

Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1928, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1879.

Represented by

WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN

San Francisco—220 Bush Street, Los Angeles—403 South Spring Street, Seattle—403 Stewart Street, Chicago—260 North Michigan Ave., Detroit—323 Stephenson Bldg., New York—211 East 40th Street, Portland—Hedell Bldg.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail.....\$4.00
Daily, 3 months by mail.....2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail.....1.30
Daily, single month by mail......50
Daily, by carrier per month......50

Two Measures Filed.

CIRCULATORS of initiative and referendum petitions for measures to appear on the November ballot have only until July 1 to complete their work. A total of 16,371 valid signatures are required to complete each petition.

Twenty-three initiative measures have been received in preliminary form in the state department and ballot titles have been prepared for them by the attorney general. A number of these measures have been supplanted by later amended forms and some have been definitely abandoned since the preliminary filings were made. One referendum measure was filed which provides for amendment of the old-age assistance act of the 1935 legislature. Completed petition for the bill was filed on February 7, which insures its appearance on the November ballot.

A check Tuesday of this week disclosed that only one of the initiative petitions was completed. That measure is a proposed constitutional amendment forbidding the prevention or regulation of advertisements of any business, vocation, profession, service, or the sale of any goods or other property, or of any quality, price or other detail in connection therewith, provided the advertisement states the truth. It repeals existing laws making such regulation or prohibition.

Our Bigger Show.

OUR greatest public event, a Chinaman or Martini might say, are our world series baseball games and our political conventions. Both are unique.

It seems strange that there could ever have been a time when there were no political conventions. The constitution made no provision for national parties. There were none in Washington's time, and he warned the nation against them.

When parties developed by a natural division of public opinion, producing federalists and republicans (the former becoming eventually whigs and then republicans, and the latter plain democrats), presidential nominations were very informal. They were made by congressional caucus, with the handful of senators (only 25 originally) being the dominant factor.

Half a dozen presidents were nominated in this simple way until the great precedent-setter, Andrew Jackson, was nominated by what might be called our first national convention. But the political-minded Jackson would be vastly astonished if he could see the elaborate festival, combining statesmanship, oratory, music, politics, drama and circus, into which this institution has evolved.

Editorials on News

(Continue from page 1.)

its leaders pay no more attention to the platform that is adopted at Philadelphia than they paid to the platform adopted at Chicago four years ago, what difference does it make what sort of platform is adopted now?

MEANWHILE, this fact is worth some thought:

The 73rd congress, which has just adjourned, appropriated a little in excess of TWENTY BILLION dollars. The 72nd congress, which immediately preceded it (both being dominated absolutely by the New Deal) appropriated a little in excess of FIFTEEN billion

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

If there were more of that simple childlike trustfulness in our lives, more sense of a direct dependence upon God and confidence in His fellowship and help, our lives would be much happier, and hence, more useful than they are. The strong useful life, is the life that looks to God, and when we shut God out of our life and try to get along without Him, we are depriving ourselves of a very essential need. The strong life is the life that is hid with Christ in God. May Thy Holy Spirit teach us this art. Amen.

dollars. The appropriations of these two New Deal congresses amounted to \$282 for each man, woman and child in the United States, or more than a thousand dollars for each average family.

All that money, so pleasantly and so gleefully appropriated, will have to be PAID BACK out of taxes, and these taxes, in one form or another, will be paid by ALL OF US and our children.

RAINS HURT HAY, CHERRIES, BERRIES

PORTLAND, Ore., June 24.—(AP)—Farmers of Oregon made hay while the sun shone the past week following rains which damaged some crops beyond recovery.

E. L. Wells, federal meteorologist, said the lull in the rains was followed by heavy spraying of crops by farmers.

Mildew caused further damage to hops and vegetable seeds as well in the Willamette valley. The advent of hot weather, however, gave growers opportunity to check the spread of downy mildew by spraying hop vines.

The rains materially shortened the strawberry yield and caused widespread cracking of cherries. Pastures were excellent, and milk production high. Some frost occurred in the highlands.

County reports include: Douglas—Vetch and early grain lodged badly. First crop of alfalfa nearly total loss. Second crop hay growing rapidly.

PROGRAM IS HELD FOR GRADUATES

MYRTLE CREEK, June 24.—Commencement exercises of the Myrtle Creek high school were held Wednesday night, June 17, in the gymnasium, which had been artistically decorated for the occasion by the juniors. The program follows:

Processional—Girls' Glee club
Welcome—Mr. Polin, principal
Special music—Virginia Allen
Address—Dr. D. V. Poling
Special music—Glee clubs (mixed)
Special awards for scholarship, etc., Mr. Poling.

Presentation of honor plaque.
Presentation of 8th grade diplomas.
Special number—Girls' Glee club
Presentation of class of '36—Mr. Poling.

Presentation of senior diplomas—Mr. Lodgerwood.
Recessional—Mervelyn Henalee

SWIM SCHOOL HAS 170 ENROLLMENT

With approximately 170 persons registered and enrolled in classes, the Red Cross swimming school, sponsored by the Douglas county chapter, is making excellent progress under the direction of Stanley Kidder and Edna Brown.

Twenty-eight persons are enrolled in lifesaving courses, 18 being signed up for junior lifesaving and 10 for the senior course.

Only six adults are so far enrolled, the majority of those attending the school ranging from 8 to 15 years in the advanced courses and from 6 to 12 years in the classes for beginners.

EUGENE COMING STRONG TO RALLY

Eugene post of the American Legion is planning record attendance at the state convention to be held in Roseburg in August, according to word received by the local commission. The delegates were elected by Eugene post Tuesday night.

The post also decided to send its drum corps, but has not decided as to whether the organization will enter the state drum corps competition. Regardless of whether the drum corps takes part in the competition, it will be on hand for parades, exhibitions and escort duty.

CORVALLIS PASTOR TO BE TRANSFERRED

YAKIMA, June 24.—(AP)—Rev. Jesse Lachlin, now at the Corvallis Methodist church, is scheduled to come to Yakima to become pastor of the First Methodist church here. The Yakima congregation at first wished to call Rev. Cecil Rietow of Eugene but desisted when informed the Eugene congregation did not wish to release him. Rev. Lachlin's transfer to Yakima is expected to be arranged at the Oregon conference now in session.

A. Dubell, of Canyonville, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

THE ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
50c per month
By carrier in Roseburg.
3 months for \$1.00
By mail.

Republican Monkey Wrench



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXIII
Gordon gave a hoarse cry, raised his manacled arms, high and sprang at the man with the gun. Gaudio laughed out, the automatic raked across Gordon's face; a livid welt stood out. Gabriel swung the gun on David as he hurried himself forward.

With the gun in the pit of his stomach, David stopped, fell back, raging impotently. Gaudio followed him with the gun, his eyes cold. David stared into them; then he stiffened himself, prepared to die fighting.

There was a loud crash at the door. Gaudio's eyes flickered toward it. There was another crash, and another, the sound of heavy sledges hammering on steel. Gaudio cursed; his eyes went back to David; the gun jumped forward in his hand. There was one shot then; but not from Gaudio.

It came from a gun in the hand of the wild-eyed woman on the floor. Gaudio seemed to buckle up; he clutched at his middle, hunched forward, fired wildly, but missed. A second shot struck him high in the chest. He gave a dreadful cry and fell heavily on his back.

From the floor Carlotta, her lips flocked with blood, fired again and again, emptying the small automatic in her hand into Gaudio's motionless body.

Ruth Tyler lay with every quivering nerve tense in the darkness of her room in the cottage. That shutter was completely open now; her mind was flooded with light; it was sharp and clear. She had no need of her violin. She was completely possessed by her strange power.

With the realization of her utter helplessness to avert what must happen, she had achieved a philosophic fatalism. What must be, must be. And it would now be played out entire in the theatre of her mind. It was as if she were inside a malignant brain.

As she lay there alone, the blind girl could actually feel the bitter triumph in that brain, its mocking laughter, its frightful hate. She knew its awful purpose, and powerless to stay it, observed its workings with a kind of fascinated detachment.

Outside her door, held there by the blind girl's peremptory command, stood Olga and Harrigan, waiting. Below in the garden beneath her window, staring up into the darkness, were Doris and Johnson. And watching them like a hawk was Nelson.

A few minutes before Doris had wrestled herself from his grasp, flung herself into the garage, slammed and locked the door. He had hammered impotently at the door, briefly. Then he had heard her frantic voice at the telephone, without being able to distinguish what she had said.

Out of the darkness Johnson had appeared. Together the two men had flung themselves against the door until it had yielded. Doris had replaced the receiver, turned to stare at them with eyes wide in terror.

"Too late! Too late!" she had cried.

They had heard the violin again then, and had run to the garden under the window. The music had stopped. And there they had been standing, ever since, waiting, without speaking.

Above them the blind girl stiffened. Death had been dealt, suddenly, coldly. And she knew from inside that brain the name of the victim. Flaherty. . . Flaherty. An unfamiliar name. Then, slowly, other names, those marked for death. . . Noridon. . . Noridon. . . That would be Paul Gordon!

Then Helene—David—Carlotta. She strained, hardly able to bear the agony of suspense. No further names. Nat and her father were still safe; but the others—Gordon and his family. Were they doomed?

Presently, like a flash, she felt an interruption—a sudden moment of indecision in that mind. Then his purpose crystallized. It was a mind desperate, but even more grimly determined. The mind of a person trapped, and completely indifferent to its own fate.

That interruption—Nat had something to do with it! Nat was trying to break through! Perhaps he could save them! From her mind Nat was suddenly obliterated again. Once more she was inside that other mind. Plainly she could hear words: "Here they come. We just got time for the party."

In sick despair the blind girl clenched her hands until the nails bit into the flesh of her palms, above that room, she knew, the Angel of Death hovered. This, then, was the Gordons' zero hour.

The destroyer, implacable, was about to strike. Then there was a shriek, the impact of another mind upon that of the destroyer, another mind, a mind possessed by stark terror. A sudden shot, a moment of bewilderment, devastating pain. A rapid succession of shots. Then enveloping darkness, a void.

The destroyer—had been destroyed. The Gordons were safe. Their fanatic enemy was dead. That malignant brain was stilled, and with it the blood-lust which the blind girl had known so well these last months. But were they safe? What then, was that awful feeling which Ruth had—that foreboding of disaster which would not be downed?

Ruth realized, of a sudden, that only one of the minds that had sought the death of Paul Gordon was quieted. There had been two minds at work! One, that had willed Gordon's destruction, that had been dominant, commanding, was gone.

But that other mind, a mind that had followed orders—had known action, the mind behind the actual physical attempt to shoot Gordon and Helene, the mind that had caused that hand behind the curtains to press the trigger when Nat was shot—that mind still functioned.

And it was a mind desperate with a sick terror, harassed by the haunting fear of exposure, a mind that would protect itself now, at any cost. A mind suddenly determined, craftily, increasingly wary, suspicious of everyone. No, the Gordons were not safe; nor was Nat nor Daniel Tyler—nor Ruth herself, as long as that unknown was at large.

All this Ruth knew. And as soon as she realized it completely, she sought frantically to get through to identify this unknown. And then the shutter closed in her mind, leaving only darkness there. Ruth was no longer aware. She was merely a little blind girl, helpless and alone, terribly afraid.

The heavy door yielded at last to the police assault, and Commissioner Kilrane, Tyler and Nat followed a surge of detectives into the room. They saw Gabriel lying flat on his back, his face contorted in agony, increasingly wary, her face covered with her hands, shrank against her father, who was awkwardly trying to comfort her, hampered by his manacled wrists. Carlotta stared with a dead-white face at the body of the man on the floor, the pistol still held limp in one hand. David

stood close to her, one arm supporting her shoulders.

Tyler dropped beside the still figure of Gabriel, quickly placed a hand inside the blood-soaked shirt bosom. Kilrane went to Gordon, removed the handcuffs. Tyler looked up, shook his head.

"Dead as mutton," he said. He rose quickly, drew Kilrane aside.

"Take the girl to one of the other rooms, with Gordon," he said. "I've got to talk to her. Have one of your men question Mrs. Gordon and David somewhere. Get their full statements. I promised to phone Ruth. I'll be right back."

He left the room; and Kilrane, calling in an inspector and a stenographer, ordered them in a low voice to take Mrs. Gordon and David to the room which she had occupied, and to get their complete story of their experiences.

Then, with Nat, he took Gordon and Helene to the room which had been David's prison, summoned another police stenographer, and stood by to wait for Tyler's return.

In a short time Tyler entered the room, his face set grimly. "Mr. Gordon," he said, "I hate to disturb Helene now, after all she's been through, but it's absolutely imperative that I ask her a few questions."

"But she's in no condition—" said Gordon protesting. Helene broke in: "I'm quite all right, dad."

She smiled bravely, and Gordon with a sigh, subsided, but kept watching her anxiously. Tyler looked at her gravely.

"Gaudio is dead," he said quietly. "But his accomplice, the person who was inside your household, who made two attempts on the life of your father, who tried to kill you and who shot Nat, is still at large. We've got to find this person—and we want you to help us."

"But we know it's Collins!" Gordon interposed impatiently. "Collins!" Helene asked wonderingly.

"He has disappeared," said Tyler. "Perhaps he's the guilty one, perhaps no. Do you know who stood behind those curtains in your room?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Of course not! But it couldn't have been Collins! How could he have got into the house?"

"You've no idea who it might have been?" persisted Tyler. "No idea whatsoever," said the girl.

Tyler looked at her sharply. "Helene," he said, "do you remember what happened—that night?"

The girl shuddered and covered her face with her hands. Tyler repeated the question. Helene dropped her hands and looked up at him.

"Yes," she said. "I—I remember."

Her eyes went to Nat. He smiled at her reassuringly. "I—I was asleep," she said. "I heard something—I don't know what. . . I turned on the light. I saw Nat running into my room, from the balcony, heard him shout. Then there was a shot—he was holding onto the curtains for support. I—I thought he'd been killed. I began to scream. . . That—that's all I remember."

"You're quite sure?" Tyler persisted, his voice heavy with disappointment.

"Yes, quite," said the girl. "The next thing I knew, I was in a large white room. The—the hospital. A doctor told me everything was all right. I asked for Nat; he said he had been only slightly hurt. I wanted to see my family. The doctor said I could—the next day. Then that night—they came—took me away."

"Had you ever seen any of the

men who kidnaped you before?" Tyler asked.

She shook her head. "They were all masked," she said. "They tied me up and then put me into a barrel. Then—the man who was killed took me out of it, carried me upstairs to a room. Later he told me to write to father. I pretended to faint and got a glimpse of his name on an envelope. It was Jim Gabriel. I tried to convey that name to father."

"We finally got it," said Tyler, interrupting.

She gave a helpless little gesture. "You know the rest," she said. Tyler was looking at her searchingly.

"Helene," he said, "some one tried to kill you. That some one must have had a reason. Fear perhaps—fear of something you knew—"

"But I've told you I knew nothing," the girl broke in. "What could I possibly know that would cause anyone to—to want to kill me?"

"Think!" said Tyler sharply. "Did you notice anything—anything at all unusual—suspicious on the part of anyone?"

The girl shook her head. "You saw no one anywhere in the house where they had no business to be?" he pursued. Again she shook her head. "You—overheard nothing?" he went on.

"Nothing—nothing at all," said Helene decisively.

As Kilrane and Tyler stepped into the other room, Carlotta, in a low voice, was telling her story. The police stenographer was rapidly taking it down. They had left Nat with Gordon and Helene. Carlotta stopped, looked at them inquiringly.

"Please go on," said Kilrane. The inspector prompted her. "You were saying, Mrs. Gordon, that when you realized that this man was going to kill you all—"

She nodded. "I—I don't know just what happened then," she said huskily. "I—I was terrified—lost my nerve. I remember fighting with him. . . He—he struck me. I fell to the floor. Then—he was going to shoot Dave. . . The next thing I knew, I was shooting—shooting wildly—saw him lying on the floor—on his back—realized I had killed him!"

She began to sob brokenly. David put an arm about her shoulders. She buried her face in her hands.

Kilrane glanced at the inspector, who nodded toward the automatic which lay on the small table.

The commissioner cleared his throat. "Mrs. Gordon," he said. She lifted her face and stared at him tragically. He pointed to the gun.

"The gun," he said. "How did you happen to have the gun?" She flashed a look at it, shuddered, turned away.

"It—it was my gun," she said. "Paul made me take it—when we went shopping. . . Just to please him, I took it. I concealed it—in my clothing—forgot all about it. They didn't search me very carefully. When—when that man struck me, and I fell—I felt the gun. That's all I remember—until—"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she began to weep.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gordon," said Kilrane sympathetically. "That's all."

David and Carlotta were taken to join Gordon and Helene. Nat appeared in a moment, saying he had thought it best to leave the Gordons alone.

Kilrane dismissed the stenographer and the inspector. When they had gone, he turned to Tyler. "Well, that's that," he said tiredly. "I guess that washes us up on this case. We lost five good men—and four wounded, Red Mac seriously. We got Jim Gabriel—and nine of his hoodlums."

He smiled bitterly. (To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
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 Revue.
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 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—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—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—On the Emerald Isle.
1:30—Saw Turns.
1:45—Westerners.
2:00—Hawain Melodies.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:30—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
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—Hooper Hot Shots.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—The Station Master.
6:30—Swing Music.
7:00—Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon Hours.
12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Nelson Eddy.
1:00—Favorite Band Selections.
1:30—Mills Bros.
2:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
2:30—Fritz Kreisler.
2:45—Songs of Our Land.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

12:05—Good Afternoon Hours.
12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Nelson Eddy.
1:00—Favorite Band Selections.
1:30—Mills Bros.
2:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
2:30—Fritz Kreisler.
2:45—Songs of Our Land.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

12:05—Good Afternoon Hours.
12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Nelson Eddy.
1:00—Favorite Band Selections.
1:30—Mills Bros.
2:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
2:30—Fritz Kreisler.
2:45—Songs of Our Land.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

12:05—Good Afternoon Hours.
12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Nelson Eddy.
1:00—Favorite Band Selections.
1:30—Mills Bros.
2:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
2:30—Fritz Kreisler.
2:45—Songs of Our Land.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

12:05—Good Afternoon Hours.
12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—Nelson Eddy.
1:00—Favorite Band Selections.
1:30—Mills Bros.
2:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
2:30—Fritz Kreisler.
2:45—Songs of Our Land.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:15—Modern Melodies.