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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Only One Way

A RECENT tourist visitor to the Umpqua country having returned to his home writes back a letter to this newspaper which is published today.

One sentence in his letter is worth pondering: "That river (speaking of the North Umpqua) could be a wonderful asset to your community, if it had fish in it; why don't you do something to stop the commercial fishing with nets?"

Ah, he has us gasping against the ropes with that blow. Why don't we do something about it? Mainly our people are divided into two classes regarding this subject. One division, vastly in the majority, is unconcerned and does not realize that one of the greatest resources of the county is being dissipated—hence pays little attention to the subject. The other, smaller in numbers but busy as beavers, realizes what is going on but is profiting one way or another so wants nothing done about it.

The group of people in this county which realizes that commercial nets are destroying the fish life of the stream and which is fighting gamely to do something about it, is relatively small.

There is so much mis-information, so many half-truths expounded, and so much general confusion regarding this subject that there seems to be only one answer that will suffice. The river should be completely closed to net fishing until some reasonable plan can be worked out which will permit net fishing while at the same time protecting the run of chinook salmon and steelhead.

The net fishermen show no disposition to aid in the solution of this problem. Right now they are taking the fighting summer steelhead in their nets and we see very few of them in the upper river. The only compromise thus far suggested by the commercial fishermen contemplated extending their netting season an additional 10 days.

If we can elect legislators from this county who are willing to introduce and support legislation closing the river to net fishing, if it is found that there is no other way to prevent the complete extinction of the steelhead and chinook, this problem can be solved. There is no other way.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

By the time you get back, five cents a gallon for good roads will seem cheap.

THIS is a good point to remember:

Good roads cost a lot of money. The money to pay for good roads has to be raised by taxation—as all public money must be raised. But good roads are WORTH a lot of money.

No sensible person complains about paying taxes for something that is worth all it cost.

DR. REXFORD TUGWELL, head of the resettlement administration and described by a recent writer in the Saturday Evening Post as the chief court favorite at Washington, has started explaining.

A rumor is going the rounds that he is planning to depopulate the drouth-stricken great plains country by moving its inhabitants to more favored regions, and in a breakfast address at Amarillo, Texas, the other day he asserted: "All this talk about depopulation of the great plains is foolish. We don't want to depopulate the country; we want to fortify it against drouth."

In the Middle West, you know, it isn't good politics to talk about depopulating the great plains. Nobody wants the country in which everything he owns is invested to be depopulated.

OF COURSE, under the beneficent New Deal, whose purpose is to run all our lives for us according to New Deal ideas of how our lives ought to be run, the government HAS THE POWER (through purchase and sale with tax money) to depopulate whole areas if it wants to.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Castillians.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Swing Tunes.
4:45—Bing Crosby.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:15—The Ford V-8 Revue.
6:30—Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—Harmony Isle.
7:00—Dick Messener and His Orchestra.
7:15—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18
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—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Enrico Caruso.
9:15—Sousa's Band.
9:30—Popular Dance Orchestras.
10:00—Morning Serenade.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Songs of the Range.
11:30—Popular Stars.
Afternoon Hours
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Investment for Income.
1:05—Studio Music in Rhythm.
1:30—Famous Bands.
2:00—Evening Airs.
2:30—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
2:45—Hal Kemp and His Orchestra.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Concert Arrangements.
4:45—Morton Downey.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Hill Billies.
6:45—Umpqua Park Program.
7:00—Ruth Royale.
7:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Good Morning J. M. Judd.
8:00—Hoosier Hot Shots.
8:15—Green Bros. Marimba Orchestra.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
9:30—Duke Ellington's Orchestra.
10:00—Morning Musicale.
10:30—Belle & Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Swing Tunes.
11:30—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:15—California Oregon Power Co. Agricultural Talk.
12:30—Denn-Gerretsen Presents the Station Master.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Investment for Income.
1:05—Matinee Idylls.
2:00—Vocal Ensemble.
2:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
2:30—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Mills Bros.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
5:00—The Grab Bag Program.
6:00—Airs From the Operas.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage Presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—Sports Talk by Jack Harding.
7:00—Singing Troubadour.
7:15—Sign Off.

CATS ARE CATS, RULING OF COURT

PORTLAND, Aug. 18.—(AP)—The cat situation with H. C. Byers was most distressing.

Suing in small claims court for $6, he claimed a black cat belonging to Charles H. Baxter had done that much damage to his chickens.

It developed that Byers had administered a dose of buckshot, which ended all of the cat's nine lives at once. Byers was denied damages.

He demanded to know then if a "man can keep predatory animals in the city?"

"Well, there's no law against keeping a cat and you know what cats are," replied the court.

HUSBAND SUES ON DESERTION CLAIM

A divorce complaint charging desertion was filed here Tuesday afternoon by Samuel P. Tucker against Elsie V. Tucker. John T. Long and J. V. Long are attorneys for the plaintiff.

A Connecticut town fined an autoist $15 for kissing his wife while driving.

Salesman's Paradise

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE
A New Novel by Marian Sims

faceted brilliance that had so bewildered her in Evan Torrance. Evan had adored her as a plaything, knowing within the first year that she could never be anything else to him. Perhaps (Carol tossed the idea as a sop to her own conscience) she might even manage that for Milly after she had made the break herself. . . .

Pat sprawled on his shoulder blades in an armchair, an unlit pipe between his teeth, an unreadable look in his blue eyes. It was Pat who broke Carol's heart, but she knew with the insight Evan had bequeathed her that she couldn't do much for Pat. Nobody could. He was the victim of his own weakness and his own strength.

He had so many capabilities and no driving talent. He did charming water-colors, wrote promising, litterally clever sketches, had an uncanny feeling for the theatre. And each gift distracted his attention from the others; he was diverted from a set of illustrations by a burning idea for a story, and then somebody would put on a benefit play and persuade him to drop both.

And for a living of sorts he sold motor cars.

Carol tried to tell herself that Pat was only twenty-one, and that he would mature, but she knew better. Pat was a thousand years old in some ways, and an adolescent in others, and he always would be. Pat was His Own Worst Enemy.

That left Jill, who was Pat's twin. Nobody, Carol thought gratefully, need waste sympathy on Jill. She knew what she wanted, and she knew that a straight line was usually the shortest distance between two points. (She even knew Carol thought ruefully, when it wasn't!) She had rejected the sacrificial offer of a year or two at college and taken a business course instead, and now she made a fair salary in Meredith's only prosperous insurance office.

Some time within the next few years a personable and eligible man would cross her path, and Jill, aided by her own rose and gold beauty, would calmly annex him. Until then she liked a little town, she had two or three "boy friends," and she adored her home.

Milly was saying plaintively: "But, Carol, there's no real necessity for you to do it. Your room and meals cost practically nothing. We can manage like we've been doing."

Carol dragged her mind back to the issue. "That's just it; 'managing' is gradually getting me down. If I take this job it means that my clothes and food won't come out of the family exchequer and there'll be that much more for the rest of you. If you and Jill don't mind a stranger in the house you could even rent my room to another teacher who'd be leaving as I came home."

She felt a stab of dishonesty because these were such minor factors: because it was Meredith itself, and not the managing that was gradually getting her down. But she could at least spare Milly that.

"And next summer," she smiled into their glum faces, "my salary will be velvet: One-fourth of twelve hundred is . . . three hundred dollars, my children. We'll take that and go on a beautiful, hell-raisin' bender."

She was passionately glad that Evan Torrance didn't know they were having to "manage." He had died with the reassurance that his family was adequately provided for; he hadn't foreseen a national debauch.

Milly said in an aggrieved voice: "I still don't see why you can't teach in the high school here, instead . . ."

That was like Milly. You explained something very carefully, to her satisfaction and yours, and then, hours or days later, she came back and began worrying the subject again, as if it were a distinterred bone.

"Because I didn't apply for it, love. Because it took this definite offer to push me over the edge. Because I'm the type that sits still and bays at the moon."

"I thought you didn't like teaching," Pat reminded her. "You tried it a year and quit."

"I don't really crave any sort of work," she confessed cheerfully. "I'd much rather be endowed, but not even colleges are having any luck at that now. Teaching's all right; it's just that—as the elevator boy told us about Westminster—it does take it out of you. In these parlous times it pays better than most things—and besides, it's all I can do. That's the beauty of these tony A-grade colleges."

Characteristically, Jill put her finger on the vital point. "What about Ashboro as a place to live? Won't you be swapping the devil for a witch?"

She would be, of course. She had visited Ashboro under the pleasantest of circumstances, and even invested with the glamour of strangeness it was still just another Georgia town. Heaven knew what it would be when she was an Out-of-Town Teacher. But—and this too she couldn't tell them—she wanted to use Ashboro as a springboard. It wasn't so hard to stay away as it was to get away.

She nodded at Jill. "I probably will be, but all I can do is try. I can always come home: if I don't watch my step and curb my tongue I'll probably be sent home. Then I'll get a job here next year. They know I'm harmless here, in spite of all my loose talk."

But she knew, looking into her sister's clear eyes, that Jill wasn't fooled. Jill would enter without any instruction into the conspiracy to spare Milly's feelings, but you couldn't fool her. She dug the last cigarette out of a brass box and lit it.

Milly said without conviction: "Jill, you're smoking too much." And then to Carol: "What sort of place is this Ashboro?"

How could you describe Ashboro? Carol wondered. That strange conglomeration of cotton mills and decaying old homes and prosperous bourgeoisie. The hum of machinery was an orchestral accompaniment to the town's very life—or it had been, four years ago. Probably under this new dispensation of Roosevelt's they were at it again, and their whistles—those eerie, inexorable blasts that came at such queer hours—were once more marking off the day and night into shifts. Shorter shifts, this time.

She said slowly: "In most ways it's like Meredith, or any other Georgia town. There must be a dozen cotton mills there, and a few beautiful old homes, and the usual go-getters who have most of the money. Or rather they did have: I don't know how they've fared lately."

"It sounds terrible," Milly said decidedly.

"Of course. And if we described Meredith to them they'd say the same thing in the same tone of voice. Familiarity breeds—well—acceptance."

(To be continued)

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Thank God once in a while for impulsive people, those who are not always regulating their movements by practical and matter of fact considerations. Is it not splendid that our Saviour had one occasion when the love and esteem of His close friends found hearty and generous and kindly expression. How glad they must have felt when He was taken away from them. How heartening it would be to hear it once again. May our hearts respond when we think of Thy goodness and Thy mercy. May we give joyful praise for Thy bountiful love. Amen.

Detested Villain Arouses Anger Of Burpleburg Folk

Ending of Fiendish Deeds by Hanging From Sour Apple Tree Eagerly Wished For by Public.

Horace Baxter, tragedian and bloated bond holder, who has recently visited Burpleburg, has proved himself to be as despicable a villain as ever wronged a maid or foreclosed a mortgage.

The stentorian-voiced culprit of "The Station Master" series broadcast from KRNR each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30, under sponsorship of Denn-Gerretsen Company, Inc., is indeed in ill repute throughout this area.

"We cannot see why such a wholly hateful person as Horace Baxter is allowed to live," writes one KRNR fan. "However, we trust that the Station Master and his lovable little wife will cause Baxter to be brought to justice," the writer continues. "His sneering laughter personifies all that is unwholesome in human nature, and I'd like to hear of him hanged from a sour apple tree."

However, the brave defiance of the villain by Charmain Du Barry, the sophisticated and handsome actress, and by Snowball, the colored hired boy, may well be an inspiration to down trodden victims of malicious villany, accordtims of malicious villainy, accordplaywright and champion of justice who says: "Let all who live in the certainty that right will prevail tune to KRNR each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30 and lend their support to the victims of Horace Baxter's treachery."

D. A. R. DECLARED FOES OF SCHOOLS

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 19.—(AP)—Louis M. Hacker, a lecturer on economics at Columbia university, described the Daughters of the American Revolution as "the most dangerous enemies of the free schools in America."

"It is time," he told the American Federation of Teachers convention yesterday "that these busybodies are told what their ancestors fought for. The members of the D. A. R. are being unfaithful to the memories of those ancestors.

"It is time that this organization stopped its witch-hunting and terrorizing of teachers by its campaign for loyalty oaths."

The federation voted to send a copy of the address to the D. A. R.

A church has been incorporated in California to operate a chain of hotels and a baseball league.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

LUCKLESS ANGLER ARGUES FOR NET FISHING BAN

To the editor: Annually I make a trip about this time of year from Yakima, Wash., to Berkeley, California. This year favorable comment and advertising picked up in Oregon about the wonderful steelhead fishing in the North Umpqua induced me to try my luck here. I had never done any steelhead fishing and was very anxious to try it. So about July 22, I tried on the North Umpqua.

The river was wonderful. I never saw a more beautiful river nor enjoyed fishing a stream so much except that there were no fish. For two days, with an old timer as a guide, we fished the river without either of us getting a raise or a strike. There were a good many other fishermen trying their luck, but with very little success.

Now I would like to go back to the North Umpqua but if I do it will have to be for reasons other than to catch steelheads. That river could be a wonderful asset to your community, if it had fish in it. Why don't you do something to stop the commercial fishing with nets?

I was very much surprised to learn that Oregon permitted the commercial fishing of her river game fish. It is my opinion that the sportsmen of the country will pay far more money to Oregon over a period of time than the commercial fishermen will in the short time they have to live before the fish runs are destroyed by them.

Yours for more fish in the North Umpqua.

J. CARL LANEY.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

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

A Tip for Every Shoestring

We got some tips today that are hotter than a boiler.

It looks like rain at Marmalade park so we will start out with advice to young mudders.

The feature will be the futurity for seven-year-olds.

Next will be a match race between the Ivar Kreuger estate and the Diamond company.

Followed by a special contest of the best hosses in America, including Brevity, Granville and Sunday Driver. This will be a bumper crop.

Five will get you ten if you lay it on Sneezer's nose in the second. Sneezer has a good race in him. It hasn't come out yet.

There will be fast company in the grand jury steeplechase for bail and board jumpers.

In case the derby is postponed by rain, your hat check will be good for next Saturday.

There should be a good run in Silk Stockings. There have been rumors of a lot of western money to be plastered on Low Ceiling. But when the time comes to get the money up it looks like all the western gamblers were with Custer.

The consolation for the league of nations should bring out a lot of fast company. The last time this race was run a jockey started without a hoss and thumbed his way around.

There's a nice lot of tips that should keep you busy all afternoon, if you have any money left after the first race. We get our information right from the hoss ambulance. We were the first to predict the winner of the futurity would be a three-year-old. One of our touts had his binoculars turned around the wrong way and clocked the rabbit at a dog race. He wired in that there was a white hoss that would win six races in a day. But he never did find out its name.

The G-men pinned us down last week and the government asked to look at the books. We told him that our bookkeeper is a sky-writer and that they would have to wait until the wind was from the northeast.

W. W. WILSON RITES DATED AT YONCALLA

Funeral services for W. W. Wilson, who died at his home in Tillamook, Monday, August 17th, will be held in the Community church, Yoncalla, Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. R. N. Hinkle of Tillamook, is in charge of the arrangements.

G-MEN TEST GUN OF TERRIFIC POWER

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—(AP)—The federal bureau of investigation disclosed today the qualities of a new gun of tremendous power which now is being tested by the justice department.

This weapon, which one official said was capable of "stopping anything," is being subjected to experimentation to determine whether it shall become a part of the standard equipment of Hoover's "G-men."

Weighing from 44 to 49 ounces, this weapon is said to inflict a terrible wound, the impact of a bullet carrying a force of 802 pounds. This is more than twice the "shocking power" of the regular automatic.

The department announced the gun, a product of an American manufacturer, already had been placed on the market and thus had become available to criminals in states which do not license the sale of firearms. Officials expressed a hope that the cost, about double that of the ordinary revolver, would discourage sale to the lawless.

One hundred twenty-one languages are spoken by Europe's 460,000,000 inhabitants.

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"The World With a Fence"
By MARIAN SIMS

Carol Torrance leaves the quiet southern town where she was reared for the greater opportunity of life in a larger city. Through the people she meets there great happiness comes to her—and tragedy, and finally an answer to the questions she has been putting to life.

Marian Sims writes from a rare understanding of human nature, with deep sympathy, honesty and delicacy. Her story of Carol's experiences in seeking a life more rich, more completely her own fulfills the high promise of her first novel, "Morning Star."

You'll like "The World With a Fence"—follow it daily—

STARTS TODAY IN
Roseburg News-Review