

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Six Cents a Pound.

UNDER a Redemptio deadline, by
Associated Press leased wire,
the following news dispatch ap-
peared in Saturday's News-Review:

"Fishermen found steelhead
as well as chinook in their
catches today. The first of the
summer steelhead run were de-
clared of fine quality and
brought six cents a pound from
dealers."

SIX CENTS a pound for steel-
head! That should bring a laugh
to the upriver sports fishermen,
most of them probably pay SIXTY
DOLLARS a pound for steelhead—
if any steelhead.

By the time the sports fishermen
purchases, maintains and replaces
his tackle—and many replacements
are needed when fishing for steel-
head—buys his gasoline, camping
supplies, license, etc., he has made
a considerable investment which
makes his poundage for each steel-
head caught, even with good luck,
run into plenty of dollars.

Estimates are that the average
tourist spends \$10 per day for
every day he is in the state. Tour-
ists are drawn by good steelhead
fishing. If you doubt that state-
ment, give yourself a treat any
evening this week.

Pack up a picnic lunch and drive
up the North Umpqua river and
stop at Idleyd. Count the fisher-
men at The Rafters. Walk down to
that lovely spot where Rock creek
empties into the Umpqua and
there eat your lunch while you
amuse yourself by watching the
fishermen crowd one another along
the edge of the stream.

Then hurry on up the river and
see how the steelhead waters are
crowded at Camp Hope, the Hog-
back, Susan creek, Honey creek,
Circle H, Williams creek, Maple
Ridge, Steamboat, Gordon's camp
and the scores of other favorite
haunts of the steelhead fishermen.

Count the number of out-of-state
license plates on parked cars.
You'll find the majority of the fish-
ermen to be from other states, and
some of them from far away states.
It's costing them something to fish
for steelhead.

If they are successful, if they
catch even one or two fish, or if
they even hook onto one or two of
those wild fighters and lose val-
uable tackle, as most of them do,
they will come back again and
again. But if unsuccessful they
will not return.

Sports fishing on the North Um-
pqua river is today one of the great-
est sources of income for Douglas
county and the state of Oregon.
Few, if any, agricultural products
can show a return equal to the
value of the tourist dollar brought
to this county by the return of
the North Umpqua river.

Yet we stand by and permit the
steelhead to be gradually depleted
from the river by commercial fish-
ing. Slowly, but surely, that tourist
dollar is to be driven away from
the Umpqua river if present com-
mercial fishing practices continue.

The sports fishermen, who pay
dollars per pound for the few fish
they may catch, must yield to the
more harmful of greedy commercial
fishermen, who, with their nets
and trolling rigs, drag to the can-
eries tons of gamey steelheads at
SIX CENTS A POUND.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

GLIDE—The Glide Townsend
club will hold its next regular
meeting at 8 p. m., Tuesday, Aug-
ust 11, at the Glide grange hall,
when W. J. Garner of Yoncalla
will be the principal speaker. He

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

We live in a day when the
Christian cause and the gospel
must have the consecrated serv-
ices of strong men and women.
We do not need brilliant men
—much as men who are strong
in faith and courage and are
willing to endure hardship as
soldiers of Jesus Christ.
The Prophet Isaiah has given us
the secret: "For attaining that
Christian strength and fortitude,
"They that wait upon the
Lord shall renew their strength;
they shall mount up with wings,
as eagles; they shall run and
not be weary, they shall walk
and not faint." Dear Heavenly
Father, may we learn to avail
ourselves of this inexhaustible
storehouse of power. Amen.

will present a report on the re-
cent national convention in Cleve-
land, Ohio. Ladies of the club will
toss sandwiches, doughnuts and
coffee without charge. Everyone
is invited.

BAD CHECK SIGNED BY "U. R. STUNG"

FALLS CITY, Neb., Aug. 1.—
(AP)—Falls City authorities to-
day searched for a nifty bad
check writer.
Proprietors of a cafe here cashed
a \$1 check for a stranger and it
was returned by the bank un-
paid. Then, for the first time, the
proprietors noticed the signature.
It was "U. R. Stung."

PRE-CONVENTION Paragraphs

Wednesday the Roseburg drum
corps goes on the air over KXAN.
Its appearance will call the atten-
tion of Douglas county citizens to
the fact that the convention is only
a few days away and also that
tickets for the greatest show of
this civilization are now on sale.
Harris Ellsworth, editor of the
News-Review, will appear with the
corps and act as master of cere-
monies.

This fine corps certainly has a
whole lot of jobs on its hands. They
are the host corps of the conven-
tion, must do most of the work and
will get little of the credit for the
show. There is an established prece-
dential that host corps cannot
compete in the contest. The fel-
lows know this, but nevertheless
they are drilling just as hard as if
they were out for the state cham-
pionship. That is the spirit of drum
corps. When it once gets into the
blood it is almost as pernicious as
drugs.

One of the things our local
corps is doing that has never
been done before in the staging of
a stag party for visiting drum
corps members the first night of
the convention. This will be held
at Plantation Inn and a fine pro-
gram (for men only) is being pre-
pared. Always before the drum
corps came to the convention, did
all the work, and received very lit-
tle recognition. This year it will
be different. Our boys are looking out
for that.

Parking of cars will be a prob-
lem during the convention. Certain
streets will be closed to parking at
all times. Other streets will be
jammed. Residents of Roseburg
are urged to don hiking clothes and
walk to work. Leave the old bus
in the garage. Otherwise we will
all be in a mess. Traffic in some
instances will be rerouted through
the city which will simplify things
to some extent. This will be held
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SNOW LEOPARD by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XXV
"Thank you, Miss Sire. If there
weren't so many pink-ribboned
ladies, I'd swing Whipple and his
man from a yard before daylight.
But they'll have their wish—we'll
reach Alexandria ahead of the Al-
banian. Yet, by the Eternal, they
won't frolic on my deck over that
Double Iron 'em both, Clark."

All of an honest man's loathing
was poured into that order.
Toole had the nervous organism
of a mollusk, which is simply a
way of saying that he had no such
equipment at all. He absorbed
suspense, irritation, disappoint-
ment and shock with an indiffer-
ence that might be expected of an
oyster under similar stress.

Bannister was not so happily im-
mune. He could face a charging
rhinoceros or teeter coolly on a
breaking log jam without feeling
a flick, but a haze of uncertainty
affected him much the same way
as a harbor fog gets on the nerves
of an honest seaman.

The Thessalonians and the Alban-
ians were now practically neck and
neck, with three miles of seaway
between them, the former having
a meager advantage of "position"
in relation to Alexandria.

Jeff Whipple was aboard the
Thessalonians on his way to possible
liberty at the same moment that
Karen Sire would step ashore.
What would happen then? The
question rasped Bannister's taut
nerves like a notched stick across
the strings of a bull fiddle.

Whipple would be in his own
back yard at Alexandria. All the
resources of a Levantine under-
world boss would be ready for his
beckoning finger. He was a wild
and cunning seaman with the
cool of a murderer. What might not
happen if the Thessalonians dis-
charged her passengers first?

Big ships always give each other
plenty of leeway, particularly
near a harbor. It would be neces-
sary for the Albanian to establish
a good lead on her rival to insure
an earlier landing of passengers.
Should the Albanian win, Toole and
Bannister could meet Karen Sire
aboard the Thessalonians and keep
her out of harm's way.

"Why are all those little craft
buzzing around the Thessalonians?"
Bannister asked, handing his
glasses to Toole.
The detective gazed at what
seemed to be a big mosquito fleet
swarming about the great vessel.
"Reminds me of a big liner cou-
sing up New York bay with the
Prince of Wales aboard," he said
finally.

Whistles and bells from the lit-
tle fleet piped and jangled through
the distance, while occasionally the
Thessalonians moved out a reply.
It might have been that she was
preparing to maneuver or her
venturesome little escorts; they
seemed to be constantly cut-
ting across her bow.

The Albanian by this time was
close enough to her rival to enable
the passengers to pick up details
with their glasses. The small fleet
surrounding the Thessalonians
black bulk was composed of motor-
boats, sailing craft and a sprink-
ling of barges propelled by oars.
All were gaily decorated and the
decks aboved hundreds of animat-
ed figures.

Bannister and Toole felt the
spell of it. The detective pressed
his head down over his ears and
his friend's powerful hands tight-
ened on the rail. Yes, there was
a sinister fascination about it all.
When they next met Karen Sire—
if, indeed, they ever met her

again—just what environment would
find her? Would she be lead-
ing these poor, deluded wretches
to a visionary kingdom in the hin-
terland of nowhere? Or would she
be in Whipple's hands? And
Brenda—what furies of jealousy
might she release upon the girl?

But the Thessalonians seemed to
be acting strangely. Bannister kept
the glasses clamped to his eyes.
"That ship behaves like a hotball
bent in the tail grass, fighting
a loss," he said. "She's back-
ing and snoring—listen to that!"

A roar that sounded like the con-
firmed effort of every bull in North
Africa came rumbling across the
water. The Thessalonians had raised
a voice of protest that was meant
to be unmistakable.

A shout sounded from the Al-
banian's bridge, followed by a rush
of feet along the deck. The first
officer went panting past them.
Bannister caught the few words he
barked over his shoulder:

"Wireless tells us that a parcel
of inmates has boarded the Thes-
salonians. They've overrun the
ship!" With that he plunged be-
low.

Bannister made for the wireless
room. He found Toole already
there. An officer was relaying
messages from the Thessalonians
to the bridge of the Albanian, using
a telephone. They could hear him
distinctly.

"I showed and stopped to avoid
running the little fleet down. All
seemed to be in holiday spirit. Big-
gest craft of the lot came along
side, others hugging close. Sea-
door at main deck open and they
swarmed in on us, singing. About
three hundred, all armed. Leader
told me they had come to greet
their new queen."

The officer set down the tele-
phone and looked up. "What do
you know about that?" he demand-
ed dazedly.

The Albanian chuckled and trem-
bled. She was coming about and
no doubt intended to head for the
Thessalonians.

Again the officer picked up the
phone. "An explosion!" he yelled
suddenly, picking the words from
the wireless man's mouth. A
pounce then the officer continued
to speed information to his chief
on the bridge. "They've blown
open the purser's safe. They must
be pirates!"

Another wait—this time a long
one. Presently the man at the
telephone was speaking again:
"They've taken off three passen-
gers—Geoffrey Whipple, his valet
and Miss Karen Sire. They're
aboard a fast powerboat now.
Boards leaving ship. Crew has
killed or wounded half a dozen."

The officer laid down the tele-
phone. "First time anything like
this happened since the war," he
puffed. "How do they expect to
get away with it? Every one of
them will be mopped up as soon
as they reach shore. This is a cir-
cled country now."

The man's comments were lost
upon Bannister and Toole. One
sentence of the wireless message
was burning in their brains—Whip-
ple, his valet, and Karen had been
taken off the Thessalonians by the
pirates.

"It was a raid to rescue Whipple
and his man," Toole managed to
say, as they left the wireless room.
"Karen has been kidnapped!"
Bannister groaned.

"We've missed the big rescue!"
said Toole. "Lord, how I'd like to
have been there with a nightstick
—three hundred heads to crack
and nobody on the job to do it!"

Bannister and Toole were pre-
paring to quit the Albanian when
they were informed that their
presence would be required on

board the Thessalonians, where an
inquisition on the harbor raid was
in progress. The summons suited
them perfectly.

"This will give us a spring-
board for our next plunge," said
Bannister hopefully.

"Into the air," Toole responded
gloomily.

"Well I'm a licensed flyer, and
you've had some experience with
planes. Let's go."

When Bannister and Toole
boarded the Thessalonians they
found that the vessel had virtual-
ly been taken over by British and
native officials. Two of these func-
tionaries were seated on one side
of a table; across it were Captain
Anderson and Clark supporting
their chins with hands and elbows
both pictures of despair.

"This examination is informal,"
the British official explained. "We
have just received verbal reports
from the officers. Perhaps Captain
Anderson and Mr. Clark will re-
peat what has gone before so that
you may have a better understand-
ing of what is required of you."

Anderson lifted his chin from his
hands. He told how he had read
of the murder of Prince Juri Bai
in New York just before sailing
time of the Thessalonians and of
his surprise when Miss Sire came
aboard with official authority to
leave, despite the fact that she
was a material witness. He ad-
mitted that he had not attempted
to communicate with Maurice Sire,
explaining that he took Police Cap-
tain Boyle's word that her pres-
ence in New York would not be re-
quired.

"After we were well out to sea,"
he continued, "I was greatly dis-
turbed by a message from Mr. Sire,
instructing me to guard his daugh-
ter against any approach by Geof-
frey Whipple, also a passenger. I
knew Whipple. A few years ago
he ran a big gambling house in
Alexandria, and before then was
known as an adventurer on a
large scale, making political in-
trigue and government conces-
sions his specialty. I saw to it
that neither he nor his valet made
contact with Miss Sire."

"Did she know of this?" Ban-
nister asked.

"She did. The situation was
made more difficult by her own ef-
forts to talk with Whipple."
(To be continued)

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The American Legion Pro-
gram.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:30—Rural Rhythm.
6:00—Richard Crooks, Tenor.
6:15—The Ford VS Revue.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage
Presents Stray Hollister at
Rimrock.
6:45—The Melodians From Um-
qua Park.
7:00—Grab Bag Program.
7:15—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
8:45—Alarm Clock Club, cont'd.
8:50—Devotional Services.
8:55—Salon Music.
9:00—Tango Time.
9:30—Famous Music.
10:00—Heart Songs.
10:30—Helle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Close Harmony Four.
11:15—Love Songs of Today.
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Radio Music Store After-
noon Concert.
12:45—Mile Bright and His Holly
Waifans.
1:00—Investment for Income.
1:05—Guy Lombardo.
1:30—Lawrence Tibbett.
1:45—The Myrtle Creek Friend-
ship Circle with Charles
Musk of Myrtle Creek Mail.
2:00—Music of Other Lands.
2:30—Sol Bright and His Holly
Waifans.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Jack Denarchant.
4:30—Roseburg Chamber of Com-
merce Program.
4:45—Matinee Revue.
5:30—Popular Band Selections.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
ments.
6:15—Hill Billies.
6:30—The Grab Bag Program.
7:15—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Waite Time.
9:30—Songs of the Water.
9:45—John McCormack.
10:00—Castilians.
10:30—Helle and Martha.
11:00—Ruth Royale.
11:15—Rhythm Revue.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:15—Sol Bright and His Holly
Waifans.
12:30—Band Selections.
12:45—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
1:00—Investment for Income.
1:05—Famous Love Songs.
1:30—Clara Wilson's United Ar-
tists.
2:00—Concert Arrangements.
2:30—Golden Voices.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Heoster Hot Shots.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
5:00—Songs of the Range.
5:30—WPA Program.
6:45—Studio Music in Rhythm.
6:15—The Ford VS Revue.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage
presents Stray Hollister at
Rimrock.
6:45—The Umpqua Park Program.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:15—Sign Off.

U. S. POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associat-
ed Press, Washington.)

Every campaign development
emphasizes more clearly the great
importance of the roles which are
to be played in
1936 politics by
Democratic
Chairman James
A. Farley and Re-
publican Chair-
man John D. M.
Hamilton.

These two roles
are the two
men to whom
they have been
assigned. Yet
each in its own
way carries re-
sponsibilities
which ordinarily do not attach to
party chairmanship and which
may easily be tremendous factors
in the result of the election.

Always, a presidential cam-
paign has two parts. One is the
public part—the "front," the
speech-making and the ballyhoo,
and the delineation of party policy.
The other is the submerged part
—the business of organization
down in the wards and precincts,
the collection of campaign funds
and their expenditure, the assemb-
ling and instruction of party work-
ers.

Very often in the past the presi-
dential nominee has provided the
"front," determining policies and
taking the cheers and the pub-
licity, while the national chairman
has done the real work of prac-
tical organization. Sometimes the
nominee has taken care of both
duties, and the chairman has been
a mere figurehead. Neither of
these rules seems to apply fully
this year.

Roosevelt Takes Lead
On the democratic side, it is
quite plain that many party work-
ers will look to President Roose-
velt not only to take the lead in
actual campaigning, but to indicate
in all important matters what the
practical tactics of the campaign
are to be.

It would be too sweeping a state-
ment, however, to say that Mr.
Roosevelt will be to his
own campaign manager. Such a
statement would overlook the
great responsibility he places on
Farley for carrying into effect the
detail of party work in specific
situations.

In no sense is Farley regarded
as a figurehead by those who
know him and have seen him in ac-
tion. He relies on his chief for the
selection of objectives, but once
the goal is pointed out, he uses
his own methods to attain the de-
sired end. And in this the presi-
dent has given him wide latitude.
Nor is there any doubt that in
the realm of political detail, Far-
ley has established a formidable
reputation among politicians. The
results of his foresight and his in-
cursive private effort were appar-
ent at the Philadelphia convention
when such powerful factors as the
Tammany organization in New
York and the Hague organization
in New Jersey, which had op-
posed the original Roosevelt nomi-
nation bitterly, voted solidly for the
renomination.

Many think important states
may swing in November on Far-
ley's ability to keep these and sim-
ilar big-city machines completely
in line for the ticket.

Landon Best as Organizer
Among the republicans the situ-
ation is quite different. It ap-
pears that instead of figuring
chiefly as a "front" for the cam-
paign, Governor Landon will take
a decisive part in the intensive
work of party organization, while
Chairman Hamilton, instead of de-
voting all of his attention to or-
ganization, probably will make
more speeches than the nominee.

For Landon is not regarded even
by his warmest friends as the
sort of candidate who displays his
best qualities on the stump. On
the contrary, his political reputa-
tion in Kansas was established by
his ability at party conciliation
and unified organization, first as
the republican state chairman, lat-
ter as governor.

Conversely, Hamilton is recog-
nized as a vigorous campaigner,
and his inexperience as an organ-
izer led to much private objection
from some of the old-line leaders
when he first was mentioned as
the chairmanship. That he will be
an important part of "front" of
the republican campaign is gen-
erally conceded, whatever part he
may play otherwise.

By and large, it is difficult to re-

call a year when such heavy re-
sponsibilities rested on the two
party chairmen. Or when the two
chairmen, each in his own way,
went more vigorously to work to
discharge those responsibilities.

POET'S CORNER

STELLA SMITH

Army Nurse—1898.
If our Lord, above us,
In looking down could see;
Just what our soldiers needed
most,
He a nurse would see:
He guided you, who went so far,
In every thought and way;
To make you light and merry—
Just what you were that day.

And far beyond the beauty rare,
God only can create;
You worked to relieve suffering,
That made our nation great.
No God, no gold, no favored class,
No selfishness, no greed;
But only righteousness and love,
That was the nurses' creed.

You walked the blackened high-
way,
Of war's fierce scathing breath;
Where the wounded boys were
beckoning
On the embattled field of death
'Mid screaming shells of flame
and steel,
Of fume wracked air and skies,
And nights of cold stars shining
down,
On dear and sightless eyes.

You worked to save our volunteers,
Who perished in vain;
For weary band of nurses,
Kept their creed without a
stain,
And so we pledged you, now today,
The best that in us lies;
And wish you'll always happy be,
Under the fairest flag that flies.

We love you for your holy deeds,
Lord here we all to see;
That the war nurse, was the sym-
bol,
Of what we all—now—ought to
be,
And we love to look upon your flag,
As it proudly floats on high,
Baptized by the faith of nurses,
Who were not afraid to die.

ROSEMARY SCHENCK,
Department poet laureate.

Stella Smith, of this city, entered
the service August 16, 1898, at
Portland, Ore., and was on duty
at the Presidio from March to
July, 1900, when she sailed for the
Philippines. She was on the U. S.
S. Grant two weeks in Taku har-
bor, Pienian, during the Boxer re-
bellion, while fighting was going
on. She then went to Manila and
also was stationed for thirteen
months at the outpost of Dapunan.
She returned from there to Manila
for a short time and then back to
the United States to Port Bayard,
New Mexico, T. B. hospital for
eight months of nursing. She was
out of the service for six months,
then re-entered and was at the Pre-
sido for a year and a half. She
was with the Red Cross during the
World war in Portland.

Stock and Bond Averages

STOCKS				
Compiled by The Associated Press, Aug. 3:				
	20	15	15	60
	Ind's	RM's	U's	St's
Today	90.1	98.8	52.1	67
Prev. day	90.9	99.1	52.0	67
Month ago	85.3	93.7	49.2	63
Year ago	64.3	25.1	36.3	47
1936 high	91.3	29.7	52.7	68
1936 low	73.1	26.2	43.1	55
1935 high	77.1	29.2	43.1	55
1935 low	19.5	18.5	21.6	34
BONDS				
	20	10	10	10
	RR's	Ind's	U's	Fl's
Today	93.9	103.4	102.5	99
Prev. day	93.9	103.1	102.6	99
Month ago	92.1	103.9	102.2	98
Year ago	85.1	99.3	99.2	73
1936 high	94.3	104.1	102.9	99
1936 low	86.9	101.8	99.3	67
1935 high	87.8	102.2	99.8	70