you have something to get your teeth into, eh? This Gordon's all—reluctance to show his hand should make the thing even more fascinating, no? You will see that young woman work this out in spite of him, eh? Ah! I wish I could be there. What an experiment! A scientific experiment, my boy, with this Gordon—the ah—the guinea pig!"

But Karase would vouchsafe no opinions, no advice. It was up to Nat.

When he came out of the library, Nat saw Tyler, Ruth and her personal maid, Olga, descending the stairs. Raines, the butler, helped them arrange their luggage, and Nat started the car.

It was dusk when they reached the Gordon estate again. Johnson met them and escorted them to an attractive two-story cottage directly across the garden from the main house.

Johnson called a manservant to assist the men in their unpacking, and himself hovered about until he was sure they were comfortable. The man, he explained, would be available at any time they needed him. As for Miss Tyler's maid—there were only three bedrooms in the cottage, but an extra cot could be placed in Ruth's room for her. Or she could have a room to herself in one of the servants' cottages.

Ruth herself suggested that the latter plan would be satisfactory; for in spite of her handicap she readily learned the geography of rooms and doors and furniture.

She was therefore installed in a large room on the second floor, with its windows overlooking the garden and the big house, and Olga tucked about with her things before taking her own bag to the servants' cottage. Nat and Tyler were given the adjoining bedrooms on the ground floor of the cottage, opening off the enormous living-room, which was lined with well-filled bookcases.

Nat and Tyler were relaxing over their pipes before starting to dress for dinner, when Gordon appeared at the cottage, alone. He seemed in good spirits. "Just wanted to see that you were fixed up all right," he said. "Everything's shipshape," said Tyler.

RAMBLINGS

of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

ALTHOUGH it is open to travel, and has been for several weeks, there is a lot of snow at Crater Lake yet.

It lies in great spreading drifts, some six to eight feet in depth, which have melted long enough, however, to have become a bit dingy and ragged looking. The road is cleared to, and around, the lodge, and the cement pathway bordering the rim along the promenade is clear of snow, as is the stairway leading down to the Siamut memorial. The cafeteria and the various buildings in the camp ground are about mid-deep in snow.

The day I was there—Sunday—was overcast by great drifting banks of clouds, and this rather spoiled the deep indigo effect of the water's coloration, except for the rare periods when the sun broke through and the skies cleared overhead. However, the considerable crowd of visitors present were loud in their praise of the beautiful scene. Most of them were visiting it for the first time.

The only officials present were those at the Anna Springs station, six miles distant from the lake at the junction of the lateral road connecting Crater with the Medford-Klamath highway traversing the park. Here all cars going to the lake are halted, the license numbers taken, and names of the drivers listed. Also, a dollar fee is collected from all first entry cars of the current season.

Although the season is early and in spite of the snow, travel is brisk, the Anna Springs attendants told me. An average of 75 first entry cars have been checked in daily for the past couple of weeks, and the Sunday average has been 250. At this rate, the park service will be able to build some more rock houses, and stairways, and buy some more shiny uniform buttons for the park rangers by the end of the year.

The rim road encircling the lake still is deep in snow. The section leading to the left, from which the Diamond Lake road branches, may be traced where it follows the shoulder of the mountain beyond which the descent commences to the lower country surrounding Diamond, but no effort has been made to clear it, nor will I imagine, inasmuch as there are other entrances to this lake. The one leading to it from the Dalles-California highway has been opened for a week or more, and is in fair condition, according to radio reports broadcast last Friday from Medford. The same authority listed the Union creek road as open and passable, but in poor shape for travel at the present time.

The snow is melting rapidly in these high mountain areas, and soon the ledges at the various lakes will be open, the camp grounds cleared and renovated, and all made ready for the coming of a horde of expected visitors who will flock from far and near to view the marvelous scenery, breathe the fresh rarified air and catch a fish, maybe.

"As you wish," said Tyler. "Then—I think that's all, sir," said Gordon, rising. "Unless there's something—anything I can do for you?"

Tyler looked at him through half-closed lids. "Mr. Gordon," he said, "I didn't want to speak of this in the presence of your son, this morning. But I think it's only fair to tell you—you were not alone in your campaign—of—shall we say checking up."

"Eh?" said Gordon. His eyes looked startled. And yet, both men noticed none of this showed in his face.

"I mean, we were rather curious about you," pursued Tyler. "And we took the liberty of—of examining your—pat."

Gordon stared at them, his eyes dilating.

"We found—" Tyler began, then paused, glanced at Gordon significantly.

"The man we had his lips but said nothing. "A stone wall," Tyler finished, looking at Gordon keenly. There was no sign of either alarm or relief in the man's face. Only his eyelids twitched slightly; then he controlled them.

"Gentlemen," he said a trifle huskily, "that is my affair. I do not feel at liberty to answer. This—this is a family matter—known only to myself, my son and my wife. I—I can assure you that there is nothing discreditable."

He stopped, gestured with his hands. "We weren't implying that there was," said Tyler quickly. "Please don't think us meddling, Mr. Gordon. But we've done you a service."

"A service I can never repay," said Gordon. "Believe me, Mr. Tyler, I appreciate it. But you know that, will it suffice if I swear, on my honor, that this—this is not a guilty secret?"

"Of course," said Tyler. "But it might be of incalculable help to us."

"No, no," said Gordon. "It's impossible. I have just assured you."

"He stopped at a sound. Ruth was coming down the unfamiliar stairs, with Olga's hand on her elbow. She hesitated a moment, then called out, a good evening to Gordon, and descended into the room. Gordon replied. Then he coughed slightly and glanced at his watch.

"If you'll excuse me, now," he said. "I—I must dress for dinner. We shall meet at eight."

"Very good," said Tyler. He accompanied Gordon to the door. The man held out his hand, suddenly. Tyler extended his own and Gordon clasped it firmly. He raised his left hand to Tyler's shoulder and stood thus for a moment.

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She Was Too Busy



Mrs. Frances Dyer

Her job as mayor of Grover, Colo., proved a handicap to Mrs. Frances Dyer, above, when it came to keeping the affection of her husband, she explained in filing an alienation of affections suit against a Grover school teacher for \$12,500, claiming she was responsible for the breakup of the Dyer home.

"Out-Brodies" Brodie



Louis Klein

The famous feat of Steve Brodie, who jumped 133 feet from New York's Brooklyn bridge into the East river in 1896, was eclipsed by 19-year-old Louis Klein of New Orleans when he dove from the new Mississippi bridge into the water 153 feet below. Klein is shown recovering in the hospital from the shock and extra water he "took aboard."

11:00—Saw Turns. 11:15—Love Songs of Today. Afternoon Hours 12:05—Coco's Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys. 12:20—News-Review News Broadcast. 12:30—The Studebaker Chumpions. 12:45—WPA Program. 1:00—Lawrence Tibbets. 1:15—Heart Songs. 1:45—Vocal Ensemble. 2:00—Down Memory Lane. 2:30—Music of Other Lands. 3:00—World Book Man. 3:15—Band Selections. 3:30—Story Land. 4:00—The Editor Views the News. 4:15—Matinee Reveries. 4:45—An Ounce of Prevention. 5:00—Jinxie Memories. 5:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies. 5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk. 5:45—Rovano Operatic Tenor. 6:15—The Ford VS Revue. 6:30—Songs Seldom Heard. 7:00—Grab Bag Program. 8:00—Sign Off.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

ANDERSON-VON PESSL—Lawrence Anderson, Yreka, and Ruth Von Pessl, Roseburg.

ALLDRIDGE-MILLER — Fred A. Alldridge, Drain, and Lila L. Miller, Roseburg.

WERTZ-STEWART—John Leonard Wertz and Mary Jean Stewart, both of Drain.

HATFIELD-STRAIDER — Dale William Hatfield and Norma Strader, both residents of Dixonville.

CHAFFIN - HENDERSON — George Lee Chaffin and Orel Henderson, both of Cottage Grove.

BORN

BOOTH—To Mr. and Mrs. Harrie W. Booth of Laurelwood, at Morry hospital, Saturday night, May 29, a son.

SHAW—To Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Shaw, of West First street, Saturday, May 29, a daughter.

Undergoes Minor Operation — Stewart Cooper, of this city, had his tonsils removed this morning by Dr. A. C. Seely.

Stock and Bond Averages

STOCKS Compiled by The Associated Press, June 1, 1936

Table with 4 columns: Today, 30 days, 60 days, 90 days. Rows for Dow Jones Industrial Average, S&P 500, etc.

BONDS 20 10 15 10 30 Today, 31 1/2 31 1/2 31 1/2 31 1/2

One Word Led To Another



By Bugs Baer

We got a lawyer in our town who specializes in ladies who shoot their husbands. Our town is New York where husbands are pretty much like clay pigeons.

He does pretty well with ladies who shoot other people's husbands. And, when things are dull, he accepts girls who pepper their fiancés. He is so successful that not one of his clients has ever parked on the legal gridle.

All that he asks is that his homicidal client uses a pearl handled revolver instead of a machine gun. Something dainty, frilly and effeminate.

Another small item is that the lady must look pale and interesting. Which result can be attained by standing on her head in a flower barrel for five minutes.

We have watched this Daniel Webster of the rifle ranges away a jury. He has "em" rocking like porch furniture.

In his last successful case his client shot her man in the back. The plea was self-defense. This plea hooked up with the facts like a screen door in an igloo. It didn't belong.

A man who has been gunned in self-defense should have the bullet in front like a rose in his lapel. At no time can the plea of self-preservation be turned into an Austrian pursuit race.

A man with a slug between his shoulder blades is going the wrong way. That's Sunday driving. Yet this famous attorney can take a case like that and thread it through the microscopic eyes of fantastic needles.

We have a hunch that most of his results are not strictly ethical. That he does not depend so much on his plea as he does on the knowledge that he has a stow-away in the rumble seat.

Like many other successful criminal sibilers he has a cousin on the jury. All you need is one among twelve and you can tie things up like the wrapping department of a big department store.

Still, one major item in his favor is that masculine jurors never hang a pretty lady who massacres her husband. They seem to think that husbands and postage stamps are more authentic when perforated.

VITAL STATISTICS

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