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

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1878.

Represented by
WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN Co. Inc.
San Francisco—220 Bush Street. Los Angeles—433 South Spring Street. Seattle—603 Stewart Street. Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—333 Stephenson Bldg. New York—11 East 40th Street. Portland—Bedell Bldg.

MEMBER 1936 OREGON STATE AGGREGATION

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail.....$4.00
Daily, 6 months by mail..... 2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail..... 1.00
Daily, single month by mail.... .50
Daily, by carrier per month ... .50

Swimming Tank.

THE QUESTION of providing a swimming tank for Roseburg and the surrounding area has again been discussed by the directors of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce. This subject has been under serious consideration for years but ways and means of providing a tank without placing additional bonded debt upon the city or adding to the annual tax levy, always has been and still is the major problem.

Ballyhoo will not provide the land and build a swimming tank. Big talk will not provide the necessary annual operating expenses. The project is one requiring sound careful planning based upon complete information. Thus far the available information regarding the experiences of other cities has been meager.

As the first step the chamber directors have requested the local WPA heads to prepare a report which may be used as a basis upon which to determine whether or not a swimming tank project is a reasonable one for Roseburg to undertake. The men who will make this report, Cliff Fies and Oscar Berrie, are doing it as a service to this community for it is not, strictly speaking, work that they would normally do as WPA employes. When the plans are completed and it is decided to go ahead, then it may become a WPA project.

Roseburg wants a swimming pool if it is financially reasonably possible to have one. In our enthusiasm we must not, of course, buy ourselves a swimming tank if we cannot afford one. The forthcoming factual report should enable us to decide.

Dangerous Cars.

POLICE of an eastern city, checking automobiles for compliance with safety regulations, found one notable vehicle. The driver had no license. The car had no brakes, no headlight bulbs or lenses, no horn, no windshield wiper, no rear warning light, and improper wheel alignment. Except for those defects the car seems to have been all right. It moved, and the driver operated it even though he didn't have a legal right to do so.

There are too many cars of uncertain and decrepit condition on the streets and highways. They are a constant peril to their occupants and to all other traffic. If these animated wrecks are beyond repair, some way should be found to compel their retirement.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

conquest of Ethiopia.

Thus ends another not very creditable chapter in the history of diplomacy.

THE free city of Danzig is reported to have announced that it wishes to leave the PROTECTION of the league of nations. Observing the "protection" that was given to Ethiopia (and is being given to China) by the league, Danzig doubtless feels that it can no longer afford to take chances.

AN IMMEDIATE conference of the great powers to prevent a European war is proposed to the league of nations by Eamon de Valera, president of the Irish Free State.

If the representatives of the great powers could be got together without their fingers crossed, something might be accomplished.

THE National Education association, meeting at Portland, reaffirms its opposition to compulsory military training.

It is this writer's personal opinion that compulsory military training in the colleges is a strong anti-military influence on college students, who are constitutionally opposed to being COMPELLED to do ANYTHING. Because military training is compulsory, they regard it with an intense and utter loathing that is never quite outgrown.

This, of course, is only a personal opinion, and there will be many who disagree with it.

SPEAKING before the National Education association, Dr. Robert Sproul, president of the University of California, asserted the other day:

"The youth of America are being mercilessly exploited by the social racketeers. The answer of America to her youth must be today abundant life, ordered liberty and the right to pursue happiness with some prospect of attaining it."

Here is another personal opinion:

Any American youth who is willing to work hard, live decently, spend less than he earns and keep an ambitious eye on the job ahead of him has a BETTER CHANCE for an abundant life, ordered liberty and the pursuit of happiness with some prospect of attaining it than the youth of any other nation on earth.

ONE reason for this, it should be added, is the fundamental soundness of the teaching in American schools—which has had its faults, of course, but taking it as a whole has been fine.

AND here in closing, is something to think about:

In 1934, the second year of the New Deal (before it had got well started) our excess of exports over imports was $112,495,000, which is another way of saying that in 1934 the United States SOLD to foreign countries 112½ million dollars more than it BOUGHT from foreign countries.

In 1935, the third year of the New Deal (when its policies were getting better established) our excess of exports over imports was only $21,229,000, or less than one-fifth the excess of the year before.

In the first four months of 1936 (the fourth year of the New Deal) our exports DROPPED UNDER our imports by $12,414,000. That is, in the first FOUR MONTHS of this year we BOUGHT 12 million dollars more from foreign countries than we SOLD to foreign countries.

That is what the doctrine of scarcity does to us.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

Finger of Guilt.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 9.—(AP)—Popular tunes drifted into the open windows of District Judge Stewart B. McLeod's courtroom.

"This smacks of contempt of court," the judge said as he halted the session and ordered Court Officer John Romanus to stop the music.

The music ceased and when Judge McLeod asked Romanus where it came from, he replied:

"From your car outside, your honor. You forgot to turn off your radio."

Protection Gone.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 9. (AP)—T. A. Sublett of Belton, S. C., had an automobile protected by a burglar alarm.

He still has the automobile. Someone stole the burglar alarm yesterday.

Gone to Reward.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 9.—(AP)—Mary Barker, 70, is dead. Twenty seven years ago she entered the city jail voluntarily to cure a thirst for liquor—and she never left. Cured, she helped the jail matrons and befriended prisoners. She worked for her board, bedding and clothing. Her only diversion was an occasional movie.

Muck and Luck.

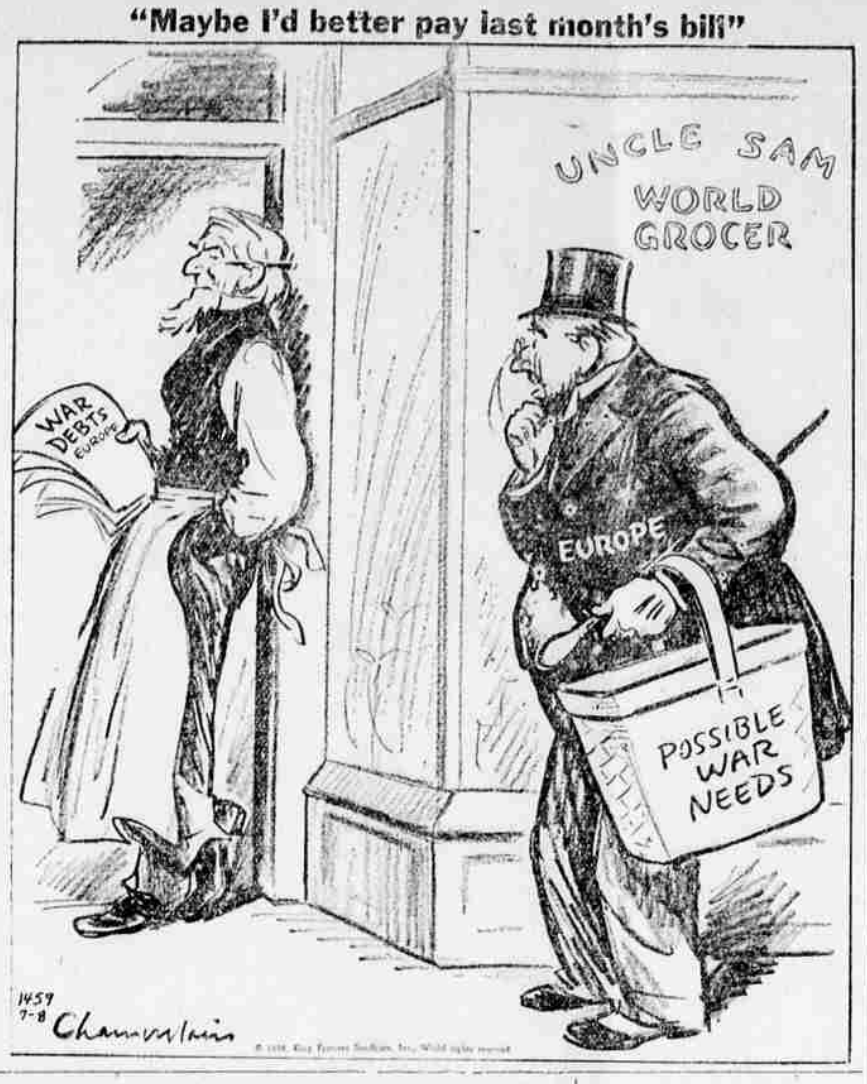
SUPERIOR, Wis., July 9.—(AP)—Frank Mayer wasn't happy when his automobile became mired in the red clay along the Nemadji River. He was later, though.

He got a shovel and started to dig out. The shovel struck something metallic. Out of the clay he pulled a chain. He took it to a jeweler who said it was antique made of gold and of a type worn in the 15th century.

POSTMASTERS OF OREGON TO MEET

The postmasters association of Oregon will convene in Eugene July 13-14, at which time L. L. Wimberly, local postmaster, accompanied by Mrs. Wimberly, will be present. Third Assistant Postmaster General C. H. Ellenberger and Chief Post Office Inspector R. P. Aldrich will be among the distinguished guests at the twoday meeting. Postmasters from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle, as well as postmasters of Oregon, will be in attendance.

"Maybe I'd better pay last month's bill"



SNOW LEOPARD
by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

SYNOPSIS

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurtling through the air, followed by a snow leopard robe. The man, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Shortly after, Dick notices a beautiful girl, standing in the doorway, order her chow to bring the robe to her. Dick's airedale, "Bully," fights with the chow for possession of it. When the girl finally retrieves it—in pieces—she hastily runs her fingers over it and exclaims: "The clasp and girdle—gone!" Never had Dick been so attracted by any girl. She is Karen Sire, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Sire. The police summon Dick to the Sire apartment as a witness. Detective Captain Boyle claims the dead man, a Filipino, was murdered—stabbed in the back. Karen was the only other person in the room when he fell. Maurice Sire telephones that he is flying up from Washington, D. C. Leaving Detective "One-Armed" Toole (who really has two perfectly good arms) on duty, Boyle goes out. When the detective isn't looking, Dick calls Karen's attention to the blood in the aquarium. Without a sign of emotion, she invites Toole to have a drink in the next room. While the officer is gone, Dick plunges his arm into the aquarium and draws forth a stiletto, which he thrusts into his pocket. Shortly after, Boyle returns with a policewoman and orders Karen searched. The girl slips over to Dick. He feels a tug at his pocket—the stiletto is gone! With the certainty of being searched within the next few minutes, Karen had deliberately relieved him of the weapon. As Karen goes into the next room, she plucks Toole's derby from its perch. "Yours, isn't it?" she asks, handing it to him.

CHAPTER IV

Toole took the derby, held it awkwardly as she brushed past him, then dropped it over the head of a small Venus de Milo, hiding that celebrated lady's charms.

Boyle sat down and blotted the dew from his forehead with a handkerchief. "The servants have bomb proof alibis," he said. "They're a new lot, just taken on by Moyers, Sire's butler, who came up from Southampton to get this place running. He had 'em all in a bunch on the floor below, instructing them in their duties when he missed the little Filipino. The butler was at the bottom of the stairs yelling for the boy when Miss Sire came running down with a check. She told him that a servant had just fallen out of the window and then she made for the elevator."

Captain Boyle did not seem to mind expressing himself thus freely in Bannister's presence. The latter was soon to learn why.

"Yes," the detective continued, "I've been checking this matter up—you're out of it, all right. I found that you came to town last night to see your brother. The two of you were together all evening and he left for his office in the morning about ten minutes before you went out for a walk with the airedale."

"Thanks," replied Bannister dryly. He was gripping himself hard. What would happen when the policewoman emerged from that room with the murder dagger in her hand—emerge to tell Boyle that she had found it on the person of Karen Sire?

Presently the door opened and the policewoman stepped out. "Not a thing on her," she said, directing her report to Boyle. Observing the slight drop in his jaw, she added: "I had an eye on her all the time since I came in."

Boyle's chin dropped lower. "Every inch of her trail from that room down to the courtyard has been covered and searched," he said slowly.

While he was speaking Karen Sire herself came serenely out of the room, putting a last deft touch upon the arrangement of her hair.

Bannister felt a wrench at his sensibilities, a stab of pain. It was unbearable to see her practicing the dubious arts that heretofore he had associated only with women of mature experience in duplicity. How had she managed to conceal that dirk with four pairs of eyes upon her? What need had Karen Sire to play this desperate game; above all, to toy with the bloody tools of crime? And for what? To kill a poor Filipino serving man whom she might have caught stealing a piece of fur, a jeweled clasp and girdle?

Boyle mumbled something that sounded like an apology. "The elevator made only one trip to the twentieth floor before nine o'clock this morning," he continued. "That was to bring up a few trunks and five servants—the Southampton butler and the four new ones. The Filipino was sent up here to straighten things out. I learned from the manager that you, Miss Sire, had spent the night alone in the apartment. You arrived at six o'clock, took dinner downstairs and danced until eleven. You declined the manager's offer to have one or more of the woman servants in the house remain with you. Besides that, he made a personal inspection of this apartment while you were dancing, found everything all right and locked the door, later delivering the keys to you."

Miss Sire murmured acquiescence, but said nothing.

Boyle was tired. That was plain to Bannister, who even detected a veiled look of satisfaction on Toole's stolid face, a look that he could account for only on the score of personal antagonism.

Boyle had taken up a position near the open window, squinting up, down and around with fulle intensity. The walls of the great court were of enameled brick and the window casements were too narrow to afford footing for an intruder.

"There were half a dozen persons on the roof at the time of the murder," he said finally. "It's a kind of open air gym. No one could have reached this room with a rope from the roof without being seen."

"Isn't there a wide coping along the front windows?" Bannister asked.

"Right," answered the detective. "How did you know?"

A little look of suspicion dangled from the question.

"Oh, the fronts of all these apartment buildings are always more ornate than the overt faces, aren't they?"

Boyle admitted. "All the front windows were locked from the inside; I opened 'em myself and looked around."

"That seemed to narrow it down to me," put in Miss Sire.

The detective's lips tightened. "Everybody in this apartment at the time of the murder will be under suspicion until we clear this matter up," he said. "My original order that you stay here until your father comes still holds. This officer (indicating Toole) will remain here with you. Mr. Bannister is free to go when he likes. I'll be back by the time Mr. Sire arrives."

He arose, beckoned the policewoman, and the two stepped into the elevator.

Toole, who had been standing near the panel, listened until the faint hum of the descending car ceased. Turning around slowly, and without any attempt at stage effect, he drew the murder dirk from an outside pocket in his coat.

"Well, well," he chortled, "you two did this thing pretty smooth—no grits in your work a'tall! I saw you, Bannister, when you snagged this thing out of the fish tank. I saw the little lady lift it from your jeans, and I felt its weight when she dropped it into my pocket."

Toole paused to release a laugh. "Great!" he went on. "Both of you willing to take the gaff without passing the buck. Strangers, at that!"

He laughed again—a rich, full laugh.

Bannister did not know what was going on in the man's mind, but he felt certain that it all would end in Karen Sire's arrest and his own. Had he been in the detective's place he could not have acted otherwise. This hilarious prelude probably was merely the expression of Toole's satisfaction in his own cleverness.

That the girl took the same view was evident from her deepening pallor. Toole's face had sobered without hardening. He took a step toward her—she swayed and Bannister caught her falling.

Karen Sire had not lost consciousness; indeed, it seemed to Bannister that she dropped in his arms only for an instant. The girl was standing erect now, looking disconcertedly at "One-Armed" Toole. It seemed incredible that this hard-boiled detective could have read so accurately the motives actuating Bannister and herself in the futile play with the murder weapon. He had looked incapable of sentiment; he had acted up to that moment without the smallest show of feeling, yet now his whole bearing manifested sympathy, understanding and fellowship.

Bannister reopened the colloquy. "Why didn't you let Captain Boyle know this?" he demanded.

"If I had," Toole answered, "he'd have put the basket over both of you."

This did not sound very good to Bannister. It looked like disloyalty to a superior, if not that, a deliberately planned pose, to enmesh the girl and himself deeper.

"You've known Miss Sire only an hour yourself," the detective continued placidly, "and yet you were so sure of her innocence that you took a chance on compounding a felony—a murder. Can't you give me credit for having the same hunch?"

(To be continued)

Advance Obituaries Of Drinking Drivers Asked By Carolina Journal

The Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer, recently carried a front page notice expressing a sentiment to which all newspapers subscribe.

The notice said:

"The Observer asks that persons who intend to mix liquor with automobiles in their holiday celebration, please leave typed obituaries and photographs or one-column cuts with the city editor before beginning the day's observance.

"The clearing of the accident stories will thus be facilitated for the city news staff."

RAMBLINGS
OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN
BY PAUL JENKINS

The gentleman with the pleased expression on his face is Fred Assenheimer, of Gardiner, and one of its best-known and liked citizens. He is standing at the side of the highway in front of his place of business—it is not the building which you see behind him—and the reason he looks so pleased is because he is watching the heavy traffic passing in Gardiner on its happy way to the north or the south along the great artery of the Coast highway, pride of Oregon's seacoast towns.

Fred is one of Gardiner's sons, who worked hard and intelligently for the start and later completion of the great coast road, for the erection of the great bridges which span the rivers and bays of the region, and for the legislation enabling traffic to pass over them toll free. He feels a special pride in the fine structure across the Umpqua, connecting Gardiner with its sister city Reedsport; being right at home, it is a matter for special local pride.

A native of Germany, Fred Assenheimer came to the United States over forty years ago, achieving thereby an ambition nursed by him since early boyhood. He landed in New York with three dollars in his pocket, but with a wealth of courage and optimism in his heart. He came early to the lower Umpqua country, and started to work. Hard work, in the logging camps of the period. However, he knew that hard work seldom hurt anyone, and he knew also that few people ever got anywhere much, in the way of economic independence, without it.

The hard work and the saving Fred did, failed to hurt him in the least. He not only maintained his health, and a most cheerful disposition which evidently he was born with, but has succeeded in garnering a goodly share of this world's goods without which a man could exist, perhaps, but which nevertheless makes life a whale of a lot easier, and the world a nicer place in which to live.

One of the finest and most invigorating phases of Fred's character, is his good old-fashioned American citizenship. He is representative of that group of foreign born who came to America because they liked the form of government which we have here, and who, making their homes here and casting their future with that of their adopted land, have done their best to maintain the form of government they found here; and who, by the course of their own lives, have set an example which if universally followed would insure continuance of this government they admire so much. In this, he has done what anyone COULD do—he set his course in the right direction, and did his best.

The next time you are in Gardiner, call on Fred Assenheimer. He will be glad to see you, and will greet you with a most engaging smile. If perchance you crave information—as most visitors do—he is in position to inform you, for he keeps in very close touch with what is going on in the lower river country. His place of business is next door to the Gardiner Tavern, that excellent hostelry so well known to travelers who find business, or pleasure, or both at the mouth of the Umpqua river.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Porch Furniture Goes Touring.

There was one thing that we thought we could depend on for life. That was porch and lawn furniture. It was as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar and three times as handy.

Owing to the nature of climatic conditions there was no wicker furniture at Valley Forge. We have no proof that the Pilgrims sailed over on a rattan boat, as that would be a trifle too porous.

But we do know that our bamboo porchware dates from around 1800. And that in over a century it has never changed for better or for worse. A porch rocker was always a porch rocker. All it ever required was a coat of paint and a pat on the back.

Now they have made a big change in the outdoor divans and chairs. They have revolutionized transportation by putting wheels on the old porch rocker. By next season they will be motorized.

The idea started with the English tea table with its dockload of thumbnail sandwiches. The thing trundled over the lawn as easy as a waterbug on a pond. And somebody invented a lawn chaise lounge with a wheel on it like a wheelbarrow.

Here is the idea of that thing. If one of your guests overstays the week-end you put the barrow longue on the lawn underneath a beautiful tree. This guest trap is baited with popular books, magazines, fruits, cigarettes, highballs, candy and everything else that a week-end guest would have to pay for in the city.

Having nibbled the bait, he stretches out on the comfortable touring divan, reads a book and falls asleep, knowing that no room rent is due.

That's when you have him. You have your butler and the second man sneak up in back of the barrow and trundle it off to the railroad station. When the week-end guest wakes up he is in the baggage car of the New York, New Haven & Consolidated.

That's the idea of wheels on porch furniture and it beats the old hammock in which a guest could sleep a month and wake up in the same place. The idea in the suburban wickerware these days is to have everything detachable and removable. Especially the guests.

It adds an element of adventure and the spice of exploration to all visits. However, the barrow divan can be outsmarted by the guest who packs a two-ton anchor in his baggage and throws out his grappling hooks before snatching forty winks.

U. S. POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated Press, Washington.)

The party conventions and what has followed go a long way toward confirming that the presidential campaign will rise to great intensity in certain special sectors of the east and midwest.

BYRON PRICE

The democrats are assuming that Roosevelt will have the solid south, and the republicans are taking it for granted that Landon will enjoy his greatest vote-getting power in the west.

It is the stretch from the Mississippi to the Atlantic seaboard north of Mason and Dixon's line, where each side now seems bent on picking up enough additional votes to tip the balance and assure the election of its candidate.

Not that either side is conceding anything elsewhere. Certainly the democrats, who not long ago were counting the west a rather definite part of the electoral nest-egg, hardly will give up plans for an aggressive campaign there. Similarly, the republicans, aware of the open restlessness of some southern democrats under Roosevelt, may be expected to try again to break the south as they did in 1928.

But a theory taking all of these things into account, and transcending them, still points to the east and midwest as the scene of the principal shooting.

Picture Reversed

This theory, on the democratic side, is that if Roosevelt were to lose the south, there would be no hope for him anyway. On the republican side, the reasoning takes the form of a supposition that if Landon can't carry the west, he might as well quit.

So far as the republicans are concerned, this directly reverses the assumption of a year ago, when it was not known who the party nominee would be. Party planners then were figuring that any republican who couldn't carry the east rather solidly to begin with had no chance of election and that the west would be the real debated ground.

Landon's nomination, and the rise of his western group to party control, changed that. It was one of those extraordinary turnings which make politics so unpredictable.

The practice of party organizations is, in general, to center their pressure on those needed areas where the candidate is supposed not to be at his strongest, yet has a chance. That area happens to be, for both parties, the east and midwest; since Roosevelt is regarded as surest of his ground in the south and Landon's followers believe him strongest in the west.

Four Pivotal States

The indications today point to four states as special possibilities for that kind of pressure. They are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Indiana.

Together, these four states have almost half enough votes to elect a president. If the entire bloc were added to either south or west, and a few incidental votes thrown in, there would be no doubt of the result.

All four are, at the moment, under democratic governors, although all normally are rated as republican in national elections. That the republicans will try for them intensively is certain. Landon not only is planning to make his first major away-from-home speech in New York state, but he may visit all the other three on the way.

That the democrats will make a real fight even for such normally rock-ribbed republican states as Pennsylvania cannot remain a secret after the pains taken to compliment and woo the Philadelphians at the democratic convention hall and Franklin field.

These four states may not, in the end, prove quite so pivotal as both sides now seem to think, but they are worth watching.

KRNR PROGRAM
(1,500 Kilocycles)
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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Westerners.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:15—Dixie Memories.
5:30—Songs of the Range.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Bob Crosby's Orchestra.
6:30—Victor Concert Orchestra.
6:45—The Fair on the Air.
7:45—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 10

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 Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicale.
9:30—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:00—Dixie Memories.
10:15—Violin Selections.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Jack Demarchant.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Copco's Agricultural Talk.
12:45—Songs of Our Land.
1:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
1:30—The Mills Bros.
2:00—Spanish Mantilla.
2:30—Guy Lombardo.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Idylls.
5:00—Hill Billies.
5:30—Concert Arrangements.
6:00—Waltz Time.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—Sports Talk by Jack Harding.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
7:45—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, JULY 11

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 Services.
8:45—Salon Selections.
9:00—Famous Orchestras.
9:30—Band Selections.
10:00—Album of Music.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Album of Music Cont'd.
11:00—Three Rhythm Kings.
11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra.
1:00—Enrico Caruco.
1:15—Down Memorie Lane.
2:00—Music of Other Lands.
2:30—Sol Bright and His Holly Wallans.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—Studio Rhythm.
4:45—Vocal Ensemble.
5:00—Melody Matinee.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Swing Music.
6:45—The Melodians from Umpqua Park.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
7:45—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A EDWARDS

Victorious Living

John Wesley said (when dying), "The best of all is, God is with us." We have at our command the power of the Eternal Himself. All the great human forces become the servants of man who possesses within himself the power of communion with God. Is it not true this greatest resources of all, we have used the least? What fret and friction of life we might have missed, had we only learned to trust fully on the promises of God. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit has come upon you." Teach us dear Father, the art of victorious living. Amen