

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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New Capitol Soon.

NOW that the design for the new
capitol for the state of Oregon
has been determined, details
of construction will be rapidly
worked out.

Oregon will not be building an-
other capitol building for a long
time—at least it is not at all likely
that another new building will be
needed. Therefore it is fitting that
serious consideration be given the
smallest detail of construction and
interior decoration.

A capitol building is more than
just an office. It is more than a
mere building in which the busi-
ness of the state is transacted. It
is a symbol of government. It is a
place where the records and histor-
ical treasures—those left after the
costly fire—may be kept. All parts
of the state should be represented
in some way in the new building.

One suggestion, which seems
well worth considering is that the
walls of the proposed rotunda be
paneled with carvings of native
wood. A group of wood carvers lo-
cated near Eugene has conducted
some experiments and the results
of their efforts were recently dis-
played. Apparently the Livingston
design for the building leaves the
way open for the utilization of such
wood carvings. It seems likely that
the architect who designed the
structure will quickly approve the
suggestion of carved wood panels
for the interior of the rotunda. It
is to be hoped that he will.

Go to the Bay.

FRIDAY Coos Bay celebrates the
completion of the new Coos
Bay bridge. The celebration is be-
ing held at North Bend but the en-
tire bay area is taking part.

The Roseburg Chamber of Com-
merce had plans under way to send
the Roseburg School Band over to
take part in the celebration out-
side of the bay area. But due to the
serious illness of Horace Berg
and because Snap Gilmore, the di-
rector, has also been ill, it is not
practical or possible to carry out
the previous plan.

However, the bay area will hold
only one such celebration, at least
in our time. It is the biggest event
in southwestern Oregon for a long
time. Roseburg and Douglas county
should join with the bay people in
this celebration.

It is unfortunate that the band
cannot go but we should have a
caravan of cars from here to take
part as representing us. Those
who can do so should plan to go
to North Bend Friday and Satur-
day. There will be a big time, lots
of excitement and, according to
information which comes over from
the bay, the events planned will be
well worth witnessing.

So, let's go over and celebrate
with our neighbors, wish them
well, see the new bridge and have
an all around big time.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

est ship, and the Germans have
the only Zeppelin-type airship that
is maintaining a regular trans-
atlantic passenger schedule.

What are we doing?

WELL, if the United States can
CONTINUE to maintain, as it
has done in the past, the highest
average standard of human com-
fort on earth, it will be doing quite
well by its people.

You will note that these great
transportation machines have as
their primary purpose getting peo-
ple FROM Europe and TO America.

PERHAPS you noted this head-
line: "Chinese War Lords Pre-

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

The divine purpose in crea-
tion and providence, and in all
God's dealings with the Sons of
Men, as Paul stated it, that they
should come into fellowship
with Him, and that mutual love
and understanding should be
the key to that relationship. He
insists that this wonderful and
much to be desired result is not
altogether of God's doing, but
that we must also help to
achieve it. Fellowship with God
is an achievement. Help us, we
pray Thee, to come into the
richness and satisfaction of that
experience as we have not done
before through Jesus Christ our
Lord. Amen.

Stand Against Japanese Aggression

They have been watching Ethio-
pia, evidently, and have come to
the conclusion that if China is to
be protected against outside ag-
gression she must do the protect-
ing herself.

That is a fairly sensible conclu-
sion.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 4

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Breeze.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Old Favorites.
9:30—Louis Katzman & His Or-
chestra.

10:00—Melody Moods.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Waltz Time.
11:30—Song Hit Review.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Radio Music Store After-
noon Concert.

12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—Feodor Chaliapin.
1:15—Garden of Music.
1:30—Concert Arrangements.
2:00—On the Emerald Isle.
2:30—Jesse Crawford and the Or-
chestra.

3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
3:45—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Paul Whiteman and His Or-
chestra.

4:45—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:00—Close Harmony Four.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents
The Hawk.

5:45—Dixie Memories.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
ments.
6:15—The Stationmaster.
6:30—WPA Program.
6:45—Hawaiian Melodies.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Breeze.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Hill Billies.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Jocelyn Bros. Orchestra.
9:30—Morning Musicals.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Milla Bies.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Coos's Agricultural Talk.
12:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:35—The Studebaker Champions.
12:45—WPA Program.
1:00—Music's Magic Carpet.
1:30—Songs of Our Land.
1:45—Fritz Kreisler.
2:00—Sol Bright & His Holly
Wallians.
2:30—Victor Young & His Or-
chestra.

3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
3:45—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Melody.
4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
5:00—Matinee Melody Cont'd.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage pre-
sents The Hawk.

5:45—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
6:00—Down Memory Lane.
6:30—Furco Caruso.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

Better Than Coffin

PITTSBURGH, Calif., June 3.
(AP)—Police Captain Daniel Mc-
Neil received \$35.65 from the city
council today for a new overcoat,
replacing one ruined by bullets
during a gun battle last December.
Officer John Buckley was slain
in the fight and Captain McNeil,
Special Officer Chris Moore, and
Deputy Sheriff Sal Jimine were
wounded in attempting to capture
a drink-crazed man.

Birds Change Diet

YONKUTTE, Calif., June 3.
(AP)—Yosemite national park
rangers have noticed the birds are
getting not only lazier but fastid-
ious.
Once the birds left their roosts
at daybreak to hunt worms, but
now they leave that business to
fishermen, say the rangers, and sit
indolently by until a motorist
parks.

Then they flutter down and
pluck hot roasted bugs from the
radiator.

Hats Off!

(A Counter-Movement to the Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators)



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XV

Tyler found the phone in the
darkness, called Gordon's private
number, quietly gave the warning.
Gordon seemed very cool, posses-
ed. He would be on guard.

"Now keep very quiet," Ruth's
voice said.

They waited, tense, for what
seemed like minutes, before she
spoke again.

"Now," she breathed, "He's re-
assured. Will try to get to Gor-
don."

"Inside the house or not?" Nat
whispered.

"I don't know," she said.
"I'll have a look around," Nat
said. "Stand by."

He felt his way down the stairs,
let himself very quietly into the
garden. Very softly he made his
way toward the house sharply
etched against the sky by the
moonlight, stopping every few
paces to listen. He heard nothing.

Down at the main gate the light in
the lodge burned reassuringly.

Yet somewhere an assassin was
creeping toward the man on the
top floor.

He crept closer to the house,
peering intently into the shadows
beneath Gordon's window. Only
there did the moonlight fail to pen-
etrate. He crouched, waiting, not
daring to leave the shadows of the
garden for the brightness of the
lawn. A minute, two—three.

Then there was a terrific
clamor. The alarm! The sky light-
ed up like day. House, garden,
grounds stood out clearly in a
steady glare. On the ledge under
Gordon's window, a man's figure
clung. He turned a terrified face
to the light. Then he dropped,
lithely, landing on the lawn on all
four, picked himself up and began
to run.

With a shout Nat flung himself
forward. The man, half-stopping,
swerved, like an open field running
half-back. Nat gathered himself
and dived. He felt his hands grasp
swirling legs; then he and a lash-
ing, twisting figure were on the
ground, rolling over and over.

Nat locked his legs tightly about
the man's body, snatched his right
arm swiftly under his chin, then
with his left seized a wrist. He
felt the gun drop from the man's
hand and slide off his arm onto
the ground. Though pinned se-
curely, his body still writhed and
jerked.

Then there was a confusion of
voices, the sound of running feet.
Nat looked up into the face of Nel-
son, the stocky Swede, who promp-
tly pounced upon the struggling
gambler. In a moment they had
quieted him.

The lights had come on in the
house, and the clang of the alarm
had ceased; but the entire estate
was still bathed in the glow of the
powerful illumination system. In-
vited Gordon appeared, then Tyler
and Ruth. Nat heard the older Gor-
don's voice sharply ordering the
women to remain in the house.

Willoughby jerked the pris-
oner to his feet. He was a power-
ful fellow, tall, broad-shouldered.
He stared at them from a peck-
marked face, defiantly. Surrounded
by half a dozen men, he was drag-
ged across the lawn, into the liv-
ing-room.

Carlotta, Doris and Helene, all
in negligee, were there. Gordon un-
ceremoniously ushered them out.
The prisoner's defiance had given
way to stolid, wordless indifference
now. Gordon dismissed two of the
guards. Two others held the pris-
oner.

Nelson and Harrigan, the burly
man who maintained guard at the
side entrance by day, stood over

him watchfully. Harrigan, awak-
ened from sleep, wore corduroy
trousers over his pajamas, and one
slipper, the other having been lost
in the scuffle.

Ruth and her father came into
the room. David Gordon glanced
inquiringly at his father, who
nodded and pulled out a chair for
Ruth. She closed her eyes and
seemed to be listening intently.

Harrigan bent closer to the pris-
oner, thrusting out his heavy jaw.
"All right, he," he said harshly.
"Make it fast. The bulls'll be here
in a couple minutes. We don't
want you. Spill your info and you
go clean."

The prisoner merely shrugged,
contemptuously.

"One of them tough private
dicks, eh?" he sneered. "Bring on
your bulls, Boy Scout."

Harrigan scowled and raised a
flat as if to plant it on the man's
jaw. But Gordon seized his arm.
"Easy does it, Harrigan," he said.
"Then, to the prisoner, quietly:
"Who sent you?"

"Don't bother me!" said the man
scornfully.

David Gordon bent close to him.
"Was it Gaudin?" he said, in a
low voice, barely distinguishable to
the others.

"Who the deuce is Gaudin?" de-
manded the prisoner.

"You know who—" began David
Gordon angrily, but a pressure on
his arm from his father stopped him.
The younger man flashed a look
at Nat, then stepped back, scowling.

Harrigan bent over the prisoner,
again.

"Listen, buddy," he said more
calmly. "Why should you take this
rap? We only want the guy that
sent you."

"I don't know what you're talk-
in' about," growled the man. "I'm
just a hood tryin' to pick up a few
bucks. Nobody sent me."

"This ain't no burglary rap," per-
sued Harrigan. "This is an
attempted bump-off."

"Oh, yeah?" said the man. "Why
should I wanta bump anybody off?
Think I'm lookin' for the hot
squat? Bring on your coppers,
and let's get this over with."

"Better think this over before
the police come," Gordon urged.
"I'll make it easy for you, and no-
body will ever know you told. Who
sent you?"

"Nobody!" barked the prisoner.
"I tell you it was just a private
provoc. I sure picked a nice lay-
out. What is this, the U. S. Mint?"

Ruth sat quietly in her chair, her
face turned toward the prisoner.
Her eyes closed, her face expres-
sionless. Neither Nat nor Tyler
joined in the barrage of questions
now flung at the man. Both were
puzzled by David Gordon's quick
"Was it Gaudin?" and by the father's
prompt action in shutting the
younger man off.

They sat listening intently, hop-
ing that one of the questions
would give them a clue to the mys-
tery. But David Gordon asked no
further questions, and the name
Gaudin was not mentioned again.

There was no penetrating the
stolid indifference of the prisoner.
Tyler, in his experience as district
attorney, had seen too many like
him. He knew there was no mak-
ing that breed talk. The futile
questioning went on, however, un-
til there was the sound of a car
entering the grounds.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

MOST of the potatoes in the
Klamath Basin are planted for
this season, but here and there an
occasional farmer is to be seen
completing this job. It's a labor
of love, this year particularly—
with spuds now selling from three
to five cents per pound. Being
hard headed and, to a certain ex-
tent, skeptical, the grower's
aren't counting their fall profits
before their potatoes are market-
ed; but they do expect a good price
for this season's crop.

Considering the yield the farm-
ers in the potato belt in the basin
enjoy, a fair price means a lot of
money to them. Four hundred
bushels to the acre is about aver-
age, I was told, with some growers
obtaining as high as seven hun-
dred. Storage pits dot the land-
scape throughout this huge area
as thick as mole hills in a favorite
lawn.

Farmers who have made a prac-
tice of leasing lands about the re-
ceding margins of Tule lake, are a
bit uneasy. Indications are that a
wet cycle of years is about due, in
that part of Oregon, at least, and
if this is the case, the waters of
the present sump will extend them-
selves and do some reclaiming of
their own. To farmers who have
been growing 75 bushel wheat and
oats, barley and hay in proportion
on these lands, this would be a
catastrophe.

The government, which through
some of its departments has been
known to do some very fine things,
can upon occasion do something
which, to the layman at least,
seems very foolish. I am thinking
particularly of an observation tower
the Biological Survey has con-
structed near Tule lake. It is of
steel, and cost upwards of seven
thousand dollars. From it, observ-
ers have a wide view of the sump,
and all the life upon it. However,
the tower stands directly under a
long peninsula-like bluff of per-
haps twice its height, and one
can't help thinking that the survey
could have constructed a road or
trail to the summit of this bluff
where a grand view could have
been obtained, at a fraction of the
cost of the tower.

And something else: The roads in
all this mammoth area south of
Klamath Falls and northern Cali-
fornia, are pretty fierce, except in
the dry season of summer. The
government still has title to all
this farm land which the farmers
have fled on, and upon which they
are raising magnificent crops. As
a result these districts can't bond
themselves to build hard surface
roads, and won't be able to until
title has been obtained. In the
meantime, the government has a
CCC camp established at Tule
lake, and several others not far
away, whose membership could
employ their time and efforts to
mighty good advantage in surfac-
ing some of the roads in this area.
But they don't. I suppose that
would be entirely too useful a
project for any good sense.

A wonderful view of Mount
Shasta may be had from Klamath
Falls. That is, it is wonderful,
when the smoke from the great
Weyerhaeuser mill doesn't obscure
it. But no one in Klamath cares
to smoke from the mills. They are
glad to see it. For this smoke
means work, and work means pay-
rolls, and payrolls mean good
times. Most everyone enjoys good
times, personified in terms of
cash, more than scenery. There is
so much scenery.

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be very in-
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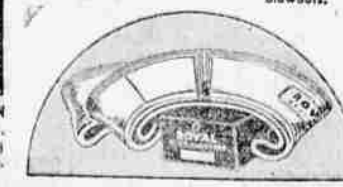


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What is this thing called "Bouquet"?

Gardenia?... Lilac?... No—Sazer hops
blossoms! Pride of old Bohemia... deli-
cately aromatic... delicately elusive. Skillful
brewing extracts their goodness. Result—
over each glass of Budweiser hovers an ex-
quisite bouquet as delightful to the sense
of smell as Budweiser to the sense of taste.
Thanks to these Sazer hops... plus fine
barley... plus skill and experience... only
Budweiser has the Budweiser bouquet and
taste.



MAKE THIS TEST!
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Budweiser
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On the sixth day
try to drink a
sweet beer

You will want
the Budweiser
flavor thereafter

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KING OF BOTTLED BEER



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