

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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"Foreign Vehicle"

WHEN you drive your car over the state line into California, they put a sticker on your windshield which reads that you are driving a "Foreign Vehicle." Some how those words glaring out at you from your car windshield as you drive along set up a sort of feeling that you are a stranger in a strange land—and, possibly, none too welcome.

California certainly does not have that attitude toward its tourist trade. In fact that state, of all the states, has been the most "tourist minded." Doubtless through the thoughtfulness of some clerk in the secretary of state's office, they are now branding all visitors as foreigners.

Thank goodness, although it is just a little thing, Oregon did not make such a blunder. The non-resident operating permits which the chambers of commerce offices in Oregon which are the out of state cars registering offices, place on visiting cars merely contains a neatly printed map of Oregon with the words "Oregon 1936" on it.

Tourist trade is an important commercial factor in all the coast states and it behooves everyone of us to do everything we can to encourage tourist travel through our territory. We do not consider our tourist cars as "Foreign Vehicles" and we do not want the drivers of such cars to feel that they are "foreigners."

Soviet Luxury Train.

REALLY, the world can't keep up with the things of those Russian bolsheviks. They're always breaking out in some unexpected way. Lately, of all things, they have gone in for luxury trains. A Soviet "booster train" now running between Moscow and the Crimea is said to make capitalistic trains look like stage coaches.

It has a barber shop and beauty parlor, of course. Also a nursery, complete bath compartment, individual radios, rented pajamas and slippers, luxurious chairs, and a tailor shop. The train is said to be available for women passengers, a swell dining car and recreation car, and a train crew dressed in the manner of Broadway doorman.

Really, we begin to worry about Soviet Russia. She's slipping a country going in for luxury like that can't remain isolated.

One would hardly expect a cad ender to be wrong, but one of them nevertheless must share the blame for our error of last Saturday in referring to June 14 as Father's day. A more reliable authority supplies the correction that the annual day for honoring the male head of the family is June 21. So there's still plenty of time in which to decide on a token of affection for the man who foots the bills and generally bears the bulk of the family's financial burden in case he was overlooked yesterday.

SOURDOUGH PICNIC MARRED BY RAIN

Inclement weather caused the delegation expected from Portland for the Sourdough picnic at Umpqua park Sunday to postpone the trip to Roseburg. A large group of former Alaska-Yukon residents had planned to meet with the Sourdoughs here.

About 40 persons were present for yesterday's outing.

Those coming from a distance included Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Miller, Marshfield, and Robert Helgeson, 11-year old grandson of Peter Johnson, president of the club, who is visiting from Juneau, Alaska.

Several new members were added to the local organization.

Arrangements are being made for another meeting in August when it is expected the Portland delegation will come to Roseburg.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

A LOT of advice is being handed out to the veterans, on how to use their bonus money, payable within a few days, wisely. This advice is well meant, but scarcely necessary. Few if any of the vets are boys any longer, and their increasing years have brought with them, increasing wisdom. They know already what they are going to do with the bonds they receive, and I'll wager ninety percent of them will invest the proceeds wisely.

I got a kick out of the paternal note one can detect in most of this advice. Good heavens! Don't you suppose the advisors realize, that these veterans now are middle aged men, most of them with families, with years of experience in rustling a livelihood to their credit? Lately, you may be sure, no longer is a joke to them—it is a serious business. I wonder if the general public really believes that the veterans will fritter their bonus money away over the crap or card table, or use it up in riotous living? They might have, if they had received it when they were young fellows, fresh out of the army; but not now. They'll buy furniture for their homes with it, shoes for the baby, apply it on loans they have secured, pay their bills with it. I'll bet you!

Speaking of veterans, did you read the story the other day about that Confederate vet who became a proud father, at the age of 96 years? That old fellow must not know the war is over.

The weather forecast is for more rain. There is some more hay waiting to be cut, and a lot of cherries, ready to crack.

The magnolias are beginning to bloom.

GROUNDS SHAPED FOR SALMON BAKE

A large number of members of the Roseburg Rod and Gun club responded to a call Sunday for workmen to assist in putting the grounds at Umpqua park in condition for the annual Salmon Bake to be held Sunday, June 21.

The traps have been installed and the grounds put in good condition for the trapshooting which will be featured all day in connection with the salmon bake program. Tables are being prepared, parking spaces put in shape for handling cars, bleachers prepared for the ball grounds, and other work done.

Members of the club have been asked to report Thursday evening to complete the task.

SYMPHONIC SUITE OVER KRNR DATED

The third movement from Ferde Grofe's new symphonic suite, "Whooles," will be presented during the Ford V8 rhythm revue, Ford dealer broadcast over station KRNR at 8:15 p. m., June 15, and featuring Grofe and his orchestra.

This movement, Mr. Grofe has called "Unlo Pacific." It is reminiscent of the days of the "iron horse," when the rails of the Union Pacific were first laid across the western plains.

In addition, Marguerite Howard, soprano, and The Buccaneers, male quartet, accompanied by the orchestra, will sing the current favorite "You." The Buccaneers, assisted by the orchestra, will offer their interpretation of "Hot Chocolate Soldier."

LEGION POST TO NAME DELEGATES

Nomination and election of delegates to the state convention of the American Legion is expected to be the principal business of Umpqua post at its regular meeting Tuesday night. The first nominations were made two weeks ago, but will be reopened tomorrow night for further names if desired prior to the election.

TOWNSEND CLUBS DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

ROSEBURG — Roseburg Townsend club No. 2, which meets at Winston, held its regular meeting June 11 and selected officers for the ensuing six months. Kenneth Ronk was chosen president. Mrs. Grace T. Kaylor, vice-president. Mable P. Taylor, secretary, and Mrs. Josephine Ronk, treasurer.

The club will hold its next meeting to the form of a picnic at Hoppel's auto camp at Coos Junction July 12, at which time a program will be given and outside speakers presented. All members and friends are invited to attend the picnic meeting.

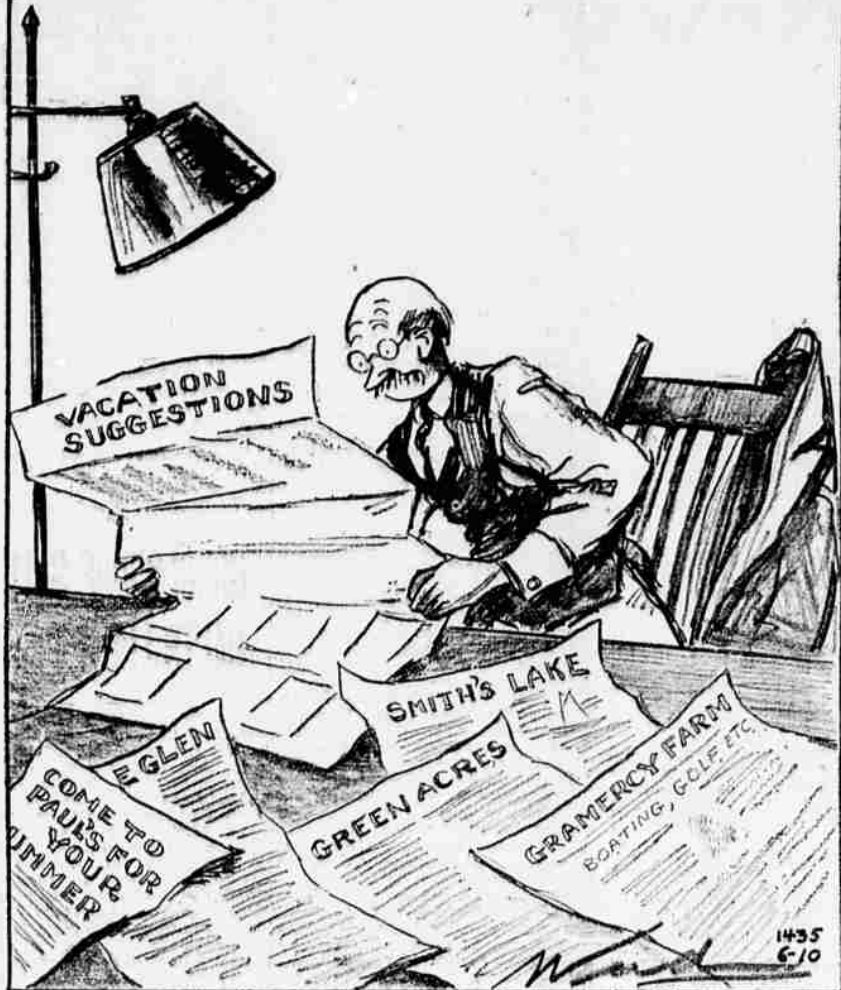
VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIAGE LICENSES
HENRY TRAVIS — Keith Elbert Henry, Klamath Falls and Gladys Ernestine Travis, Resisdort.

BORN
To Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Meyers of this city, at Mercy hospital, Sunday, June 14, a daughter. Weight three pounds, thirteen ounces.

Globe Trotter

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"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXV
Gordon came out of the booth, his shoulders sagging. He looked appealingly at Tyler.

"Now what?" he said.

"I suggest that we go see your friend the local police commissioner, and lay the whole thing before him," said Tyler.

"No, no, we can't do that," said Gordon. "It will get in the papers. That would be fatal. If it's Gaudin, he'd kill her!"

"You can impress him with the necessity for complete secrecy," said Tyler. "And I'm sure I can get Kiltane to help us out too. Of course this is out of his jurisdiction, but he'll cooperate—spread the word to look out for Gaudin."

Gordon stood for a moment indecisively. Then he nodded.

"I suppose it's all we can do," he said miserably. "Lord, if it's only just a question of ransom! I'll pay every cent I've got for her safe return!"

"All of which they probably know," said Tyler. "You'll probably hear from them. But meanwhile the police may be able to help us. After all, it's possible she's well, had some kind of attack—wandered away. Such things happen."

"All right," said Gordon dully. "We've got to do everything we can."

As they turned in at the gate, David, who had returned from the city during their absence, ran toward the two cars, followed by Nat. Nat looked at Tyler sharply. The man shook his head.

"Dave!" Gordon cried, at sight of his son. "Did she phone?"

"No, dad," said David. He stepped onto the running-board gripped his father's shoulder. The older man leaned back wearily. Tyler told the chauffeur to drive on up to the house. Nat climbed in to the other car beside Ford.

She was white and trembling. She leaned against him, dropping her head on his shoulder. He spoke to her, tried to bolster her courage. When the car stopped in front of the house, he helped her out.

Johnson appeared and began to ask questions. Tyler glanced him and led the way to the living-room. Gordon sank into a chair, as if utterly spent. Tyler, as quickly as possible, told Nat, David and Johnson what they had done.

Kiltane will have a check made on every gangster within a hundred miles," he said. "And we can trust him absolutely. He knows what this sort of thing means. If she has been kidnapped, and they communicate with us, he'll keep hands off until she's safely returned. He knows that's the one important thing."

Tyler and Johnson urged Gordon to go to his home and try to get some rest. But the man seemed hardly to hear them. He shook his head frantically, however, when David also tried to persuade him and sank into a chair, holding onto the edges so tightly that his knuckles stood out.

David absolutely refused to go to her own room.

"I—I can't stand it," she said. "With both of them gone—those empty rooms on either side of me—no, no, I'll stay right here!"

"But there's no good in just sitting here," Nat protested.

Between them, they finally persuaded her to stay in David's room again. David took her upstairs. The man who had been posted in the hallways was on duty as was the guard on the balcony. When he came downstairs again, his father was standing by

the door.

"I—I can't be alone," he said. "Come, David, we're all going to wait in the cottage. At least we can try to plan what to do. Tell the operator to switch any calls that come for either of us to the cottage."

"David went to the telephone and made that request. Then the four men went silently across the lawn, through the garden. The cottage was in darkness. Tyler opened the door and reached for the light switch. They heard Ruth's voice in the darkness: "Father?"

"Yes, darling," he said, and turned on the light. She was lying on the couch in the living-room. On the table at the end of it lay her violin, beside its case. She sat up as Tyler went to her. He put an arm about her.

"Did—did you find her?" she asked.

"No," said her father.

"Oh, I was afraid of that!" she said. "I—right after you left, I played. . . . And I—I got something."

Gordon stared at her.

"It—it was as if some one—some one were laughing," she said.

Gordon groaned. He sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands.

"There was nothing about—Mrs. Gordon?" Tyler asked.

The girl shook her head.

"Nothing about anybody," she said. "Just—laughter—satisfaction."

Gordon sprang to his feet. His son took hold of his arm, urged him to sit down.

"I can't stand this!" Gordon cried. "Ruth, you've got to get through! You've got to find out!"

"I'll try," the girl said. Her father reached for the violin. Her father's footsteps sounded on the gravel path. David opened the door. It was Nelson, carrying an envelope in his hand.

"This just came by a motorcycle messenger," he said. "The boy said a man left it at the village telegraph-office for immediate delivery."

Gordon hurried to his son, took the letter. His name was typewritten on the envelope—nothing else. With shaking hands he ripped open the envelope, stared at a sheet of typewritten paper.

"Gaudin!" he cried.

David took the letter, the others crowding about him. The letter read: "I've got your wife. You know what will happen if you crack to the bulls. Instructions will be sent you tomorrow. Sweet dreams." It was signed, "Lovingly, Gaudin."

"That means ransom," said Nat. "Oh, thank God, thank God!"

Gordon cried, "She's unharmful. Phone Kiltane, Tyler. For God's sake, have him call off his men! I can't take the slightest chance. I'll do anything they want!"

hospital. They must answer!"

"They've had some trouble out there," said the operator. "They called the police."

"Trouble?" said Nat. "Please try them again. Try them till they answer!"

The ringing sound continued. Finally there was an answer.

"Hello!" a voice said.

"I'm calling for Paul Gordon," said Nat rapidly. "His daughter—"

"We've been trying to get you," the voice said. "Just a minute."

Everyone in the room was staring at Nat and the phone in his hand. He recognized Dr. Peters' voice on the wire.

"This is Peters," he said. "A terrible thing has happened. Two sedan-loads of armed thugs held up the sanitarium a while ago and took Miss Gordon away!"

"Took her away?" Nat cried.

"Kidnaped her!" said Dr. Peters.

In a huge and comfortable chair, feet on an antique footstool, a long thin clear between his lips lolled a heavy-lidded dark man with close-cropped black mustache, a man in his middle thirties, placidly reading a tabloid newspaper.

Striding back and forth restlessly, his little dark eyes almost constantly on the heavy clock which adorned the mantel, was a quick, slim fellow, four or five years younger, dark too, a man with a strong resemblance to the man in the chair.

The heavy Aubusson rug deadened the sound of his pacing feet. The man in the chair gave a low chuckle, and the younger stopped, stared at him irritably and demanded: "What's so funny?"

The man with the mustache glanced up from the paper with a grin.

"Get a load of this," he said complacently. "Recommended to diversion-seekers: The grand floor show at the Palm Gardens in the Bronx. Plenty hot!"

The slim man gave an exclamation of impatience. The man in the chair tossed the paper onto a carved table and looked at him steadily.

"Take it easy, Nicky," he said. "You're an funny as a cat."

"Take it easy!" echoed Nicky explosively.

"That's what I said," said the other man quietly.

"Lord, Jim," said Nicky, "you ain't human!"

The man he had called Jim smiled, and made a little gesture with his hands.

"You're nuts to take this chance," Nicky said. "The bulls'll be poking their snuzzles into every damn crack that comes into town!"

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Bishop Mouson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reports to the New York Herald-Tribune that in a response to a questionnaire sent out to high school students, of the 18,424 who answered as to their knowledge of the Bible 16,900 could not name three prophets of the Old Testament; 12,000 could not name the four gospels of the New Testament; while 10,000 could not name three of the disciples of Jesus. "They would have I hid in my heart, that I sin not" is not often in the mind of this group, because of their ignorance of God's word. May we sow Thy word generously. Amen.

By "Reasons for waiting."

He silenced Nicky with a sudden commanding gesture.

"Sit down," he said sharply. Nicky sat down. The other man smiled, picked up the tabloid again and went on reading. He finished the gossip column and turned to the sports page, glanced at the headline, then looked across at Nicky, who was grinding his fingernails into his palms.

"The Yanks lost," he said. "Too bad. I lose eight fish."

Nicky achieved a look of mock sympathy.

"Ain't that a shame?" he said. Jim went back to his paper. (To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

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NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—The American Legion Program.

4:30—Songs of the Range.

4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.

5:00—Melody Matinee.

5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.

5:45—Lonis Kitzman & His Orchestra.

6:15—The Ford V8 Revue.

6:30—Rovano Operatic Tenor.

6:45—Songs Seldom Heard.

7:00—The Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.

7:15—The Grab Bag Program.

8:00—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ Selections.

9:00—Victor Young and His Orchestra.

9:30—Airs from the Operas.

10:00—Musical Bouquet.

10:15—Jack Demarchant.

10:30—Relle and Martha.

10:35—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Bing Crosby.

11:15—Hits from the Shows.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.

12:45—Hit Tunes.

1:00—Band Selections.

1:30—Myrtle Creek Friendship Circle with Charles Rice of Myrtle Creek Mail.

2:00—Down Memory Lane.

2:30—On the Shores of Italy.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Hawaiian Shores.

3:30—Story Land.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Tod Leland and His Band.

4:30—The Roseburg Chamber of Commerce Program.

4:45—Golden Voices.

5:15—Dixie Memories.

5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.

5:45—Rovano Operatic Tenor.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

6:15—Three Rhythm Kings.

6:30—Studio Rhythm.

7:00—Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.

7:15—The Grab Bag Program.

8:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Salon Music.

9:00—Tango Time.

9:30—Gay Lombardi.

10:00—Music of Other Lands.

10:30—Relle and Martha.

10:35—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Shining Troubadour.

11:15—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

12:45—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.

12:50—News-Review News Broadcast.

1:00—WPA Program.