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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Safety Suggestion

NOT MANY years ago wrecks of
passenger trains became so nu-
merous and were so disastrous that
a great campaign of "Safety First"
resulted in countless safeguards
being adopted.

Crashes on air lines have taken
a terrible toll but each crash has
pointed to some means of improve-
ment. Air travel is much safer
now than it was even a year ago.
This is true in spite of the fact
that a terrible series of crashes
occurred during the past winter.

The bus lines have profited by
the experience of the railroads and
have achieved an enviable record
of safety for passengers. But re-
cently two bus accidents revealed
the possibility of further safe-
guarding bus passengers. In the
mid-west not long ago a loaded
bus hurtled into a river. Many
lives were lost.

The accident in northern Cali-
fornia last week had this similar-
ity: The passengers could not get
out of the bus in time to save
themselves. It may or may not be
a practical suggestion, but could not
emergency exits be provided at
each seat?

The first motor stages had sepa-
rate doors for each set of seats.
Loading and unloading was
similar to the plan used by Euro-
pean railways. Could that system
be revised?

Considering the millions of miles
traveled weekly by motor stages
in the United States without mis-
hap we may say that bus travel
is as safe as any other form of
transportation on land. However
the quest for further safety is
never-ending so if the compari-
son door idea is a good one it
will be adopted.

Unpardonable

A NEW YORK Times dispatch,
telling of the arrival in Eng-
land of some 3500 children from
war-ravaged Bilbao, contains some
fearfully tragic paragraphs. As,
for instance, this one:

"It was not the children's physical
condition, however, that caused
most concern. . . . The saddest by-
product of the Spanish civil war
is their overwrought mental con-
dition, brought about by the terror
of the air raids. The war has left
many of them abnormally nervous,
perhaps for the rest of their lives.
They have spent hour after hour
huddled in 'refugees' with their
frightened mothers while rebel air-
planes dived overhead, dropping
bombs. . . . Scores have seen broth-
ers, sisters or little friends killed
or maimed near their homes."

Can any sensitive person read
that without feeling that the bomb-
ing of an inhabited town—by any-
one, in any land—is one of the
most shocking crimes of all the
ages?

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Windsor's Marriage.
The British government, evident-
ly feels that when there isn't any-
thing much to be said, it's sound
policy to say nothing.

And besides the big shots of
the government may have a slight-
ly uneasy feeling that they've said
too much already.

FOR men only:

Take a look at Wally's latest
picture, as printed in this newspa-
per, and then ask yourself this
question: "Would I have given up
a throne for her?"

It may be hypercritical judg-
ment, but she seems to have a
slightly firm look around the eyes
—as if when she said: "Do this
and so" it would be highly advis-
able to DO this and so.

BUT things like that are Wind-
sor's worries. Let's close the
chapter here.

STRIKERS ASK FOR ROOSEVELT'S HELP

Action Forcing Steel Firms
to Sign Pay Agreements
Requested in Wire.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., June 7.—
(AP)—Striking steel workers look-
ed today to President Roosevelt
for possible intervention in their
determined drive against three
major independent producers for
signed bargaining contracts.

As the steel workers organizing
committee—John L. Lewis' indus-
trial organization affiliate—short-
ed thousands of strikers at Sunday
rallies, an SWOC grievance com-
mittee telegraphed the white
house from Gary, Ind.

"We the grievance committee
representing men in the Calumet
region, appeal to you to act at
once to bring the strike to a peace-
ful end by having joint wage agree-
ments written and signed by the
steel corporations and the SWOC."

It was the first direct appeal to
the president since May 26, when
Philip Murray, aggressive SWOC
chief, announced strikes at Re-
public Steel corporation, Inland
Steel company and Youngstown
Sheet & Tube company plants lo-
cated in seven states.

At least 70,000 workers are idle
in the controversy in which seven
men were killed in a riot May 30
at Chicago and others have received
gunshot wounds along the
Great Lakes steel front.

Gun fire broke out at Canton,
O., in which Police Captain John
McDonald described as a clash be-
tween pickets and six men wading
a creek to enter a Republic plant.
McDonald said about 100 shots
were fired but no one was reported
wounded. Three of the men suc-
ceeded in reaching mill property.

Murray Claims Victory.
"You have this fight won," Mur-
ray declared in addressing a Can-
ton rally attended, union leaders
said, by 5,000 strikers and sym-
pathizers. "The Republic Steel
corporation is not big enough to
whip your union. We are going
to establish collective bargaining
in steel whether the magnates
like it or not."

At Indiana Harbor, Ind., where
approximately 4,000 assembled for
another display of union strength,
Nicholas Pontecchicchio, SWOC re-
gional director, charged the giant
trio of producers with "sabotage"
because, he said, they
sought to alienate union mem-
bers.

Pontecchicchio asserted the em-
ployers had endeavored to entice
workers into their mills by offer-
ing advancement and bonuses as
lures.

Jack Rusak, Calumet district or-
ganizer, claimed he had received
reports Inland Sheet & Tube
planned to reopen their plants, all
of which have been closed by the
strike.

"We'll show those people no
seals will get through our lines,"
Rusak shouted.

Alleging a "state of riot" exists
in the Youngstown, Niles and War-
ren, O., steel districts, Baltimore
and Ohio railroad officials mean-
while appealed to Governor Davey
to protect the carrier's property.

The road complained that strik-
ers had torn up tracks and other-
wise prevented its functions "un-
der the law."

COUNTY DATES SET FOR DRIVER PERMITS

The state motor vehicle depart-
ment is making every effort to aid
operators in securing renewal of
drivers' permits and will have ex-
aminers in five towns in Douglas
county in addition to the Roseburg
office, according to Secretary of
State Earl Snell.

A crew is handling applications
in Drain today and will be in Oak-
land Tuesday.

In the southern part of the coun-
ty the examiners will be in Myrtle
Creek Wednesday, June 16th;
Canyonville the 17th and Glendale
the 18th.

An office will be maintained
daily in Roseburg during the li-
cense renewal period.
All drivers' permits expire at
midnight June 29 and must be
renewed by payment of the fee
of \$1.

Persons who have previously
been licensed to drive cars in Ore-
gon, and who have not attained
the age of 70 years or suffered any
physical defect since the last li-
cense was granted will not be re-
quired to take an examination.

ACADEMY REUNION ATTENDANCE LARGE

The annual reunion of the Uni-
versity Academy association at Wil-
bur Sunday, attracted a large at-
tendance of alumni and their fam-
ilies and friends.

The morning was given over to
visiting and picnic entertainment,
followed by a basket dinner at
noon.

The afternoon program fea-
tured an address by Dr. C. A. Ed-
wards of Roseburg, with musical
numbers by the students of Wil-
bur high school and by Frank
Grubb.

The business session resulted
in the election of Harold McKay,
president; Frank Grubb, vice-
president; Marie Walker, secre-
tary; Mrs. T. E. Gray, treasurer;
and Lee Webber, librarian.

Junior Woman's Club to Meet—
The Junior Woman's club will
hold election of officers at a closed
meeting to be held at eight
o'clock tonight at the Woman's
clubhouse. A program will follow.

Here now College—Harry Lehr-
bach, student at O. S. C., is here
visiting his father, Dr. L. M. Lehr-
bach.

OUT OUR WAY

OOOHH—NOW WE'LL HAVE
IT TILL BEDTIME—THEN FOR
BREAKFAST! LOVE NEST IN TH'
DOOR—GUY HASTA CRAWL
THRU NECKIN' PARTIES TO GET
IN—OH, YEAH! THERES A
CELLAR DOOR FOR TRAMPS,
AND SO ON—TILL—
TILL—OOOHH!



MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Synopsis: A mysterious shot
kills Jude Blinshop, my old flame,
at the start of our stormy week-
end at Farrington Bluff, home of
Michael's aunts. A series of
strange attacks occurs. Then we
find the body of Michael's mud-
father below the bluff. Aunt Mar-
tha, stout and Victorian, is shot in
the shoulder, and nearly finished
with sleeping powders. The Skip-
per, Mike's tall, tweedy younger
aunt, disappears. Cook, William,
the chauffeur, and Annie, the maid
suspect Higgins the old butler. I
lock him in his room, half believ-
ing him the killer. Then I find
Mike arguing with his fiancée, Gay
Palmer.

CHAPTER 45

'Look For The Loft'

Closing the door behind me, I
leaned against it. The person who
had forced the door of Jude's room
to lure or to force Norman Farr-
ington out toward the bluff must
have known that the old man was
there and that he had used a key
to get there. No one else should
have known of the existence of
that key. And Norman Farrington
was not dead. I had gone in search of
it and found it.

He was standing there gazing at
me as a man might gaze at a snake
which had sprung at him in the
middle of Fifth avenue.

"You heard that I suppose?" Mi-
chael's voice was bleak.

"Yes." Suddenly, unreasonably I
thought, "We are three characters
in a play. Nothing has happened.
Nothing will happen until we re-
member the lines."

Michael's hand shot into his coat
pocket and dragged out something
which dropped into my own hand.
I found myself staring down at the
skeleton key from Norman Farr-
ington's pocket, staring at it and
wondering violently that I had never
seen the damned thing.

"How did you know it was there?"

"Guilt!" Michael's voice was
hurl, not bitter, and Mike was no
actor—or was he? The radio
stunt.

Gay rushed to his rescue. "This
is ridiculous! I was being a sap,
that's all."

"So you think?" This time Mi-
chael's voice was harsh. "But
Jimmie doesn't look at his face."

"Hold on, Mike," I said. "I
haven't said a word. Answer me
decently, can't you?"

He looked at me and audibly
his face flushed into a grin. "All
right," he said. "I went snooping
around. Saw the broken lock on
Jude's door and just happened to
think that if my father had a key
in his pocket, we could be pretty
sure that you were right about his
fall not being an accident. You
see, if he was the guy who crown-
ed William he must have gotten
through that door after it was
locked. I saw you examine it after-
ward, and it was all right the sec-
ond time you looked it."

"I didn't believe him. He was fol-
lowing my own train of thought—
but I didn't believe him. Would
anyone ever be able to trust any
body after this ghastly mess was
over?"

"Good. The friendliness of my
voice was a little lesson in hypo-
cricy all in itself. That was what
I was thinking. We're letting our-
selves get too jumpy."

Gay sprawled on a sofa. "I'm
cured!" she sighed quietly. "If I
ask another question, writing my
niece's name on a cigarette."

Watching Michael's lighter flare,
I observed, "A few more questions
and we'll all go home. It's time this
oufit did a little relaxing."

But we didn't do any too well at
it. There we sat, three people who
its hours before would have sworn
on a stack of bibles that we would
have trusted each other till the end
of time. And we hadn't and didn't.

I was distrustful of Mike. Gay
had precipitated the whole scene
because she shared the feeling.
And Mike, if he were innocent,
could have taken that key for only
one reason: to prevent the mur-
derer's finding it. If he had been
sure that neither of us was the
murderer, he would certainly have
told us of his discovery. If he were
innocent—if he had been sure.

If it is! The word beat a weary
rhythmic refrain in my head the
while we chatted aimlessly about
little Tessie Blake and her mean-

ing husband, about the inadvis-
ability of looking for a new apart-
ment until our plans for the sum-
mer were more definite.

Hysterics With Trimmings
The conversation dragged, wind-
ed and many expired, coherent
thoughts, it would seem, expired
with it. I tried to think about
the Skipper's whereabouts, the
robbery, guilt of the others, our
outraged intent into the picture. I
tried to come to any conclusion
about the murders I immediately
thought of Higgins. And so it
went. Out of the long silence came
Michael's voice.

"They had trouble with Cook
after you went out. Hysterics with
all the trimmings."

I jumped at a loophole for es-
cape. "Cook?" I said. "Hysterics?"
I just have a look at her. He
right back.

"Meaning that we'll see you at
breakfast," demanded Gay testily.
William's face suddenly
strained, opened Cook's door.

He didn't seem to have any in-
tention of letting me into the
room. "She's better, sir. I guess
she'll be all right. Has Miss Bar-
bara been?" He left the question
ganging.

"No," I said shortly. "Do you
mind?" And I elbowed past him.
Cook's hysterics had been genu-
ine enough. Her face was ghastly.
There were great sagging circles
under her eyes and her chin was
quivering painfully.

"How are you now?" I tried to
sound kind.

All of her remarkable volubility
was gone. She played restlessly
with the covers without looking up.
"I ain't so good, sir." It was the
weak, exhausted voice of a sick
woman. "I ain't so good."

Well, considering the state she
had been in when she had pre-
pared dinner, that was not at all
surprising.

"It's pretty morning now. It will
soon be over."

"Yes," closing her eyes "yes—
nearly morning."

I waited for William to close the
door after me. Then I stepped
across to Higgins' room, found my
key, knocked softly, and went in.

The old man had been sitting on
the bed, head in hands and fully
dressed. His face was haggard.

"It's only I, Higgins," I said, sit-
ting down beside him. "Don't be
frightened. I came to see how you
were."

"Higgins," I said. "I don't for a
minute believe that you are guilty,
and I'm trying my best to prove
that you're not. Do you believe
that?"

For a fleeting second his eyes
rusted on my face, but they im-
mediately looked away.

"Yes—Mr. Jimmie," he said
shakily.

I put a hand on his shoulder.
"You almost told me something
once," I said. "Tell me now. No
one can hear us, and it may be im-
portant."

"I can't, sir. It ain't that I don't
trust you. I'd trust you like I
would Mr. Michael himself. It

ain't that at all, sir."

"Then what is it, Higgins?"

"I was wrong, sir. And you might
not believe that I was, and—and
that would be awful. Awful! I
found out how wrong I was. I
can't tell you nothing, sir!"

"Can't you tell me what you
found out? It might be just as im-
portant."

"No!" The fierceness of his an-
swer made me jump.

One Last Desperate Try
Lighting a cigarette, I got to my
feet and began to pace the small
room. His head in his hands, the
old man seemed to forget my exis-
tence. He was not guilty, but he
knew who was—or thought he
knew. He was withholding evidence
—evidence that I had to have right
then. I looked at my watch. It was
4:20.

I made one last desperate try.
"Miss Barbara is alive." All the
conviction I could muster rang in
my voice. "We know that for a
fact, Higgins. But unless she is
found within the next hour, she
may not be."

He got to his feet like a man
staggering into a warm house out
of a blizzard.

"Are you sure of that?" he
whispered hoarsely.

The pressure of my clenched
fists was driving my fingernails
into flesh. "Positive!"

"Then—then—" for one awful
moment I thought he was going to
strangle before he got the words
out. "Don't—don't tell no one. I
said so, I ain't sure it's right. I
looked for the old loft."

I stared at him blankly. "Loft?"
I echoed.

"Yes, Take Mr. Michael. He
should be able to find it."

"James?" It was Mr. Farrington
on the doorstep. "Stop it this in-
stant! What is it? Where are you
going?"

I had meant time for entangling
my wits with Queen Victoria!

"The loft?" I shouted. "The loft!"
The Skipper may be there. I had
Michael by the arm and was tug-
ging him in the direction of the
door, but he held back.

"The loft?" he echoed. "You're
crazy! There isn't any."

Higgins' last words were ringing
in my ears. Take Mr. Michael. He
should be able to find it.

"Another of your sudden inspira-
tions, Jim?" came Gay's voice
sweetly.

I seized Michael. "Don't let me
go! I bowled. 'You're taking me
there. I'll break your lousy
neck!'"

"Don't be a fool," he said quietly.
"Don't eh a fool," he said quietly.
"You're not going to tell me whether
or not there's a loft in my own
—" His voice trailed off and his
eyes suddenly widened.

"Good Lord!" he said hoarsely.
"There is a—Come on!"

We Find Skipper Tomorrow.

(Copyright, 1937, Esther Tyler)

BARBS

A dayenport and roll of bedding
were found on a Wisconsin high-
way. Some sleuths see a concrete
case of spring housecleaning sub-
tlety.

It might be more than a coin-
cidence that a big part of the mu-
nitions for the next war are be-
ing made of "acrap" iron.

One supreme court justice is
fond of hunting. In one line, at
least, a man is not too old if he
can shoot in the seventies.

Foreigners who are nice to the
third class will get a decoration,
the "German Eagle." Those who
aren't nice will get just the "bird."

A California telescope has a 200-
inch eye. If the Hays office with-
draws its ban on "Gypsy Rose"
Lee, strip-tease, the figure may
reach 300.

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ROBT. MIDDLEBURG
HEADS OIL STATION

Robert Middleburg of Roseburg
has been appointed manager of a
new Associated Oil company sta-
tion, which opened Saturday at
North Bend. Middleburg has been
employed at Marshfield and North
Bend for the past year.

JAPS' INVASION OF FISH REGION IRKS

Congress Urged by Senator
Bone to Uphold Rights
of U. S. in Pacific.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—(AP)—
Senator Homer T. Bone of
Washington has appealed to con-
gress to take a "positive" stand
against invasion of traditional
American fishing grounds in the
North Pacific by the Japanese.

Bone wrote Senator Roy Pitt-
man, chairman of the senate for-
eign relations committee, urging
that his group approve a resolu-
tion now before it which would
state as "the policy of the United
States senate that the special
rights of the United States in
salmon fisheries in Alaska terri-
torial waters should be upheld by
the department of state."

Bone asserted the resolution
"would strengthen the hands of
the state department by indicat-
ing to Japan that the senate of
the United States will uphold a
positive policy in the part of the
state department in preserving
American interests which are
threatened by Japanese."

Bone told Pittman "a grave sit-
uation has arisen by reason of the
invasion of our fisheries by the
Japanese."

From my study of the facts it
is my belief," Bone said, "that a
positive declaration by the United
States will help to insure peace
between the two nations, since the
failure of our government to pro-
tect its citizens in their right to
earn a living might result in their
effort to protect themselves in
ways that would embarrass the
United States."

"Our government has gone to
great lengths to preserve fishing
resources of all kinds off our
coast."

If Japan is to be permitted to
invade Alaskan waters for the
purpose of taking salmon, that
country must also be permitted to
take other kind of fish available
either in Alaskan waters or else-
where on the coast of the United
States."

Bone declared that "it is ob-
vious the Japanese, once they
have a foothold and their rights
have been recognized either by
silent assent or by lack of a pos-
itive policy, will proceed to take
over the fisheries of the entire
coast of North America."

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Editor's Views of the News
1:15—Bing Crosby
4:20—Top Time Times.
5:00—Monitor Views the News.
5:15—Manhattan Concert Band.
5:20—Old Favorite Melodies.
6:00—Hansen Motor Co. Program
6:15—Art Shaw.
6:30—Henry Busse.
6:45—Salon Interlude.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—Hills from the Films.
7:30—American Family Robinson
7:45—Your Grab Bag.
8:00—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:45—Alarms Club.
8:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
8:30—Harlem Harmony.
8:45—Los Angeles Dance Band.
9:00—Roy Eldridge and the
Swingsters.
9:15—Paul Whiteman.
9:45—Hits from the Shows.
10:15—Sol Bright and His Holly-
woodians.
10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco
10:45—Homemakers Harmony.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:45—The Westerners.
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudson's.
12:00—New York Civic Orchestra.
12:15—Phil Harris, Denn-Getter-
sen.

12:30—Class. Vagabond and Or- chestra.

12:45—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Knights of the Road,
Coen Lumber