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The Dispensers Meet.

ROSEBURG is host to the second annual convention of the Oregon Food and Beverage Dispensers' association and is thoroughly enjoying the honor conferred upon it by being chosen the meeting place for this organization.

These restaurant and tavern proprietors are having a good time, but in addition to the play time which they are enjoying, the business meetings of the convention are very serious and important.

The privileges granted them by reason of the repeal of the prohibition amendment and the establishment of the Oregon liquor control commission has also caused them to be confronted with many problems. They may sell wine and beer in accordance with the regulations imposed by the Oregon control law, but the members of this organization realize that these privileges can be kept only so long as they and their customers do not abuse them.

Oregon is essentially a dry state. It became a dry state because the sober, industrious God-fearing people in Oregon became disgusted with conditions of the saloon era. Oregon will become dry again if those who conduct establishments where beer and wine are dispensed do not exercise great care. If the people of Oregon become disgusted with even a few of the places, a dry majority is ready to go to the polls and ban all establishments of this kind—the good with the bad.

This is the great problem faced by the members of the food and beverage dispensers' organization. They recognize it and are organizing for the purpose of keeping their business on the highest possible plane. It is a worthy purpose and it is obvious that the members of the organization are sincere and determined. Such sincerity and determination will most certainly make itself felt throughout the entire dispensing industry for its good.

Lucky Dogs.

THERE is natural human interest in the good fortune of two New York dogs named "Lucky" and "Fluffy," canine members of the family of the late Rhoda F. Greene, whose will has just been filed for probate. They are to have for the next 12 years, which will safely cover the term of their lives, the income from a \$6,000 trust fund established for them. The Bide-a-Wee Home association will handle the trust.

We hope "Lucky" and "Fluffy" will appreciate their good fortune and be duly thankful therefor—although they might be as well cared for, and possibly happier, in the hands of some of the testator's relatives rather than an institution. Anyway, they have economic security. They are sure of an income, for the test of their lives, as large as may be expected by thousands of New York working women since the state minimum wage law was declared unconstitutional.

Another of those childish simple Russian ideas is to curb divorce by making every successive separation cost more than the previous one.

Somebody laughs at the sign, "Drinks and Beer," and yet says "wine and liquor" without cracking a smile.

Anticathy in Europe, after considerable cracking down, begins to show signs of cracking up.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

gravity into boxes. The boxes are placed on trucks and rushed to the cannery. As a general average, Mr. Rogers says, the peas are in the cans three hours after being cut in the fields.

IF YOU ever lat in your mother's kitchen and hulled peas by the hour for a company dinner, or for a threshold day dinner, you will appreciate what this machine does. And you will probably add that if they can hull peas by machinery they can do ANYTHING by machinery.

THE ODD part of it, Mr. Rogers says, is that this pea hulling machine isn't at all a new machine. It was invented, in substantially its present form, by a French woman, to hull peas for Napoleon's armies.

The spoilage (bruised and crushed peas), is surprisingly small, running only around one per cent.

THIS young pea industry, if it is to remain successful, must fight the pea weevil constantly. As a part of the fight against the weevil, they start the plows directly behind the cutters, turning the surface under to smother the insects.

The cutting has to be done at exactly the right moment in order to avoid damage. Starting even a few hours too late, Mr. Rogers says, may result in serious weevil damage to the peas, making them undesirable for cannery use.

THE idea used to prevail that ANYBODY could be a farmer, and as a matter of fact, a generation or so ago, about everybody who failed at everything else did go back to the farm.

Whatever may have been true a couple of generations ago, it is NO LONGER true that just anybody can be a successful farmer. Successful farming, in these days, is as highly specialized a job as running a factory, and the man who is to make a success at modern farming must have brains, education, sound business judgment and plenty of energy and initiative.

ONE OF the great troubles with modern farming is that for years the vote-seeking politicians have been crying about the poor farmer, and the government has been subsidizing the failures and putting them back into competition with the good farmers.

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

TILLAMOOK, June 23 (AP)—If there is a better spelling record than that of Ida Goodspeed, 12-year old student here, the townspeople have not heard of it. In six years of contests she has spelled 1200 words without a slip.

McMINNVILLE, June 23 — Oregon will lose another educator to eastern schools this fall with the acceptance by Dr. Raymond R. Culver, professor of Bible and religious education at Linfield college, of the presidency of Frances Shimer junior college, Mount Carroll, Ill. Dr. Culver, who holds four degrees from Yale and two from Linfield, was graduated from Linfield.

SALEM, June 23 — The liquor commission cleared about \$160,000 for relief in Oregon during May, the reports for the month filed here showed. Of this sum \$106,769 was the profit on hard liquor sales, \$50,230 on the privilege tax on beer and wine; and \$5,476 on license fees. Store and agency sales for the month totaled \$546,772.

JEFFERSON, June 23 — The bonus brought only grief for William Roe, a farmer. He hid the bonds in his house. When he returned from berry picking he found the house ransacked and the bonds missing.

OREGON CITY, June 23 — A coroner's jury recommended a grand jury investigation of the death of Thomas P. Laidlaw, 23-year old employee of the Oregon Sand & Gravel company. The verdict said death "was the result of being crushed by a load of gravel car." — as a result of faulty equipment. F. P. Moray, president of the gravel company, said he would welcome an investigation and aid the grand jury in every way.

PORTLAND, June 23 — Mr. and Mrs. Clyde F. Van Deimar will have double cause for celebration July 4. George E. Lowe, of the World war state aid commission, said Van Deimar paid \$1,485 in bonus money for a home and that he was the first of 30 veterans contemplating such purchases to utilize his bonus. He will take possession July 4.

Transferred to Roseburg—Wally Snyder, of the operations department of the Shell Oil company, has been transferred from Medford to Roseburg to take the place of Ira Knapp, who has been transferred to the operations department at Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder and family are making their home in Laurelwood.

Just Another "Scrap of Paper"

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KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Feodor Chaliapin.
4:30—Roseburg Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Matinee Idylls.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Bing Crosby.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Band Selections.
6:45—Vocal Ensemble.
7:00—Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Breeze.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:15—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Music.
9:30—Tango Time.
10:00—Heart Songs.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Swing Music.
11:30—Love Songs of Italy.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Good Afternoon, M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Musical Bouquet.
1:00—Richard Crooks.
1:30—Music of Other Lands.
2:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.

Evening Hours

2:30—Studio Rhythm.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Times.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Dixie Memories.
4:30—Matinee Reveries.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Guy Lombardo.
6:15—The Ford VS Buick.
6:30—Songs of the Range.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Breeze.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:15—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Dixie Memories.
9:15—Garden of Music.
9:30—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
10:00—Old Favorites.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
11:15—Swing 100 Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Times.
1:00—On the Emerald Isle.
1:30—Saw Turns.
1:45—Westerners.
2:00—Havahai Melodies.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:45—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Organ Selections.
4:45—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra.
5:00—Spanish Rhythm.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
5:45—Hoosier Hot Shots.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

God has not promised an easy and comfortable time to those who would serve and follow him, but He has promised a triumphant and victorious time, which is far better. Even the best of us will have our cares and difficulties just as others have, but this one thing is assured, if we do not let these cares and difficulties master us, we shall come off more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. May we receive new strength for each new day, new inspiration for all that is before us, in Jesus' name. Amen.

MONDAY

6:15—Swing Dance Time.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

TUESDAY

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FRIDAY

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8:00—Sign Off.

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BICYCLE PARADE BUILDS INTEREST

"Here, Jack, hold this nail while I sock it with a hammer."

"Really, Mary, do you think this Spanish costume looks all right?"

This type of conversation was heard everywhere as the inquiring reporter hustled about this city in search of new developments for the big bike parade to be staged by Montgomery Ward here next Saturday at 2:30 p. m.

Investigation disclosed much evidence of activity in garages, work shops, basements, attics and sewing rooms. It looks like a big day and a big parade. And it seems as though the only restriction will be the limit of originality in American youth (and age, too, for that matter).

"It's still not too late to register for the parade and begin decorating a bike," said Kenneth Bannister, Ward store manager, in discussing the event, which is part of a nation-wide parade to be held in more than 500 towns and cities with more than 50,000 persons participating. He urged everyone to register at the Ward store before the deadline next Saturday. There is no entry fee or obligation.

Prizes of five dollars, three dollars and two dollars in trade for any sporting goods at Ward's will be awarded by the store for the three best decorated bikes. Judges will be announced before the day of the event.

In addition to these prizes, the Columbia Dairy Products company will present an ice cream slice to each entrant. Don Radabaugh, manager of the Indian and Rose theatres, will give a free ticket to each entrant and the Roseburg News-Review will give each entrant a ticket which will entitle the bearer to a free jumbo milkshake at Carl's Tavern.

As the armored car plunged into the rear yard, bullets rained against its steel sides, then down upon its top. The car swerved swiftly, stopped, then backed until it struck the porch with a crash. The doors opened. The police, Nat, rushed across the narrow open porch.

Two of them fell, clutching at their bodies. A third stumbled and Nat pulled him to his feet with a mighty heave. Then they were under the wall. Heavy sledges struck the barred door, once, twice, three times. It gave, and they tumbled into the kitchen.

Red Mac looked about him quickly, his eyes going to a door on the right. "From Flaherty's story, that would be the door," he said. Against the sledges went to work. Strong arms crashed them against the door. It held stubbornly, but they kept after it, until after an agonizing delay it gave.

They were then inside the narrow room, facing the steel door which led to the stairs. The sergeant motioned two men to the door. They fell to work with their sledges but they bounced off ineffectually.

Ably helped, Red Mac called a halt. "Get to blow it down," he said crisply. "Stand by with a drill, Jensen."

The man he had called Jensen produced a heavy drill, held it firm. The two other men alternated with lusty blows with their sledges. Slowly the drill bit in to the steel, terribly slow. The sergeant began to prepare the charge of nitroglycerin. The precious

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXII

seconds raced past.

Upstairs, a man ran into the apartment from the hallway, and reported to Gabriel. "The burglar got through the rear in an armored car! They're downstairs now, hammerin' at the steel door!"

Gabriel wheeled, clenched his fist.

"Stand by at the top of the stairs!" he cried.

He seized Gordon roughly by the arm, flung him into the hallway, prodded him ahead of him with his automatic. Gordon half stumbled down the hall. At a tug from Gabriel, he stopped in front of a door. Men with guns were running past them, toward the rear. He could hear the ring of hammers against the heavy door.

Gabriel opened the door in front of them, pushed him inside, stepped back quickly, slammed and locked the door. Helen, starting up from her couch, heard the crash of gunfire, the wall of sirens for the first time. Then it was blotted out, and she was looking into the gray face of her father.

"Dad!" she cried, and ran to him, clutching for him. She felt the manacles on his wrist and recoiled. "Helen!" he groaned. He raised his arms, put the cuffed hands about her, held her close.

Gabriel ran to the door beyond unlocked it, curty motioned David Gordon into the hallway. "We got company," he said significantly.

"The police!" David cried, his face lighting with hope.

Gabriel laughed, and prodded him in the ribs with his automatic.

"And papa," he said, chuckling. David groaned. At a low command he stopped before the next door. Gabriel opened it, and Carlotta sprang up.

"Come out and join the party," said Gabriel. She saw David then, and turned, staring wildly at Gabriel.

He jerked her by the arm, pulled her into the hallway. She began to struggle. "No, no!" she moaned. "No, no. You can't—you can't!"

"Shut up!" Gabriel barked. "I ain't got all night!"

He pushed them ahead of him, to the door leading to Helen's room. This he unlocked. He motioned. As it dashed, Carlotta followed.

"It's a family reunion," said Gabriel, grinning. He closed and locked the door. Carlotta suddenly flung herself against it, sobbing. He hurried her from it. She shrank back under his hard stare.

"Carlotta!" said Gordon gently. She stared at him, then back at Gabriel wildly. He was standing with legs wide apart, caressing the automatic in his hand lovingly. The grin was gone from his face, and his eyes were narrowed to mere slits. Carlotta clenched her hands until the knuckles stood out.

"Well," said Gabriel softly, "so here we all are at last! Just us—and a million coppers."

Gaudilo, I swear I kept faith with you!" said Gordon. "I didn't tell the police!"

"So what?" said Gabriel, shrugging. "We're here, and they're here; and this is the old pay-off."

"This is suicide for you!" said Gordon. "For God's sake let us go! I give my word. I'll never prosecute you. That whole thing will be forgotten. I swear it!"

"Don't be that way, Moridon," said Gabriel. "Nobody can save me now—or any of you. I tell you this is the pay-off."

There was the sound of a muffled explosion, barely distinguishable through the heavy walls. The building rocked. Gabriel flung open the door, glanced briefly down the hallway, slammed it again, and locked it, turned and faced the four people.

"Here they come," he said quietly. "We just got time for the party."

Nat, Red Mac and the raiding party were crouching against the far wall of the kitchen when the heavy charge went off, hurling the steel door crashing against the wall. Guns ready, they leaped forward, led by the tall sergeant.

Nat tried to follow Red Mac, but heavy bodies pushed him aside. He caught his way through them, saw the sergeant and three men pounce through the wreck of the door.

There was a sudden rattle of gunfire from above. Red Mac plunged up the stairs, but the three men dropped. Nat, in a surge of other men, jumped over them, lunged up the stairs behind the sergeant, stumbling, shouting.

Another man went down, cursing. The dark stairs were illuminated by the flashes of the guns. At the top men struggled to give way. In a moment they were running down the hall, firing back sporadically.

Nat stumbled over a still body, regained his footing, fired down the hallway at the sudden flood of light from an open door. It closed. Men were flinging themselves against it. It gave, and Nat saw half a dozen detectives, led by the berserk Red Mac, sprawl into the room.

Nat saw a man on the floor fling up a sawed-off shotgun at the sergeant. Nat fired, saw the shotgun explode harmlessly in the air, felt a strange sensation, half-sickening, half-exultant: he had killed a man!

He ran into the room. Backed against the wall, all of them apparently wounded, were half a dozen gangsters. The sergeant, a red streak across his forehead, one arm dangling, brandished his automatic, shouted: "Drop those rods!"

He was answered with a defiant volley, clutched at the air, pitched forward.

Then, close beside him, Nat heard the crashing roar of a "Tommy" gun. The men against the wall toppled over grotesquely, as if hewn down by a giant scythe. Nat turned, saw the police machine-

gunner slowly lower his piece, giving a low sigh.

The red-haired sergeant was pulling himself to one knee, swaying drunkenly. He stared at the row of bodies, and wiped the blood from his head with his one good arm.

"Okay, Flaherty," said Red Mac. . . .

In the locked, soundproof room, his back to the door, Gaudilo slowly swung the automatic back and forth, from Gordon to Helene, to David, to Carlotta, and then from Carlotta to David, to Helene, to Gordon, as if trying to make up his mind just where to begin. The two women and the two men followed the black muzzle of the gun with their eyes, back and forth, back and forth.

Finally it stopped on a line with Gordon's breast. Gaudilo, making the most of his final scene, dramatizing it, smiled. He spoke slowly, almost in a drawl: "A long time ago, Moridon, I told you what would happen if you squealed to the police. You did squeal. So I'm going to keep my word."

He paused and smiled again, showing his even white teeth. Gordon drew himself up, stood waiting. But Gaudilo slowly shook his head. "No, no," he said. "I'm not making it so easy for you. I'm saving you, Moridon, for the last."

He laughed, suddenly, harshly, and moved the gun in a swift arc until it covered Carlotta. She gave a snap, then, of terror. "You can't, you can't, you can't!" she moaned. Then she flung herself forward, desperately, clutching for the gun in his hand. With his left he struck her in the mouth, and she fell sprawling, her lips running red.

(To be continued)

GASTRIC PAINS

VANISH AS MAN

TAKES VAN-TAGE

"I got Only Temporary Relief for My Gastric Pains From Other Medicines," Says Stockton Conductor. "But Van-Tage Worked Wonders on Stomach, and Bowels, Too."

Every suffering person should certainly investigate the amazing record being made locally by a new internal medicine, called Van-Tage—a Compound of 21 Natural Herbs and 9 Marvelous Medicaments—which has caused a sensation locally by its remarkable effective-ness. Druggists at Fullerton's Rexall Drug Store, 127 No. Jackson St., Roseburg, state that they have never before known any medicine to enjoy such popularity.

Letters pour in